

COMEDIES
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



COLLINS
LONDON AND GLASGOW

GENERAL EDITOR: G. F. MAINE

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INTRODUCTION*

IT is still true in the study of Shakespeare that 'the dispersion of error is the first step in the discovery of truth'. The scholarly criticism of his plays, which found but casual expression in his lifetime and took systematic shape only in the eighteenth century when men of letters and scholars found the editing of his works a source of profit or reputation, began by remarking that he ignored the rules. These rules or laws of the drama were generalisations from the practice of the Greek dramatists; and Renaissance critics and their eighteenth-century disciples regarded plays that failed to conform to these laws as deficient in art. Shakespeare ignored the rules so constantly that his critics, however much they admired his natural powers, could not accept him as a great artist. This opinion is still maintained to-day by men of distinction in letters; but it is an opinion born of a fashion in European thought that has passed away, and it survives only as a prejudice that will no longer bear critical examination.

It is now realised that this demand for the scholarly imitation of the external or accidental features of classical masterpieces is an appeal to the letter not to the spirit of art. No one to-day will argue that Westminster Abbey is inferior as a work of art to St. Paul's because the Gothic builders were not so familiar as Wren with 'the four regular orders of Greece'. Indeed, the complete revolution wrought by the progress of European criticism is best seen in the attitude of the French, who were the most jealous guardians of what they considered 'classical' form. The French were in this phase of their culture as severe in their denunciations of their own early architecture as they were of the lawless Shakespeare. Now France is proud to reckon the buildings they once despised as Gothic as their greatest and most original contribution to the art of the world. And for the very same reasons the English may now claim that Shakespeare is the greatest artist to whom their race has so far given

*To spare the reader a succession of footnotes, I mention here some of the studies I should otherwise have to refer him to in passing. J. S. Smart's *Shakespeare: Truth and Tradition*, 'a new landmark in Shakespeare scholarship', is the best introduction to a study of *A Life of Shakespeare* by J. Quincy Adams; the student will then be in a position to profit by *Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems* by Sir Edmund Chambers. The best idea of the structure of Shakespeare's theatre is given by *The Globe Playhouse* by John C. Adams, of Shakespeare's audience by Alfred Harbage's *Shakespeare's Audience*. On dramatic questions Granville-Barker's *Prefaces* are most helpful. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy* is still an important guide in interpretation, and those who fancy that recent 'historical or objective' criticism has outmoded his method should read Alfred Harbage's *As They Liked It*. Dr. Tillyard's *Shakespeare's History Plays* is a valuable study of Shakespeare's attitude to his material and of the implications it suggests; and in Dr. Ivor Brown's *Shakespeare* can be seen the reactions to academic opinion of one familiar with the modern theatre. All Dr. Hotson's works have added valuable touches to the social background of Shakespeare's life and his *Shakespeare's Sonnets Dated* makes further apology for the dates here suggested for Shakespeare's 'First Period' unnecessary. Pollard's *Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates* is the ideal preparation for Sir Walter Greg's *The Editorial Problem in Shakespeare*, an authoritative review that will enable the reader to study with advantage Professor Dover Wilson's *Introductions* to the Cambridge 'New Shakespeare'. The views summarised in the introduction now before the reader will be found argued in some detail in the writer's *Shakespeare's Life and Art*.

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birth—a dramatist unsurpassed, as all acknowledge, in the gifts that nature alone can bestow, but as unsurpassed for the judgment that gives to work almost as various as nature itself the unity and commanding power found only in the world's supreme masterpieces.

When Rowe in 1709 and Pope in 1725 ventured on the systematic criticism of Shakespeare, so important did the rules seem to them and their contemporaries that they deduced from Shakespeare's practice three important conclusions that were long accepted as almost self-evident. First: Shakespeare could not have received any instruction worthy of the name of education, and consequently Stratford where he was born and brought up must have been peopled merely by ignorant and unbookish rustics. Second: the form in which Shakespeare cast his dramas, not being prescribed by the rules of art, was dictated by the dramatist's desire to gratify, in his pursuit of gain, an ignorant and untaught audience. Third: so little interest, except financial, did Shakespeare and his even more ignorant fellow-actors take in his works that his plays were transmitted to posterity in so sadly mangled a condition, so full of interpolations from hands other than his own, that it was hardly possible to judge in many instances which were and which were not his writings, or to believe that we had them in a form even approximating to that in which he left them.

On the first and third of these issues modern criticism has shown that in general the truth is the very opposite to what was once so confidently maintained; on the second the wiser judgments of the great critics of the past are being gradually confirmed and developed.

STRATFORD

In Elizabethan England every self-respecting community made careful provision for the education of its children. Measured by this standard the inhabitants of Stratford could claim an honourable place amongst their countrymen. Education had in its beginnings in England been the business of the Church, but, like many other functions of the Church, education had in the course of the Middle Ages been transferred to lay administration; and the school at Stratford had passed from the Church into the keeping of the Guild of the Holy Cross, the organisation in which the social instincts of the locality, according to the fashion of the time, found expression. There has been a long-standing belief that the schools of England were largely the creation of the Reformation, but this serious historical error was exposed by A. F. Leach; and in his *Social History of England* Sir George Trevelyan has summarised the true course of events when he says that it was not the Reformation that made the schools of England but the schools that made the Reformation. In 1553 the school at Stratford was renamed The King's New School of Stratford-upon-Avon; but the school owed nothing to Edward VI or his Council, and was not new by some centuries.

This renaming of the school merely marks the change from the old guild system to a more modern form of administration in which Stratford became by Royal Charter a corporate borough under a Bailiff, Alderman, and Burgesses. The new Common Council, whose original members had all served on the Guild, now paid the

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vicar and the schoolmaster and administered the property and revenues of the Guild. It was during this period of transition that the poet's father, John Shakespeare, came to Stratford.

John Shakespeare must have left his father's home in Snitterfield, some four miles to the north of Stratford—where his father Richard Shakespeare worked as a yeoman farmer—at least seven years before 1552. In that year is found the first mention of him in Stratford records, and he is already in business as a glover in Henley Street; and to become a member of the Craft of Glovers, Whitetawers and Collarmakers, he must have served a seven-year apprenticeship. By 1557 John Shakespeare had so prospered in business that he was able to return to the district of his birth to marry the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, the gentleman from whom his father, Richard Shakespeare, rented his land.

Further than Richard Shakespeare no one has yet traced with any certainty the poet's paternal connections. But on his mother's side he was related to one of the great families of the West Country, for Robert Arden came of a younger branch of the Ardens of Park Hall, a family settled in the Arden district of Warwickshire, from which they took their name, from before the Norman Conquest.

Of the marriage of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden there were eight children—four sons and four daughters. William, the third child and first son, was christened on 26th April 1564. The only member of this group to survive the poet was his younger sister Joan, who is mentioned in his will. The other three girls died in infancy, and though his brothers reached manhood they too predeceased him.

In the year of his marriage John Shakespeare was elected to the Common Council and soon took a leading part in its affairs. He acted as Chamberlain for four years—a term of office without precedent in Stratford—presumably because he was specially qualified for keeping the borough accounts. In 1568 he became Bailiff, and by virtue of his office a gentleman entitled to his coat of arms. In 1577, however, after twenty years of continuous service, he suddenly ceased to attend the Council meetings.

It has been conjectured that in his zeal for public affairs he had neglected his own business; and he certainly, at this time, was or wished to be taken for a poor man, mortgaging as he did a valuable property inherited by his wife. The authorities however took a different view of his circumstances: in 1580 he was summoned before the Queen's Bench in Westminster and fined £20 for failing to provide security that he would keep the Queen's peace; and on the same day he was fined another £20, as he had stood surety for another man in the same position as himself. That this was the outcome of the measures of John Whitgift, the new Bishop of Worcester, who had come to Worcester as he was later to go to Canterbury to restore Church discipline, there can be little doubt. John Shakespeare's troubles therefore were probably political not financial, and that he was a 'recusant' there is no doubt, though the grounds of his discontent are unknown.

In 1582 his son William married Ann Hathaway, the daughter of an old family friend. The licence was issued in November 1582; the first child of the marriage, Susanna, was born in May 1583. All attempts to show from an examination of the Bishop's Register and

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the circumstances of the marriage that it reflects discredit on either party rest on the unhistorical conjecture that the church ceremony was then, as it would be now, the marriage ceremony. The church ceremony, for which the licence was obtained, was in respectable Elizabethan society frequently no more than an after-ceremony to the marriage proper; the licence is in no respect out of the ordinary. Ann Hathaway may have been eight years older than her husband, but this is not absolutely certain, and even if it were this would be no proof of irregularity. Those who still insist that there was some impropriety in the matter may be asked to produce their evidence. In February 1585, the twins, Hamnet and Judith, were christened at Stratford.

How Shakespeare intended to support a wife and family is a natural question, and fortunately the only tradition about Shakespeare's youth that has any trustworthy pedigree behind it supplies the answer. The group of traditions that gathers round Rowe's account of Shakespeare's deer-stealing and of his prosecution by Sir Thomas Lucy has not only no pedigree but is contradicted by the fact that there was no deer-park at Charlecote at that time, the Lucy family establishing one there only in the next generation. The passage from the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* that is regularly cited as Shakespeare's reminiscence of this adventure is more probably the origin of the story itself; and, as Professor Hotson has shown, any personal reference in the lines may be directed towards a man very different in character from Sir Thomas Lucy. This and the other popular stories about Shakespeare's youth are the kind of conjecture commonly drawn in to fill the vacuum that biographers naturally abhor. The story however that the youthful Shakespeare was a country schoolmaster rests on a quite different foundation. The antiquary John Aubrey, who made a valuable series of notes on the men of Shakespeare's generation, was advised to visit William Beeston, then an old man, but well informed about the history of the stage, for he, like his father, Christopher Beeston, had been an actor and actor-manager. His father, Christopher, had actually been in the same company as Shakespeare for a number of years. That Aubrey discussed with Beeston the observation by Jonson on Shakespeare's 'small Latin and less Greek' is revealed in Aubrey's note:

'Though as Ben Jonson says of him that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country'.

In the margin Aubrey recorded that his authority was Mr. Beeston.

Shakespeare's next step—his departure to London—is a venture that needs no fanciful embroidery to make it intelligible. Conscious, like a later country schoolmaster, of the genius within him, he naturally sought the field where alone his talents could find their full employment.

LONDON

Those who think of Shakespeare as an ignorant youth driven by a wrathful landlord from his careless rustic existence have now to explain how he started on his new and very different career in London.

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It is not surprising that some look elsewhere, to Bacon or to Lord Oxford, for the author of *Hamlet* or the *Sonnets*; for the explanation usually offered is as improbable as the transformation it attempts to account for? Shakespeare began, we are told, by rewriting the plays of others, among them those of Robert Greene. Why the works of a writer who boasted of a degree from both Universities should have been turned over to an illiterate new-comer is hardly to be understood; and the evidence that was for long advanced by scholars in support of this story is now seen to indicate a different and more natural course of events.

Those, however, who accept Beeston's statement that Shakespeare had been a schoolmaster find no difficulty in understanding his beginnings and progress as a dramatist. No miracle except that of genius, no hidden hand, whether that of Bacon or Lord Oxford, need be invoked. Shakespeare began as any educated young man might have begun by adapting for his purposes the models prescribed by the fashion of his time, the Latin authors familiar to him from his schooling.

Before grouping his plays in the approximate order of their composition one important observation that emerges from such a chronological arrangement as almost self-evident must be considered. Viewed as a whole and as the successive episodes in the life of one creative mind his plays reveal in their creator powers of development and self-criticism found, whether the medium be music, or painting, or literature, only in the greatest masters—those who gave to their art the devotion of a lifetime. To suppose that this development could come by chance or from the mere desire to gain the applause or money of the ignorant is to deny the evidence of experience. Shakespeare had, of course, to make the major contribution to the fortunes of a large and important company of actors, and at times this part of his task affected his work, but such plays as *Hamlet* and *Othello* are clearly the creations of a man who had thought long and deeply about his art. A later and in its own opinion better instructed generation did not hesitate to deny to Shakespeare even the rudiments of stage craft. The more carefully, however, this side of Shakespeare's work is examined the more clearly it is seen to be skilfully contrived for his own stage; and, what is more important, the more clearly it is seen that his craft is not an end in itself but the technical mastery inseparable from any powerful manifestation of art.

FIRST PERIOD

*From Shakespeare's arrival in London (1584) to his joining the
Lord Chamberlain's men (1594)*

No definite date can be given for Shakespeare's arrival in London; but by 1594 he had a body of work to his credit that must have occupied a considerable number of years. Naturally no details survive of his London connections when he was still unknown to the world, but what evidence there is indicates that he was for a time at least a member of Lord Pembroke's company, and that for them he wrote some of his early plays.

Before the end of this period Shakespeare had established himself

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as a popular dramatist and as a poet of whom much was expected. The first reference to him in print, from the pen of the poet and dramatist Robert Greene, provides, indirectly, evidence of his success. Greene had failed to find in London the reward he expected for his work, and his irregular life was closing in misery and want. He felt, with much bitterness that a writer received but a small return for his plays compared with the drawings taken by the performers; and on his death-bed he wrote for publication a letter to some playwrights with whom he claimed acquaintance, warning them by his own fate against depending on such ungrateful employers as the actors.

'Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery you be not warn'd; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burrs to cleave—those Puppets (I mean) that spake from our mouths, those Anticks garnish in our colours.'

Greene then, as the allusions indicate, goes on to attack Shakespeare not merely as an actor but also as an actor-dramatist whose success, though undeserved, was making it more difficult for Greene and his friends to gain a living.

'Yes trust them not; for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum* is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.'

Soon after Greene's death his friend Chettle printed this letter in a pamphlet entitled *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*.

Marlowe, with whom Greene claimed acquaintance, was naturally displeased with the latter, for Greene like many self-confessed sinners found satisfaction in proclaiming the faults of his friends. Shakespeare also was annoyed. Chettle, three months later, in a preface to his own *Kind-Heart's Dream* refused to admit he had wronged Marlowe but made full apology for what he confessed was an unwarranted attack on Shakespeare.

'I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his Art.'

As Chettle's words indicate, Shakespeare was already highly thought of in courtly circles; and this is confirmed by the publication of his *Venus and Adonis* in 1593 and the *Rape of Lucrece* in 1594, with dedications to Lord Southampton, whose gracious entertainment of the poet is publicly and warmly acknowledged in the dedicatory epistle to *Lucrece*. Further evidence of Shakespeare's familiarity with courtly and learned circles is found in his *Love's Labour's Lost* with its copious allusion to personalities, events, and fashions, then current topics in such society. Shakespeare's poems were no doubt written during the years 1591-93 when the plague and other troubles had closed the London theatres and the companies had to tour the provinces for a living. Shakespeare can hardly have been on tour during this period of composition, and it was not till the return to London of the leading companies, and after the extensive regrouping that it made necessary, that he joined the Lord Chamberlain's men.

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APPROXIMATE ORDER OF COMPOSITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

PERIOD	COMEDIES	HISTORIES	TRAGEDIES
1584	Comedy of Errors Taming of the Shrew Two Gentlemen of Verona	1, 2, 3 Henry VI Richard III King John	Titus Andronicus
I 1592	Love's Labour's Lost	Venus and Adonis } <i>poems</i> Rape of Lucrece }	
1594	Midsummer-Night's Dream Merchant of Venice Merry Wives of Windsor Much Ado About Nothing As You Like It •	Richard II 1 Henry IV 2 Henry IV Henry V	Romeo and Juliet
II 1599	Twelfth Night Troilus and Cressida Measure for Measure All's Well		Julius Cæsar Hamlet Othello Timon of Athens Lear Macbeth Antony and Cleopatra Coriolanus
III 1608	Pericles Cymbeline Winter's Tale Tempest	Henry VIII	
IV 1613			

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Venus and Adonis, although Shakespeare's first published work, was that of a writer of recognised reputation. His success had been made on the stage; but actors were very unwilling to publish their pieces, partly owing to lack of copyright protection, partly owing to their belief that publication would lessen their takings at the theatre. In this policy Shakespeare acquiesced throughout his lifetime, never hastening into print with new pieces. The straitened circumstances of the actors however during their enforced absence from London gave the publishers a chance to pick up some of these much desired productions, and versions, good and bad, of certain of Shakespeare's plays now appeared in print.

From this and related evidence one can with some confidence assign to the period before the poems: his first tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*; his comedies, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; his history plays, *Henry VI* (in three parts), and possibly *Richard III*. The assumption that Shakespeare did not begin his work as a dramatist till 1591 rests on the misinterpretation by Malone of Greene's attack on Shakespeare. Malone interpreted it as a charge of plagiarism. Now that this interpretation is rejected the conclusions drawn from it are unsupported, and indeed contradicted not only by the evidence of Greene and Chettle but by the circumstances in which his poems and early plays were printed. Shakespeare must have been working as a dramatist for some years before 1590. This period of successful work explains how by 1594 he could take a leading place in the first company of the age.

SECOND PERIOD

From Shakespeare's joining the Lord Chamberlain's men in 1594 to the opening of the Globe Theatre in 1599

The company which Shakespeare now joined included Richard Burbage, who was to prove himself in the roles Shakespeare provided for him the greatest tragic actor of his age, Will Kemp the popular comedian, and John Heminge and Henry Condell, who became the company's managers and later Shakespeare's first editors. Their headquarters were at the Theatre, the first play-house to be built in England for theatrical performances.

During this period Shakespeare was living, as the subsidy rolls indicate, in easy circumstances in London; and there still survives a letter to him from a friend of his father, Richard Quincy, who was twice Bailiff of Stratford, that confirms the evidence of the subsidies. In 1596 John Shakespeare obtained from the College of Heralds a grant of arms.¹ He was entitled to this as a former Bailiff of Stratford, but although nearly thirty years before the actual grant he had taken the preliminary steps towards this dignity, he had allowed the matter to lapse. It was no doubt considered proper in view of the poet's position in London to complete the necessary formalities, and the family shield now showed 'in a field of gold upon a bend sable, a spear of the first, the point upward, headed argent', and above as crest 'a falcon, with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear, armed, headed, and steeled silver'.

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The motto was 'NON SANS DROICT'. In 1597 Shakespeare bought New Place at Stratford.

Whatever his interests at this time in his personal and private affairs, Shakespeare's mind must have been unsparingly given to his work in the theatre. In 1598 Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* describes him as 'the most excellent in both kinds [comedy and tragedy] for the stage', and adds 'for comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labours lost*, his *Love labours wonne*, his *Midsummer night's dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice* : for tragedy his *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry IV*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.' He also mentions his poems and 'his sugred Sonnets among his private friends'.

The period opens with a group of 'poetical plays', *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Richard II*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedy is perfect in its kind and unsurpassed for the marvellous harmony it establishes among so many apparently discordant elements. The tragedy is another of the early masterpieces and anticipates in its spacious design and intensity of handling the works of Shakespeare's full maturity. But for some years to come comedy and prose were the main interest, and this, in the figure of Falstaff, overwhelms even the historical interest in the two parts of *Henry IV*. With Falstaff gone, there is little left for *Henry V* but pageantry; yet this opportunity for costume effects and patriotic verse may have been not unwelcome to Shakespeare as a suitable opening for the new Globe Theatre in 1599.

THIRD PERIOD

From the opening of the Globe (1599) to the taking over of the Blackfriars Theatre (1608)

The Globe Theatre was opened about May 1599. With the lease of the ground on which the Theatre stood nearing an end, the Burbages bought the old dining-hall of the Blackfriars and furnished it as a theatre, but an influential circle who lived in the vicinity had this project defeated. The Burbages then acquired ground just over London Bridge on the Bankside. To this side, south of the river, they transferred some of the main timbers from the Theatre; force was necessary for the landlord hoped to retain their building for his own profit. To meet this additional expense they took into partnership as 'householders' five of the leading 'sharers' of the company, of whom Shakespeare was one.

The Blackfriars they leased to the Children of the Queen's Revels. The actors were choir boys and their theatre was described as 'private' to distinguish it from ordinary theatres where the charges were not beyond the vulgar purse.

Near the beginning of this period Shakespeare's father died, in 1601; at the end, his mother, in 1608. His daughter Susanna married the well-known physician John Hall in 1607.

The great public event of the time was the death of Queen Elizabeth and the arrival of James in London in May 1603. The King at once took over the Lord Chamberlain's company and they were now known as the King's Men. The senior members became

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Grooms of the Royal Chamber and in that capacity formed part of the entourage of the Spanish Ambassador who came in August 1604, to negotiate a peace between England and Spain.

During part of this period, as Professor Wallace has shown, Shakespeare lodged with a Huguenot family in Silver Street. He was now in a position to make considerable purchases of land at Stratford and investments in the tithes of the parish.

As before, however, Shakespeare must have given unremitting attention to his art, for he was now from his thirty-fifth year to engage in the most sustained and intense effort of his career.

The plays that were to make the name of the Globe for ever famous were very different from *Henry V.* During the next ten years Shakespeare produced there his seven great tragedies: *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*.

Many explanations have been offered for this apparently sudden shift in Shakespeare's interest. Some have blamed the dark lady of the Sonnets and the conduct of the friend for inducing a mood of gloom and misanthropy; others have dwelt on Shakespeare's connections with Essex and Southampton, and the former's death on the block, as the cause of his disillusionment and pessimism; others again see in this tragic mood Shakespeare's infection with the spirit of a new age. The accidents of life undoubtedly provide the material on which the imagination operates; but the relationship between this accidental and the universal element in art is not so simple as cause and effect. The process of transformation is even more complicated and vital than that of digestion. But it is unnecessary to attempt an analysis of this psychological problem here, for the tragedies rightly interpreted do not reveal a spirit of gloom and disillusionment.

Many critics have dwelt on the bitterness and disgust in the works of this period. And it is true that nowhere can one find a fiercer invective and more withering scorn than that poured by these plays on the baser side of our nature. The picture of man dressed in a little brief authority playing his fantastic tricks before high heaven with an effrontery that makes the angels weep has never been drawn with more penetrating irony. And as a background we have the cowardly or malignant complacency in our natures that tolerates such shameless wickedness. Passage after passage emphasises the degradation to which men can sink. It is summed up in one terrible line from *King Lear*

A dog's obey'd in office.

King Lear has been described as a tragedy of ingratitude—an ingratitude that divides parent from child and splits the very core of human existence. And the elements seem to take part in the confusion as the old and cast-off father rages on the heath with a fury that out-tongues the elements. But those who find in this fury the climax of the drama have missed half the vision and the half that is greater than the whole. The design on which the drama is constructed is one familiar to great spirits in all ages, and is perhaps exhibited in its simplest elements in the old story of Elijah fleeing from Jezebel's vengeance and how as he stood at the mouth of a cave 'a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and

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after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake ; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire ; and after the fire a still small voice '.

The heart of Shakespeare's drama is not reached till the storm and tempest are over and we come on the stillness of Lear's reconciliation with Cordelia. Here at last he recognises goodness for what it is in its own right. And the play's real theme is the gratitude of the converted heart at such a revelation. To see the virtues struggling in a world where their very virtue is the cause of their undoing is to be aware of tragedy ; but—and this is the touch of nature that makes the reader kin with the poet—this makes us love the virtues not less but more. Had Shakespeare not seen so clearly the hollowness of the world he could not have created with such passionate brooding those spirits whom his art has made the dwellers for all time in the imaginations of men. He is not confounded by his terrible visions, for he sees in the midst of them what walks unscathed ; and we read his plays because, however unconsciously, we share in that triumph, and have at least a sense, however our intelligence or conduct may later deny it, of what the soul hungers to attain to.

This revelation which is the consummation of his art did not come to Shakespeare suddenly or because a woman was false or a friend disloyal. It is born of the modest and ceaseless years of thought and labour which are not without their intimations of the final triumph of this period. Viewed in retrospect the humour and comedy, which his earlier critics found more natural to his genius, are only another aspect, a partial realisation, of his tragic vision. Philosophers have indeed maintained that tragedy and comedy have another and finer connection than that of contrast ; but, though there have been great tragic artists and great comic artists before and since Shakespeare's time, nowhere are they found united as in his work, and in such a manner that each but adds a new force to its apparent opposite.

Viewed after the event, the tragic period is seen as the natural development of the previous periods and to be explained only in so far as we can explain to ourselves the growth and nature of Shakespeare's art.

FOURTH PERIOD

From the taking over of the Blackfriars (1608) to the burning of the Globe Theatre (1613)

The manager of the Children at the Blackfriars theatre was foolish enough to allow indiscreet stage allusions to royalty that led to the suppression of his company. The Burbages and a group of actors as 'householders' that included Shakespeare took over from him his lease, and the King's men now acted at the Blackfriars during the winter months instead of in the open Globe Theatre, to the very substantial increase in their takings. The King's men were now too well established in official favour for the old objections to their presence there to be raised again.

The plays of this period have happy endings ; but to distinguish their peculiar colouring from that of his earlier comedies they have been called romances.

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Once again critics have dwelt on the contrasts between this and the previous period and denied any spiritual continuity between them, or have paradoxically asserted that the romances are the flight into a world of make-believe that alone could save the poet from the madness in which his tragic thoughts would inevitably have engulfed him. Or again the fashion of the time is thought by some to have directed Shakespeare's interest to this type of play.

But the tragedies are the foundation on which the romances rest. If Shakespeare had found the heart of man wanting in the fiery trial of the tragedies, what would be the hopes and aspirations in which human nature reclothes itself with every new generation as regularly as the flowers return with the spring—what would these hopes and aspirations be but will-o'-the-wisps to lure mankind to its destruction, or to leave it, should it survive, bogged in disillusion and a dreary materialism?

If fashion had anything to do with Shakespeare's return to comedy, it was because it gave him an opportunity for the expression of something he had now very much at heart, something that came naturally after the struggle of the tragedies, as naturally as Prospero's sympathies with Miranda's hopes and fears.

There can be little doubt that the *Tempest*, considered in conjunction with what we know of Shakespeare's arrangements at this date for taking over his house in Stratford from his cousin Thomas Greene, the town-clerk, indicates that he intended it to be his farewell to the stage. Persuaded no doubt by the importunity of his old colleagues he returned to take a final bow in *Henry VIII*. During the first performance of the piece, on 29th June 1613, the Globe was burnt to the ground; and this accident, for lack of more precise knowledge, may be taken as marking the conclusion of Shakespeare's work as an actor and dramatist.

STRATFORD

Shakespeare seems to have passed his last days quietly at Stratford, though there is a record of at least one visit to London.

He made his will in January 1615 or 1616, and revised it on 25th March 1616, after the marriage of his second daughter Judith to Thomas Quiney in February 1616. He remembers amongst other friends his old colleagues, Burbage, Heminge and Condell, the last survivors of the group with which he had acted for some twenty years. He makes provision for Judith and for his sister Joan Hart, but the bulk of his estate is settled on his daughter Susanna and her heirs. His wife was obviously going to live with her daughter, who was, if what she put on her mother's grave gives any echo of truth, devoted to her.

Shakespeare died on St. George's day, 23rd April 1616, and was buried, having this right as a tithe-holder, in the chancel of the church at Stratford. The monument on the north wall was erected sometime before 1623. In 1623 his wife was buried beside him, and his daughter Susanna not far away in 1649. She left a daughter, Elizabeth Hall, who had married Thomas Nash and, on his death, Sir John Bernard, but was to die without issue. Judith Shakespeare had three sons who all died childless before her. From his sister

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only, and that through her second son, Thomas, can those living to-day who are related to Shakespeare claim their descent.

THE FIRST FOLIO

In 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, his old friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, gave the world the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. This is now known as the First Folio, because of its format and to distinguish it from the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, issued in 1632, 1663, and 1685 respectively. Each of these later Folios is in turn based on its predecessor. Heminge and Condell attributed thirty-six plays to Shakespeare, all that are included in the present volume except *Pericles*, for *Pericles*, although its omission by Shakespeare's colleagues is good evidence that it is not wholly his, undoubtedly contains scenes from his pen.

Their long friendship with Shakespeare, their admiration for his genius, their position of authority in the company, for they had acted as its managers for many years, made Heminge and Condell in some respects well qualified for their task. They, if anyone did, must have known what was by Shakespeare and what was not; their office in the company had made them familiar with his manuscripts. Yet their edition has presented students with problems for which reasonable solutions have been found only in recent years; problems that may be summarised here in the questions: Why did Shakespeare himself not supervise the printing of his plays; and why, since Heminge and Condell claimed to be Shakespeare's literary executors and to have used his papers, is the First Folio not accepted as the last and final authority for the text of all the plays? Why have there been so many subsequent editors, a line that begins with Rowe in 1709, and includes Pope (1725), Theobald (1733), Johnson (1765), Capell (1768) and Malone (1790), and threatens, like the phantom procession that appalled Macbeth, to stretch out to the crack of doom.

Shakespeare did not print his plays when he produced them because the actors did not favour such a procedure. They feared that publication might affect adversely their takings at the theatre, and the financial return from such publications, at least to the author or actors, was insufficient to overcome this fear. It was not because there was no reading public; publishers were only too ready to print his plays; but there was nothing in the nature of modern copyright to protect the author's interest; and to dispose for a pittance of plays that were drawing good houses did not seem sound policy. Yet in spite of these considerations nineteen of Shakespeare's plays were printed in some form or other during his lifetime, and a twentieth just before 1623.

THE QUARTOS

The Quartos, so called from their format, contained single plays and sold at sixpence apiece, compared with the pound charged for the First Folio. For their printing the initiative lay with the publishers rather than with the actors. Enterprising if unscrupulous

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printers were ready to issue even imperfect versions of the plays, whether put together by needy actors who had had parts in them, or vamped up by someone who had carried away from performances the drift of the plot. Seven plays were published in this manner: *The Contention*, *The True Tragedy* (these were pirated versions of 2 and 3 *Henry VI*), *A Shrew*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Henry V*, and *Hamlet*—and *The Troublesome Reign of King John* may be an eighth. These are now known as the Bad Quartos.

This attack on their property inevitably provoked a reaction in Shakespeare and his company. They published in reply the genuine text of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*, and they were not unwilling to print plays that had become well known through frequent performance. In contrast, then, to the seven or eight mutilated or distorted versions stand fourteen authorised or authoritative texts: *Titus Andronicus*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, 1 and 2 *Henry IV*, *Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Much Ado*, *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *King Lear*, *Othello*. These are the Good Quartos. Even they, however, were treated as in some measure provisional publications. Shakespeare never revised the proofs for any of them, and the printer, although he was in quite a number working from a manuscript in Shakespeare's own hand, found difficulties (see p. 1350) he failed to master. The Good Quartos are therefore in places faulty or corrupt, and Shakespeare died before he cared to mend matters.

The actors, when at last they came to their task, had to provide the publisher with copy that extends in print to nearly 900 pages in double column. Their knowledge that many of the Good Quartos were set up from the author's manuscript or an authorised transcript prompted their use of some printed versions as copy for their own text; they took the precaution, however, of having the printed versions compared with manuscripts in their possession, but too casually to exclude all error. The manuscript copy they had to provide for the other plays was also defective for much the same reasons that the Quarto prints were not faultless: the scribe prepared his draft from material not originally designed for the printer's use, and only careful supervision could have prevented his not infrequent stumblings.

To the printed record of this large body of theatrical copy, often entangled as it were in Quarto and Folio, a modern editor has to address himself in an attempt to remove its corruptions. Heminge and Condell discharged their task honestly and with all the skill that could be expected of them; posterity can never be too grateful for their care and pains; but only those who read their Shakespeare regularly in the early versions can know how much the general reader owes to the subsequent editorial labours of those whom Johnson defined as harmless drudges.

PETER ALEXANDER

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES

'SHAKESPEARE's genius lay for Comedy and Humour. In Tragedy she appears quite out of his element.' So Rymer wrote in 1678 in his *The Tragedies of the Last Age Considered*, and if to-day no one believes Rymer except when he speaks as an historian Rymer might reply, could he confront his critics, that Dr. Johnson thought this particular remark on the Comedies worth elaborating in his famous *Preface* of 1765:

'Shakespeare's disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comick scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct'.

It is hard to understand Dr. Johnson's approval of this item in Rymer's observations, for Rymer elsewhere in the *Preface* is treated with little ceremony, till we remember the longing for Poetical Justice and the desire to see Virtue rewarded, even on the stage, that Dr. Johnson shared with Rymer—a feeling so strong that Dr. Johnson could almost condone Tate's happy ending to *King Lear*. Shakespeare's Tragedies satisfy an even profounder instinct than the natural desire to see virtue and merit rewarded by the world's approval; but the denial on earth of the will of heaven that tragedy so often does not spare us was felt so strongly by the humane Johnson that he could hardly suffer the artist to exhibit what is a painful mystery even to religious faith. Rymer had argued that Shakespeare's Tragedies were a denial of the Christian doctrine and Johnson felt that they sometimes dealt with realities beyond the authority of the stage.

The Elizabethans like Dr. Johnson found Shakespeare's Comedies very much to their mind. It is, perhaps, impossible now to form any accurate estimate of the relative popularity of Shakespeare's plays with his contemporary audience. Here and there only do we find casual references, like Antony Scoloker's 'Faith it should please all, like Prince Hamlet', that let us see that the contemporary judgment on some of Shakespeare's plays was not entirely different from our own. Already in 1598 Francis Meres had acclaimed Shakespeare as the most excellent among the English 'in both kinds (that is Tragedy and Comedy) for the stage', although the only straight Tragedies that Shakespeare had so far written were *Titus Andronicus* and *Romeo and Juliet*, Meres having to cke out his list of tragedies with certain Histories. Some ten years after Meres' pronouncement there appeared an edition in Quarto of *Troilus and Cressida*, introduced to the reader by someone familiar with the stage of his day as well as with the literary tastes of educated readers. By 1609, the date of

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this Preface, Shakespeare had written his great sequence of Tragedies, yet the commentator regards *Troilus and Cressida* as a comedy and commends it to the reader as 'a birth of your braine, that never undertook any thing commicall, vainely'. Shakespeare himself in the last Prologue he wrote, that to *Henry VIII*, almost excuses himself for not providing the mirth that he knew his audience had so often found in his plays and were perhaps expecting once again.

There is one other piece of evidence bearing on the relative popularity of Shakespeare's plays that has a peculiar interest of its own and yet sheds a helpful light on the preferences of one class of readers of Shakespeare. In 1623 Bodley's Library at Oxford received its first Shakespeare item in the shape of a copy of the First Folio. In 1610 the Stationers' Company had agreed to give the library a copy of every book published by its members; Sir Thomas Bodley however had instructed his librarian to reject riff-raff publications of any sort, and this included such things as the Quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays. Bodley's ruling unfortunately deprived the library of what are now the most highly priced rarities of the period and this gap on his shelves was to be filled only by the generosity of later donors. The First Folio however had the respectability that expense confers and was duly accepted, although it was not regarded as of any particular importance; indeed, of so little value did it seem that on the publication of the Third Folio in 1663 the careful and thrifty librarian disposed of the First Folio as an unneeded duplicate. Fortunately in 1906 the Bodleian was able to recover the discarded copy for the very modest sum of three thousand pounds and, what was even more fortunate, to find it in its original binding and in almost the same condition in which it stood at the time of its removal from the library. A study of the wear and tear of its pages, therefore, provides excellent evidence of the plays that were most favoured by Oxford scholars between 1623 and the Civil War.

Romeo and Juliet came an easy first in the favour of Oxford readers, and the page on which the scholars rested their hand or elbow as they read the balcony-scene, in which the lovers say their farewells, witnesses by its condition to the frequency and enthusiasm with which the youthful Bachelors of Arts studied the famous lines. Then follow in order of preference *Julius Cæsar*, *The Tempest*, *1 Henry IV*, *Macbeth* and *Cymbeline*. This was the choice of a very special group of readers; it is catholic, however, and embraces the humours of Falstaff as well as the tragic musings of a Brutus or a Macbeth; but the romantic strain is what has left the most obvious traces on the pages of the Bodleian Folio. This addiction to Romance was not a peculiarity of Oxford men. The Elizabethans and Jacobeans may have been tough but they were romantic, and in this as in so much else Shakespeare speaks for his age: his Comedies give

a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd

and distil the thrice repured nectar of Romance that drew the audience to the theatre as it did the scholar to his book.

Shakespeare's comedies are love affairs and it is that interest which gives them their coherence and their tone. They provide, as a distinguished French critic has observed, "le parfait théâtre

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de l'amour'. There are, perhaps, two exceptions. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was doubtless written to please the Queen by showing her Falstaff in love; but even Shakespeare could not fashion the hook that would draw that leviathan from his native element and land him safely at the altar; the dramatist was content here to present us with the anti-masque of Love. *Measure for Measure* was written about the time Shakespeare was working on *Othello* and has many splendid passages in his maturest manner, but the subject did not give full scope for the exercise of Shakespeare's thought at this period and he is forced to impose rather than develop the romantic conclusion. All the other comedies, not excepting *The Taming of the Shrew*, are gay with the badinage or aglow with the enthusiasms of love.

Among Shakespeare's earliest essays in this genre stand *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. The first is a clever adaptation of Roman comedy; the second incorporates an intrigue from the Italian stage. Yet in both pieces Shakespeare gives a new and characteristic direction to the spectators' sympathies. There is not wanting however opportunity for a type of knockabout humour and farcical fooling that in *The Shrew* at least has provided some of the elements that contributed to the success of a modern American musical—the rope's end and the horse-whip are well flourished in both. Still their brio only leads the more swiftly to the happy ending, to the gathering of the gossips and the marriage feast in which the exuberance of the action finds its happy and peaceful close.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona is Shakespeare's earliest essay in the more purely Romantic type of comedy he was to make very much his own. Here first appears a figure that was to be much favoured in his later devisings—the heroine disguised as a boy. All Shakespeare's women characters were of course played by boys, for actresses were unknown on the regular stage in England before the Restoration. The actress entered the English playhouse with the return of Charles II and the arrival of so much else from France, where she had already played a brilliant and sometimes disturbing part in the French theatre. Shakespeare therefore wrote the heroine's part for an instrument of different compass as it were from that now familiar to us in the stage ensemble; yet he did not seem to find it lacking in range or intensity, as his writing for his tragic no less than for his romantic heroines clearly witnesses. It would be to deny Shakespeare's own tribute to woman's talents to affirm that an actress cannot add a piquancy to some and a warmth to other of his parts; but this is within their power only when their attention is given as seriously to the niceties of Shakespeare's intentions as the boys must have done to draw from the dramatist a music so expressive of woman her pretty self. Shakespeare at least had no temptation to make concessions to those whom Lamb denounced as the Delilahs of the stage, nor any need to give his energies to these flytings that were so to disturb the rehearsals of some later dramatists.

The courtly charm of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is intensified in *Love's Labour's Lost*. This is the *fête galante* in all its colour and sophistication. One of the most successful of recent productions dressed the Princess, her ladies, and their attendant cavaliers in the costumes for ever associated with Watteau. For a play in which the grouping and movement of the chief characters are like a pavane

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or stately measure such a decor could not be improved upon ; and it is in perfect keeping with the tone and sentiment of the whole diversion. Here are the landscape and the leisure so conducive to the dream of love. The business of life seems but an idle excuse for the proper end of living—the happiness and delight that finds expression in every detail of the drawing and in the soft radiance of an atmosphere that unites the figures in so colourful and charming an arabesque.

Shakespeare was later to improve on this version of love-idleness, but even from the first he admits no excuse for the type of criticism that professes to find in Watteau's lovely pageants merely an irresponsible and aristocratic frivolity. Shakespeare's pastoral is not without its rustic voices and the rural music of the tongs and the bones. There are clowns and fools enough to keep the romantics in homely counsel.

Love's Labour's Lost like *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is not without that pathos inevitably associated in the reflective mind with scenes of human felicity. In the very temple of Delight, we are reminded by Keats, Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine, and the admirer of Watteau may have felt something of this when he described the lovers embarking for Cythera, with the enchanted isle beckoning them through the purpled mist, as setting out on '*le beau voyage ou l'on n'arrive plus.*' But the heroines in Shakespeare, it has often been observed, are for all their romance of a most practical and resourceful race ; and in *Love's Labour's Lost* they bring the gay masquerade to an end by accepting the world-without-end bargain their lovers propose to them only on terms that would satisfy the most circumspect in their approach to marriage. The ladies in Shakespeare's comedy have every intention of making the voyage not only a happy but a successful venture.

In the comedies that chiefly occupied Shakespeare between his thirtieth and his thirty-fifth years we find that he has strengthened wonderfully what may be called the unromantic element in his designs. Instead of a few caustic or witty servants that comment on the doings of their betters, we have in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* the weaver Bottom and his troupe of fellow mechanicals, and in *The Merchant of Venice* has no such realistic chorus, Shylock is sufficient in himself to provide all the contrast needed to give animation to the whole Venetian scene. Shylock and Bottom are among Shakespeare's earliest triumphs in the creation of characters that stand out in the imagination from the scenes in which they move and almost assume an independent existence of their own. Bottom of course accommodates himself with such assurance both to the courtly and to the fairy scene that he leaves criticism almost too astonished to express its admiration of the miraculous harmony of the dream ; Shylock however, is a more disturbing intruder and seems to some not merely to belong to an alien world but to bring with him a passion before which romance itself pales its ineffectual fires.

That *The Merchant of Venice* shows the development in Shakespeare's mind of interests and purposes that were to find more adequate expression in a form different from comedy may be admitted ; but the romantic charm of the piece is not to be denied ; and even if comedy had for a time to give way to tragedy Shakespeare was to turn again from tragedy to romance, not as an escape from what

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may be called reality, though some have not hesitated to argue in this strain, but as a return to as aspect of what he felt as part of the very fabric of our existence. *The Merchant of Venice* is not so baseless a creation as to crumble at the touch of Shylock.

Shakespeare's romantic strain reaches a period in its development in the three comedies that come just before or coincide with his turn to tragedy. *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night* or *What You Will* develop almost all the features characteristic of the earlier comedies but with a freedom, or abandon rather, that shocks those who find their sole satisfaction in what appeals to them as the realistic treatment of some contemporary social problem. The very titles Shakespeare chose for these later productions seem to defy the serious-minded to say their worst about them. The Elizabethans at least, as contemporary references inform us, did not hesitate to enjoy them; and the Elizabethans, if they had not yet developed the social conscience to so fine a sensitivity as to be moved to proclaim the class war or to seek to realise the dictatorship of the proletariat in some commissar-like figure, were not a race incapable of great achievement or without a vigorous sense of what we may call the realities of life. The world may have changed since then in this respect that more can profitably give their time and attention to cataloguing the sins and shortcomings of society and to entering in blue books the number of surplus women or the increase in the proportion of the aged at any given stage in our social history; but the industrious in these matters, though they may always be with us, should not conclude that there will be no more romance. Shakespeare's comedies are the expression of something permanent in human nature that all the endeavours of those who would regiment its feelings in accordance with some more easily tabulated code will never exterminate as long as men and women are human beings. H. G. Wells in his *History of the World* may flatter himself that he managed to omit Shakespeare from his story, and even feel it necessary to draw attention in his Preface to the wonderful sagacity dictating such an omission: those however who wish to know themselves, not as they appear to some pseudo-scientific optimist—who died, as one might have foreseen, despairing of humanity—but as they are reflected in the mind of one of the great masters of the human heart, will find in these comedies the instruction that delight alone can give.

It is true that from about his thirty-fifth year Shakespeare was to turn from Comedy and give the next ten years of his life largely to tragic themes. Some have seen in this the result of a great disillusionment with humanity; and they would willingly find in an episode in the poet's own life a focus as it were to which they might refer what they regard as this general infection of his innermost being. But such a diagnosis would be more convincing if its findings were equally acceptable wherever the same clinical signs were elicited. Are all the great tragic artists of the world equally diseased in mind; or is theirs merely a milder form of the affliction that we profess to detect in Shakespeare? Had we for the others even the scanty biographical details we can recover about Shakespeare, could we then compile a case-history that would confirm that they too had the same disease? Till all the tragic artists of the world are examined and found similarly infected we must not only hesitate to accept

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but indeed reject so ungeneralised and so uncritical an interpretation of this particular case.

An examination of the Tragedies does not entitle us to argue that the values implicit in the Comedies are now rejected by Shakespeare ; these values are examined in a different light or in different circumstances, but their nature is not found to be different. The devotion we approve in Viola is not condemned in Desdemona, although their rewards may seem strangely unequal. The difference is that the love or loyalty we were happy to rejoice with in the comedies is now seen suffering all things, enduring all things ; but it fails in the tragic no more than in the romantic ordeal. That is why Shakespeare can return, the tragic trial being over, once again to comedy, and so emphasise its earlier features that these final comedies are universally known as the Romances.

Those, indeed, who found the Tragedies evidence of some great sickness of mind in their creator have now to invent some other malady that will explain his restoration to a joyful acceptance of the happiness of life. But, if the Tragedies may be regarded as a descent into the darker regions of experience and thought, the re-emergence finding expression in these last comedies may be symptomatic not of yet another form of neurosis but rather of that power and endurance Shakespeare shares with other great spirits

Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare.

That is why after-generations have turned the pages of *The Tempest* or *Cymbeline*, as did the students of Oxford, or gone like the citizens of Shakespeare's London to *As You Like It* or *Twelfth Night*, not to escape from life but to refresh themselves on the journey—to preserve that sanity and health of spirit that must always decline in those however industrious in the mechanics of our civilisation who have forgotten

The freshness of the early world.

THE TEMPEST

The Tempest can be dated within narrow limits, and can be shown to be, if not the very last, at least the last but one of all Shakespeare's works.

King James had the piece performed at court on 1st November 1611. So much the record for that period kept by the Master of the Revels makes certain.

Shakespeare must have written the play some time after September 1610, for not till then could the poet have been in possession of information he turns to account in the drama; for *The Tempest*, although one of the most personal of Shakespeare's works, was suggested in outline at least to the dramatist by an event that startled London and was for a season the talk of the town.

In June 1609 a fleet of nine vessels had set out from Plymouth for Virginia to reinforce the colony recently planted there. Towards the end of that month a storm scattered the fleet and the *Sea-Venture* carrying Sir George Somers the Admiral, and Sir Thomas Gates the newly appointed Governor of Virginia, had to be run ashore on the Bermudas to escape foundering. The other vessels made for Virginia, and reports were sent to England of the loss of the Admiral and Governor.

The missing ship's company however had a miraculous escape. They got ashore safely, were able to live on the island, and there built pinnaces that enabled them to reach Jamestown on 23rd May 1610, nearly a year after their departure from Plymouth. The news of their adventures and safe arrival reached England in September 1610.

The speculation aroused by this remarkable series of happenings Shakespeare took advantage of in the play he must have set about composing soon after the story became public.

It is not, however, merely externals, such as the shipwreck that opens the play or the very title of the piece, that the story of the *Sea-Venture* and affairs in Virginia suggested to Shakespeare. With the news of the fortunate escape of the Governor and his companions came reports of unhappy conditions in Virginia, and of difficulties not due to the climate or the soil but caused by the conduct of the colonists themselves. The scheme was more than a merely commercial venture, although those who financed it were not indifferent to this aspect of the company's affairs: the leading members of the Virginia Council however also regarded it as a political experiment and they exerted themselves to obtain from the King a charter that would give the colony powers of self-government wider than those usually acceptable to the purely official mind. What was now reported from Virginia disappointed the hopes of the Patriots, as these members of the Council were called, who hoped to erect in Virginia 'a free, popular state, in which the inhabitants should have no government put upon them but by their own consent'.

The Council had not neglected public opinion. Early in 1610 when news of the disappearance of the *Sea-Venture* first reached England and the fate of its company was unknown the Council had

printed *A True and Sincere Declaration of the Purpose and Ends of the Plantation begun in Virginia*. By this and other means they hoped to quieten alarmist rumours. Late in 1610 Silvester Jourdan, who had been in the Bermuda wreck and had just returned to England, published *A Discovery of the Bermudas, Otherwise called the Ile of Devils*; this the Council followed up with *A true Declaration of the estate of the Colony of Virginia, with a confutation of such scandalous reportes as have tended to the disgrace of so worthy an enterprise*. They did not however make public a letter from William Strachey, who went out with Gates and acted as his secretary, for in this the condition of the colony is examined without reserve. Only when the Virginia Company had been dissolved was this document put in print in *Purchas his Pilgrimes* with the title *A true Repertory of the wrecke, and redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight; upon, and from the lands of the Bermudas*. Of these four documents the public could read three; Shakespeare however had read the fourth and confidential paper, and from it he drew not merely details that might give vividness to his shipwreck and to the picture of his island but incidents, or at least suggestions for them, involving idleness, treasons and want of government.

Shakespeare then combined in his play the miraculous with the realistic; but he was not asking of his audience any special effort of the imagination in setting his scene on an enchanted island. The Bermudas had seemed to the stranded mariners a haunted spot; the climate was mild, the soil fertile, and good food abundant, but the place was still the isle of devils, a region given over to wicked spirits. Shakespeare's audience would have no difficulty in accepting Caliban as a native of Prospero's island, with Sycorax as his mother and Setebos her god. Setebos is the name given to a Patagonian 'devil' by one of the companions of Magellan; his account of the circumnavigation of the world Shakespeare would find in English in Richard Eden's *The Historie of Travayle* (1577). This and reminiscences for his other reading Shakespeare blended with the Bermudas story to make for his audience a wonderful but not incredible plot. Even the enchanter himself was a type not unfamiliar to their imagination, and remarkable parallels to incidents in Shakespeare's plot have been found in *Die Schone Sidea*, a play by Jacob Ayrrer of Nuremberg who died in 1605. Here also is the princely magician who has lost his heritage, his daughter who marries the son of his enemy, the ministering spirit, the log-carrying, the sword held by a charm in the scabbard. As English actors were frequently on the continent, some report of this play may have come to Shakespeare; but the resemblances are more simply explained by supposing that the English and German dramatists were drawing independently on a common stock of traditional story.

Shakespeare himself was at the end of his career, and it is hardly possible not to see, as the poet Campbell suggested, in Prospero's resignation of his magic a reflection of Shakespeare's own farewell to his art.

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, <i>King of Naples.</i>	MASTER OF A SHIP.
SEBASTIAN, <i>his brother.</i>	BOATSWAIN.
PROSPERO, <i>the right Duke of Milan.</i>	MARINERS.
ANTONIO, <i>his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.</i>	MIRANDA, <i>daughter to Prospero.</i>
FERDINAND, <i>son to the King of Naples.</i>	ARIEL, <i>an airy spirit.</i>
GONZALO, <i>an honest old counsellor.</i>	IRIS,
ADRIAN, } <i>lords.</i>	CERES,
FRANCISCO, }	JUNO,
CALIBAN, <i>a savage and deformed slave.</i>	NYMPHS,
TRINCULO, <i>a jester.</i>	REAPERS, } <i>spirits.</i>
STEPHANO, <i>a drunken butler.</i>	OTHER SPIRITS <i>attending on Prospero.</i>

THE SCENE : *A ship at sea ; afterwards an uninhabited island.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea ; a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

MASTER. Boatswain !

BOATS. Here, master ; what cheer ?

MASTER. Good ! Speak to th' mariners ; fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground ; bestir, bestir. *[exit.]*

Enter MARINERS.

BOATS. Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare !
Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and OTHERS

ALON. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men.

BOATS. I pray now, keep below. 10

ANT. Where is the master, boson ?

BOATS. Do you not hear him ? You mar our labour ; keep your cabins ; you do assist the storm.

GON. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS. When the sea is. Hence ! What cares these roarers for the name of king ? To cabin ! silence ! Trouble us not.

GON. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 18

BOATS. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor ; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your

authority ; if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts !—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*]
 GON. I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him ; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging ; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*exeunt.*]

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

BOATS. Down with the topmast. Yare, lower, lower ! Bring her to try wi' th' maincourse. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling ! They are louder than the weather or our office. 35

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again ! What do you here ? Shall we give o'er, and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ?

SEB. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog !

BOATS. Work you, then. 40

ANT. Hang, cur ; hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker ; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench. 45

BOATS. Lay her a-hold, a-hold ; set her two courses ; off to sea again ; lay her off.

Enter MARINERS, *wt.*

MAR. All lost ! to prayers, to prayers ! all lost ! [*exeunt.*]

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold ?

GON. The King and Prince at prayers ! 50

Let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

SEB. I am out of patience.

ANT. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chopp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides !

GON. He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it, 55

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us !

We split, we split ! Farewell, my wife and children !

Farewell, brother ! We split, we split, we split !

ANT. Let's all sink wi' th' King. 60

SEB. Let's take leave of him.

[*exeunt* ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground—long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The island. Before Prospero's cell*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

MIRA. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. 65

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

- But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered 5
 With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
 Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would 10
 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
 The fraughting souls within her.
- PRO. Be collected;
 No more amazement; tell your piteous heart
 There's no harm done.
- MIRA. O, woe the day!
- PRO. No harm. 15
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
 And thy no greater father.
- MIRA. More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.
- PRO. 'Tis time
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magic garment from me. So, [*lays down his*
mantle. 25
 Lie there my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely ordered that there is no soul—
 No, not so much perdition as an hair 30
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down,
 For thou must now know farther.
- MIRA. You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
 And left me to a bootless inquisition,
 Concluding 'Stay; not yet.' 35
- PRO. The hour's now come;
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast 40
 Out three years old.
- MIRA. Certainly, sir, I can.
- PRO. By what? By any other house, or person?
 Of any thing the image, tell me, that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance?

- MIRA. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance 45
• That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me ?
PRO. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it •
That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else
• In the dark backward and abysm of time ? 50
If thou rememb'rest aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.
MIRA. But that I do not.
PRO. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
MIRA. Sir, are not you my father ? 55
PRO. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.
MIRA. O, the heavens !
What foul play had we that we came from thence ? 60
Or blessed was't we did ?
PRO. • Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence ;
But blessedly help hither.
MIRA. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther. 65
PRO. My brother and thy uncle, calle'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me that a brother should
Be so perfidious. He, whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state ; as at that time 70
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel, those being all my study—
The government I cast upon my brother 75
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me ?
MIRA. Sir, most heedfully.
PRO. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who 80
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was 85
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.
MIRA. O, good sir, I do !
PRO. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

To closeness and the bettering of my mind	90
With that which, but by being so retir'd,	
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother	
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,	
Like a good parent, did beget of him	
A falsehood, in its contrary as great	95
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,	
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,	
Not only with that my revenue yielded,	
But what my power might else exact, like one	
Who having into truth, by telling of it,	100
Made such a sinner of his memory,	
To credit his own lie—he did believe	
He was indeed the Duke; out o' th' substitution,	
And executing th' outward face of royalty	
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—	105
Dost thou hear?	

MIRA. Your talc, sir, would cure deafness.

PRO. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man—my library
Was dukedom large enough—of temporal royalties 110
He thinks me now incapable ; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' th' King of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan !— 115
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRA. O the heavens!

PRO. Mark his condition, and th' event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

MIRA. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother :
Good worms have borne bad sons.

PRO.	Now the condition :	120
	This King of Naples, being an enemy	
	To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;	
	Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises,	
	Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,	
	Should presently extirpate me and mine	125
	Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan	
	With all the honours on my brother. Whereon,	
	A treacherous army levied, one midnight	
	Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open	
	The gates of Milan ; and, i' th' dead of darkness,	130
	The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence	
	Me and thy crving self.	

MIRA. Alack, for pity !
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again ; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

PRO. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business

Which now's upon 's ; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

MIRA. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us ?

PRO. Well demanded, wench !
My tale provokes that question Dear, they durst not, 140
So dear the love my people bore me ; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business ; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark ;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared 145
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again, 150
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRA. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you !

PRO. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt, 155
Under my burden groan'd ; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIRA. How came we ashore ?

PRO. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, lincens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness, 165
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRA. Would I might
But ever see that man !

PRO. Now I arise. [puts on his mantle.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRA. Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I pray you, sir, 175
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm ?

PRO. Know thus far forth :
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience 180
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions ;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 'tis a good dullness, 185
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

[MIRANDA sleeps.]

Come away, servant ; come ; I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel. Come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly, 190
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds. To thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PRO. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee ?

ARI. To every article. 195

I boarded the King's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flam'd distinctly, 200
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors
O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not ; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble, 205
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PRO. My brave spirit !
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason ?

ARI. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me ; the King's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man that leapt ; cried ' Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

PRO. Why, that's my spirit ! 215
But was not this nigh shore ?

ARI. Close by, my master.

PRO. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

ARI. Not a hair perish'd ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before ; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle. 220
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

PRO. Of the King's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd, 225
And all the rest o' th' fleet ?

- ARI. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid ;
The mariners all under hatches stowed, 230
Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'ring labour,
I have left asleep ; and for the rest o' th' fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote
Bound sadly home for Naples, 235
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
- PRO. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work.
What is the time o' th' day ?
- ARI. Past the mid season.
- PRO. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now 240
Must by us both be spent most precious.
- ARI. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
- PRO. How now, moody ?
What is 't thou canst demand ?
- ARI. My liberty. 245
- PRO. Before the time be out ? No more !
- ARI. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumbings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
- PRO. Dost thou forget 250
From what a torment I did free thee ?
- ARI. No.
- PRO. Thou dost ; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth 255
When it is bak'd with frost.
- ARI. I do not, sir.
- PRO. Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop ? Hast thou forgot her ?
- ARI. No, sir.
- PRO. Thou hast. Where was she born ? 260
Speak tell me.
- ARI. Sir, in Argier.
- PRO. O, was she so ? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier 265
Thou know'st was banish'd ; for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true ?
- ARI. Ay, sir.

- PRO. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
 And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,
 As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant ; 270
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent ministers,
 And in her most unmitigable rage, 275
 Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
 Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years ; within which space she died,
 And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans 280
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
 Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckl'd whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with
 A human shape.
- ARI. Yes, Caliban her son.
- PRO. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban 285
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
 What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever-angry bears ; it was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
 Could not again undo. It was mine art,
 When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine, and let thee out.
- ARI. I thank thee, master.
- PRO. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till 295
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
- ARI. Pardon, master ;
 I will be correspondent to command,
 And do my spriting gently.
- PRO. Do so ; and after two days
 I will discharge thee.
- ARI. That's my noble master !
 What shall I do ? Say what. What shall I do ? 300
- PRO. Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea ; be subject
 To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
 To every cyeball else. Go take this shape,
 And hither come in 't. Go, hence with diligence ! [exit ARIEL.
 Awake, dear heart, awake ; thou hast slept well ; 305
 Awake.
- MIRA. The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.
- PRO. Shake it off. Come on,
 We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
 Yields us kind answer.
- MIRA. 'Tis a villain, sir,
 I do not love to look on.
- PRO. But as 'tis, 310
 We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
 Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
 That profit us. What ho ! slave ! Caliban !

Thou earth, thou ! Speak.
 CAL. [*within.*] There's wood enough within.
 PRO. Come forth, I say ; there's other business for thee. 315
 Come, thou tortoise ! when ?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,
 Hark in thine ear.
 ARI. My lord, it shall be done. [*exit.*]
 PRO. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
 Upon thy wicked dam, come forth ! 320

Enter CALIBAN.

CAL. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
 Drop on you both ! A south-west blow on ye
 And blister you all o'er !

PRO. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
 Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
 Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
 All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd
 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
 Than bees that made 'em. 325

CAL. I must eat my dinner. 330
 This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
 Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me
 Water with berries in't, and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less, 335
 That burn by day and night ; and then I lov'd thee,
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
 Curs'd be I that did so ! All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you ! 340
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king ; and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o' th' island.

PRO. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness ! I have us'd thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee 345
 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

CAL. O ho, O ho ! Would't had been done.
 Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopl'd else 350
 This isle with Calibans.

MIRA. Abhorred slave,
 Which any print of goodness will not take,
 Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage, 355
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known. But thy vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
 Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou 360
 Deservedly confin'd into this rock, who hadst
 Deserv'd more than a prison.

CAL. You taught me language, and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
 For learning me your language !

PRO. Hag-seed, hence ! 365
 Fetch us in fuel. And be quick, thou 'rt best,
 To answer other business Shrug'st thou, malice ?
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
 Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar, 370
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CAL. No, pray thee.
 [*Aside.*] I must obey His art is of such pow'r
 It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
 And make a vassal of him.

PRO. So, slave ; hence .

[*exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing ;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S Song. •

Come unto these yellow sands, 375
 And then take hands ;
 Curtsied when you have and kiss'd,
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear. 380
 Hark, hark !

Burden dispersedly. Bow-wow.

The watch dogs bark.

Burden dispersedly. Bow-wow.

Hark, hark ! I hear 385
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FER. Where should this music be ? I' th' air or th' earth ?

It sounds no more ; and sure it waits upon
 Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
 Weeping again the King my father's wreck, 390
 This music crept by me upon the waters,
 Allaying both their fury and my passion
 With its sweet air ; thence I have follow'd it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather But 'tis gone.
 No, it begins again 395

ARIEL'S Song

Full fathom five thy father lies ,
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change 400
 Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

Burden. Ding-dong.

Hark ! now I hear them—Ding-dong bell.

FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father. 405

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PRO. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,

And say what thou seest yond.

MIRA. What is't ? a spirit ?

Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir, 410

It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PRO. No, wench ; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest

Was in the wreck ; and but he's something stain'd 415

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,

And strays about to find 'em.

MIRA. I might call him

A thing divine ; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

PRO. [*aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free thee 420

Within two days for this.

FER. Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend ! Vouchsafe my pray'r

May know if you remain upon this island ;

And that you will some good instruction give

How I may bear me here. My prime request, 425

Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !

If you be maid or no ?

MIRA. No wonder, sir ;

But certainly a maid.

FER. My language ? Heavens

I am the best of them that speak this speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PRO. How ? the best ? 430

What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

FER. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;

And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,

Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld 435

The King my father wreck'd.

MIRA. Alack, for mercy !

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan

And his brave son being twain.

PRO. [*aside.*] The Duke of Milan

And his more braver daughter could control thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight 440

They have chang'd eyes. Delicate Ariel,

I'll set thee free for this. [*to FERDINAND.*] A word, good sir ;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong ; a word.

MIRA. Why speaks my father so ungently ? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first 445

That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father

To be inclin'd my way !

FER. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

PRO. Soft, sir ! one word more. 449
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's pow'rs ; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*to FERDINAND.*] One word more ; I
charge thee
That thou attend me ; thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it 455
From me, the lord on't.

FER. No, as I am a man.

MIRA. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PRO. Follow me. 460
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor. Come ;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER. No ;
I will resist such entertainment till 465
Mine enemy has more power.

[*he draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

MIRA. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

PRO. What, I say,
My foot my tutor ? Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience 470
Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward ;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRA. Beseech you, father !

PRO. Hence ! Hang not on my garments.

MIRA. Sir, have pity ;
I'll be his surety.

PRO. Silence ! One word more 475
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !
An advocate for an impostor ! hush !
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench !
To th' most of men this is a Caliban, 480
And they to him are angels.

MIRA. My affections
Are then most humble ; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

PRO. Come on ; obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

FER. So they are ; 485

- My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 ' The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
 To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day 490
 Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth
 " Let liberty make use of ; space enough
 Have I in such a prison.
 PRO. [*aside.*] It works. [*to FERDINAND.*] Come on.—
 Thou hast done well, fine Ariel ! [*to FERDINAND.*] Follow me.
 [*to ARIEL.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
 MIRA. Be of comfort , 495
 My father's of a better nature, sir,
 Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted
 Which now came from him.
 PRO. [*to ARIEL.*] Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain winds ; but then exactly do
 All points of my command.
 ARI. 'To th' syllable. 500
 PRO. [*to FERDINAND.*] Come, follow. [*to MIRANDA.*] Speak not for him.
 [*exunt*]

ACT TWO

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

- GON. Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have cause,
 So have we all, of joy ; for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
 Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
 The masters of some merchant, and the merchant. 5
 Have just our theme of woe ; but for the miracle,
 I mean our preservation, few in millions
 Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort .
 ALON. Prithee, peace.
 SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10
 ANT. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
 SEB. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ; by and by it will
 strike.
 GON. Sir—
 SEB. One—Tell. 15
 GON. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd.
 Comes to th' entertainer—
 SEB. A dollar.
 GON. Dolour comes to him, indeed , you have spoken truer than you
 purpos'd. 20
 SEB. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should
 GON. Therefore, my lord—
 ANT. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue .
 ALON. I prithee, spare.
 GON. Well, I have done ; but yet— 25

SEB. He will be talking.
 ANT. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow ?
 SEB. The old cock.
 ANT. The cock'el. 30
 SEB. Done. The wager ?
 ANT. A laughter.
 SEB. A match !
 ADR. Though this island seem to be desert—
 ANT. Ha, ha, ha !
 SEB. So, you're paid. 35
 ADR. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible—
 SEB. Yet—
 ADR. Yet -
 ANT. He could not miss't.
 ADR. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance. 41
 ANT. Temperance was a delicate wench.
 SEB. Ay, and a subtle ; as he most learnedly deliver'd.
 ADR. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
 SEB. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones. 45
 ANT. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.
 GON. Here is everything advantageous to life.
 ANT. True ; save means to live.
 SEB. Of that there's none, or little.
 GON. How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green ! 50
 ANT. The ground indeed is tawny.
 SEB. With an eye of green in't.
 ANT. He misses not much.
 SEB. No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally. 54
 GON. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—
 SEB. As many vouch'd rarities are.
 GON. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea,
 hold notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather
 new-dy'd, than stain'd with salt water. 60
 ANT. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies ?
 SEB. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
 GON. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them
 on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter
 Claribel to the King of Tunis. 66
 SEB. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
 ADR. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their
 queen. 70
 GON. Not since widow Dido's time.
 ANT. Widow ! a pox o' that ! How came that 'widow' in ? Widow
 Dido !
 SEB. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too ? Good Lord, how
 you take it ! 75
 ADR. 'Widow Dido' said you ? You make me study of that. She
 was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
 GON. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
 ADR. Carthage ?
 GON. I assure you, Carthage. 80
 ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp.
 SEB. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.
 ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

SEB. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it
his son for an apple. 85

ANT. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GON. Ay.

ANT. Why, in good time. 89

GON. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as
when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is
now Queen.

ANT. And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEB. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANT. O, widow Dido! Ay, widow Dido. 95

GON. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it?
I mean, in a sort.

ANT. That 'sort' was well fish'd for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALON. You cram these words into mine ears against 100

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there; for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir 105
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRAN. Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted 110
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt 115
He came alive to land.

ALON. No, no, he's gone.

SEB. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, 120
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALON. Prithee, peace.

SEB. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience at
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost your son, 125
I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
Moe widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them;
The fault's your own.

ALON. So is the dear'st o' th' loss.

GON. My lord Sebastian, 130
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

SEB. Very well.

ANT. And most chirurgeonly.

GON. It is foul weather in us all, good sir.

When you are cloudy.

SEB. Fowl weather ?

ANT. Very foul.

GON. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—

ANT. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

SEB. Or docks, or mallows.

GON. And were the king on't, what would I do ?

SEB. Scape being drunk for want of wine.

140

GON. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic

Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ,

Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,

145

And use of service, none ; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ,

No use of metal, corn or wine, or oil ;

No occupation ; all men idle, all ;

And women too, but innocent and pure ;

No sovereignty—

SEB. Yet he would be king on't.

150

ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

GON. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

155

Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,

Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.

SEB. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

ANT. None, man ; all idle ; whores and knaves.

160

GON. I would with such perfection govern, sir,

T' excel the golden age.

SEB. Save his Majesty !

ANT. Long live Gonzalo !

GON. And—do you mark me, sir ?

ALON. Prithee, no more ; thou dost talk nothing to me.

GON. I do well believe your Highness ; and did it to minister occasion
to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs
that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANT. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

GON. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you ; so you
may continue, and laugh at nothing still

170

ANT. What a blow was there given !

SEB. An it had not fall'n flat-long.

GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you would lift the moon
out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without
changing.

175

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

SEB. We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.

ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GON. No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my discretion so
weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

180

ANT. Go sleep, and hear us.

[all sleep but ALONSO, SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.]

- ALON. What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes
 * Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts ; I find
 They are inclin'd to do so.
- SEB. Please you, sir,
 Do not omit the heavy offer of it : 185
 * It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,
 It is a comforter.
- ANT. We two, my lord,
 Will guard your person while you take your rest,
 And watch your safety.
- ALON. Thank you---wondrous heavy !
[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.]
- SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them ! 190
 ANT. It is the quality o' th' climate.
- SEB. Why
 Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not
 Myself dispos'd to sleep.
- ANT. Nor I ; my spirits are numble.
 They fell together all, as by consent ;
 They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, 195
 Worthy Sebastian ? O, what might ! No more !
 And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
 What thou shouldst be ; th' occasion speaks thee ; and
 My strong imagination sees a crown
 Dropping upon thy head.
- SEB. What, art thou waking ? 200
 ANT. Do you not hear me speak ?
- SEB. I do ; and surely
 It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
 Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?
 This is a strange repose, to be asleep
 With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving, 205
 And yet so fast asleep.
- ANT. Noble Sebastian,
 Thou let'st thy fortune sleep---die rather ; wink'st
 Whiles thou art waking.
- SEB. Thou dost snore distinctly ;
 There's meaning in thy snores.
- ANT. I am more serious than my custom ; you 210
 Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do
 Trebles thee o'er.
- SEB. Well, I am standing water.
 ANT. I'll teach you how to flow."
- SEB. Do so : to ebb,
 Hereditary sloth instructs me.
- ANT. O,
 If you but knew how you the purpose cherish, 215
 Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,
 You more invest it ! Ebbing men indeed,
 Most often, do so near the bottom run
 By their own fear or sloth.
- SEB. Prithee say on.
 The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim 220
 A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,

Which throes thee much to yield.

ANT. Thus, sir :

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
Who shak^e be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded— 225
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade—the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

SEB. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

ANT. O, out of that 'no hope' 230
What great hope have you ! No hope that way is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

SEB. He's gone.

ANT. Then tell me, 235
Who's the next heir of Naples ?

SEB. Claribel.

ANT. She that is Queen of Tunis ; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
The Man i' th' Moon's too slow, till newborn chins 240
Be rough and razorable ; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

SEB. What stuff is this ! How say you ? 245
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis ;
So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANT. A space whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples ? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake'. Say this were death 250
That now hath seiz'd them ; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily 255
As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do ! What a sleep were this
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

SEB. Methinks I do.

ANT. And how does your content 260
Tender your own good fortune ?

SEB. I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANT. True.

And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants

- Were then my fellows ; now they are my men. 265
 SEB. But, for your conscience—
 ANT. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? If 'twere a kibe,
 'Twould put me to my slipper ; but I feel not
 This deity in my bosom ; twenty consciences
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they 270
 And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
 No better than the earth he lies upon,
 If he were that which now he's like—that's dead ;
 Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
 Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus, 275
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;
 They'll tell the clock to any business that 280
 We say befits the hour.
- SEB. Thy case, dear friend,
 Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest ;
 And I the King shall love thee.
- ANT. Draw together ; 285
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
 To fall it on Gonzalo.
- SEB. O, but one word.

[they talk apart.]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, with music and song.

- ARI. My master through his art foresees the danger
 That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth—
 For else his project dies—to keep them living. 290
[sings in GONZALO'S ear.]

While you here do snoring lie,
 Open-ey'd conspiracy
 His time doth take.
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber, and beware. 295
 Awake, awake !

- ANT. Then let us both be sudden.
- GON. Now, good angels 300
 Preserve the King ! *[they wake.]*
- ALON. Why, how now ?—Ho, awake !—Why are you drawn ?
 Wherefore this ghastly looking ?
- GON. What's the matter ?
- SEB. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
 Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
 Like bulls, or father lions ; didn't not wake you ?
 It struck mine ear most terribly.
- ALON. I heard nothing.
- ANT. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear. 305
 To make an earthquake ! Sure it was the roar
 Of a whole herd of lions.
- ALON. Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

GON. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
 And that a strange one too, which did awake me ;
 I shak'd you, sir, and cried ; as mine eyes open'd, 310
 I saw their weapons drawn—there was a noise,
 That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
 Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.
 ALON. Lead off this ground ; and let's make further search
 For my poor son.
 GON. Heavens keep him from these beasts ! 315
 For he is, sure, i' th' island.
 ALON. Lead away.
 ARI. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done
 So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.

[*exunt.*]SCENE II. *Another part of the island.**Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

CAL. All the infections that the sun sucks up
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
 By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
 Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire, 5
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but
 For every trifle are they set upon me ;
 Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me,
 And after bite me ; then like hedgehogs which 10
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo !

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me 15
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat ;
 Perchance he will not mind me.

TRIN. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all,
 and another storm brewing ; I hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond
 same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that
 would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I
 know not where to hide my head. Yond same cloud cannot
 choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here ? a man or a
 fish ? dead or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very
 ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of not-of-the-newest Poor-
 John. A strange fish ! Were I in England now, as once I was,
 and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would
 give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man ;
 any strange beast there makes a man ; when they will not give a
 doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead
 Indian. Legg'd like a man, and his fins like arms ! Warm, o'
 my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion ; hold it no longer :
 this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a

thunderbolt. [*thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO singing; a bottle in his hand.

SIL. I shall no more to sea, to sea, 40
Here shall I die ashore—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. [*drinks.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate, 45
Lov'd Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor 'Go hang!'
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch, 50
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. [*drinks.*]

CAL. Do not torment me. O! 54

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning to be aheard now of your four legs; for it hath been said: As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils. 60

CAL. The spirit torments me. O!

STE. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather. 67

CAL. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

STE. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly. 74

CAL. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling; now Prosper works upon thee.

STE. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again. 80

TRIN. I should know that voice; it should be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils. O, defend me!

STE. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come—Amen!

I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRIN. Stephano!

STE. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, an^o no monster; I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

TRIN. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo—be not afraid—thy good friend Trinculo.

STE. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRIN. I took him to be kill'd with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now thou are not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

STE. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CAL. [*aside.*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.

I will kneel to him.

STE. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither—I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard—by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

CAL. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

STE. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

TRIN. Swum ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STE. [*Passing the bottle.*] Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRIN. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STE. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! How does thine ague?

CAL. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STE. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee; I was the Man i' th' Moon, when time was.

CAL. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

STE. Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear. [*CALIBAN drinks.*]

TRIN. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! A very weak monster! The Man i' th' Moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CAL. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee be my god.

TRIN. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When 's god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

CAL. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

STE. Come on, then; down, and swear.

TRIN. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him—

- STE. Come, kiss. 147
- TRIN. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!
- CAL. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
 I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. 151
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
 Thou wondrous man.
- TRIN. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 156
- CAL. I prithee let me bring thee where crabs grow;
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
 Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee 160
 To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?
- STE. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo,
 the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit
 here. Here, bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by
 and by again. 166
- CAL. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!
- TRIN. A howling monster; a drunken monster!
- CAL. No more darts I'll make for fish;
 Nor fetch in firing 170
 At requiring,
 Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
 'Ban 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,
 Has a new master—Get a new man.
 Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom, high-day,
 freedom! 176
- STE. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*exeunt.*]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.**Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

- FER. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
 Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task
 Would be as heavy to me as odious, but 5
 The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
 And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, 10
 Upon a sore injunction; my sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
 Had never like executor. I forget;
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
 Most busy, least when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.

- MIRA. Alas, now ; pray you, 15
 Work not so hard ; I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.
 Pray, set it down and rest you ; when this burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
 Is hard at study ; pray, now, rest yourself ; 20
 He's safe for these three hours.
- FER. O most dear mistress,
 The sun will set before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.
- MIRA. If you'll sit down,
 I'll bear your logs the while ; pray give me that ;
 I'll carry it to the pile.
- FER. No, precious creature ; 25
 I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.
- MIRA. It would become me
 As well as it does you ; and I should do it
 With much more ease ; for my good will is to it, 30
 And yours it is against.
- PRO. [*aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected !
 This visitation shows it.
- MIRA. You look wearily.
- FER. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
 Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, 35
 What is your name ?
- MIRA. Miranda—O my father,
 I have broke your hest to say so !
- FER. Admir'd Miranda !
 Indeed the top of admiration ; worth
 What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady 40
 I have ey'd with best regard ; and many a time
 Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues
 Have I lik'd several women, never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her.
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the foil ; but you, O you, 45
 So perfect and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best !
- MIRA. I do not know
 One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
 Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen 50
 More that I may call men than you, good friend,
 And my dear father. How features are abroad,
 I am skillless of ; but, by my modesty,
 The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you ; 55
 Nor can imagination form a shape,
 Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
 I therein do forget.

- FER. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king— 60
I would not so !—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak :
• The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides 65
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
- MIRA. Do you love me ?
- FER. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ! If hollowly, invert 70
What best is boded me to mischief ! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
- MIRA. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
- PRO. [*aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace 75
On that which breeds between 'em !
- FER. Wherefore weep you ?
- MIRA. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !
And prompt me plain and holy innocence
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant, 85
Whether you will or no.
- FER. My mistress, dearest ;
And I thus humble ever.
- MIRA. My husband, then ?
- FER. Ay, with a heart as willing •
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.
- MIRA. And mine, with my heart in't. And now farewell 90
Till half an hour hence.
- FER. A thousand thousand !
[*exit FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally.*]
- PRO. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;
For yet ere supper time must I perform 95
Much business appertaining. [*exit*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.**Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO.*

- STE. Tell not me—when the butt is out we will drink water, not a drop before ; therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRIN. Servant-monster ! The folly of this island ! They say there's but five upon this isle : we are three of them ; if th' other two be brain'd like us, the state totters. 6

STE. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee : thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRIN. Where should they be set else ? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail. 10

STE. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me ; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard. 15

TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

STE. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRIN. Nor go neither ; but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe. 22
I'll not serve him ; he is not valiant.

TRIN. Thou heest, most ignorant monster : I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster ?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me ! Wilt thou let him, my lord ? 29

TRIN. ' Lord ' quoth he ! That a monster should be such a natural ! CAL. Lo, lo again ! Bite him to death, I prithee.

STE. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head ; if you prove a mutineer—the next tree ! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity. 35

CAL. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

STE. Marry will I ; kneel and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. 39

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

CAL. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARI. Thou liest.

CAL. Thou heest, thou jesting monkey, thou, I would my valiant master would destroy thee I do not lie.

STE. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth. 46

TRIN. Why, I said nothing.

STE. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CAL. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him—for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not— 50

STE. That's most certain.

CAL. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STE. How now shall this be compass'd ? Canst thou bring me to the party ? 56

CAL. Yea, yea my lord ; I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ANT. [*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*] Let it be to-night ;
 For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they 15
 • Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
 As when they are fresh.

SEB. [*Aside to ANTONIO*] I say, to-night ; no more.

• *Solemn and strange music ; and PROSPERO on the top, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet ; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations ; and inviting the KING, &c., to eat, they depart.*

ALON. What harmony is this ? My good friends, hark !

GON. Marvellous sweet music !

ALON. Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What were these ? 20

SEB. A living drollery. Now I will believe
 That there are unicorns ; that in Arabia
 There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
 At this hour reigning there.

ANT. I'll believe both ,
 And what does else want credit, come to me , 25
 And I'll be sworn 'tis true ; travellers ne'er did lie,
 Though fools at home condemn 'em

GON. If in Naples
 I should report this now, would they believe me .
 If I should say, I saw such islanders,
 For certes these are people of the island, 30
 Who though they are of monstrous shape yet, note
 Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many, nay, almost any.

PRO. [*aside.*] Honest lord,
 Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present 35
 Are worse than devils.

ALON. I cannot too much muse
 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
 Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

PRO. [*aside.*] Praise in departing.

FRAN. They vanish'd strangely.

SEB. No matter, since 40
 They have left their viands behind ; for we have stomachs.
 Will't please you taste of what is here ?

ALON. Not I.

GON. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys
 Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
 Dewlapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em 45
 Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men
 Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now we find
 Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
 Good warrant of.

ALON. I will stand to, and feed,
 Although my last ; no matter, since I feel 50
 The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
 Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

ARI. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea 55
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN &c., draw their swords.

You fools! I and my fellows 60
Are ministers of Fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers 65
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The pow'rs, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, 75
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the SHAPES again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

PRO. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated 85
In what thou hadst to say; so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions. They now are in my pow'r; 90
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine lov'd darling.

[*exit above.*

GON. I' th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALON. O, it is monstrous, monstrous! 95
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;

- The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
• The name of Prosper ; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded ; and 100
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. *exit.*
- SEB. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
- ANT. I'll be thy second. *[exeunt SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.]*
- GON. All three of them are desperate ; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after, 105
Now gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to. •
- ADR. Follow, I pray you. *[exeunt.]*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.**Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

- PRO. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends ; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; who once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations 5
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test ; here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand !
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, 10
And make it halt behind her.
- FER. I do believe it
Against an oracle.
- PRO. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before 15
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minist' red,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew 20
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both. Therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
- FER. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den, 25
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,

- When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd
Or Night kept chain'd below. 30
- PRO. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her ; she is thine own.
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !
- Enter ARIEL.*
- ARI. What would my potent master ? Here I am.
- PRO. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service 35
Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee pow'r, here to this place.
Incite them to quick motion ; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40
Some vanity of mine art ; it is my promise.
And they expect it from me.
- ARI. Presently ?
- PRO. Ay, with a twink.
- ARI. Before you can say ' come ' and ' go,'
And breathe twice, and cry ' so, so,' 45
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master ? No ?
- PRO. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
- ARI. Well ! I conceive. *[exit.]*
- PRO. Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance 51
Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' th' blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow !
- FER. I warrant you, sir,
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart 55
Abates the ardour of my liver.
- PRO. Well !
Now come, my Ariel, bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit ; appear, and pertly.
No tongue ! All eyes ! Be silent. *[soft music.]*
- Enter IRIS*
- IRIS. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas 60
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ,
Thy banks with pointed and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms, 65
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself dost air—the Queen o' th' sky, 70
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these ; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain. 61

JUNO descends in her car.

CER. Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. 75

Enter CERES.

CER. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flow'rs
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing show'rs ;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth—why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd green ?

IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate 85
On the blest lovers.

CER. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen ? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90
I have forsworn.

IRIS. Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her Deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done 95
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted ; but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is return'd again,
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows, 100
And be a boy right out. [*JUNO alights.*]

CER. Highest Queen of State,
Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait.
JUNO. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue. 105

They sing.

JUNO. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.
CER. Earth's increase, foison plenty, 110
Barns and garners never empty ;
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing ;
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest ! 115
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FER. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits ?

PRO. Spirits, which by mine art 120
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FER. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wond'ring father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.]

PRO. Sweet now, silence ;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously. 125
There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wind'ring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land 130
Answer your summons ; Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain NYMPHS.

You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ; 135
Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain REAPERS, properly habited ; they join with the NYMPHS in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavenly vanish.

PRO. [*aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140
Against my life ; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*to the SPIRITS.*] Well done ; avoid ; no more !

FER. This is strange ; your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRA. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd. 145

PRO. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd ; be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ; 150
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, 155
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity. 160
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

FER., MIRA.

We wish your peace.

[*exeunt.*]

PRO. Come, with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel ; come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure ?

PRO. Spirit, 165
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.ARI. Ay, my commander. When I presented 'Ceres,'
I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

PRO. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ? 170

ARI I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor, 175
At which like unback'd colts they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music ; so I charm'd their ears,
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns, 180
Which ent'red their frail shins. At last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.PRO. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still. 185
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither
For stale to catch these thieves.

ARI. I go, I go. [exit. 190]

PRO. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.*Re-enter* ARIEL, *laden with glistening apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.CAL. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall ; we now are near his cell. 195STE. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done
little better than play'd the Jack with us.TRIN. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss at which my nose is in
great indignation.STE. So is mine. Do you hear, monster ? If I should take a
displeasure against you, look you— 201

TRIN. Thou wert but a lost monster.

CAL. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to

Shall hoodwink this mischance ; therefore speak softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

206

TRIN. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool !

STE. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRIN. That's more to me than my wetting ; yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

211

STE. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CAL. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,

This is the mouth o' th' cell ; no noise, and enter.

215

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.

STE. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

220

TRIN. O King Stephano ! O peer ! O worthy Stephano ! Look what a wardrobe here is for thee !

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

TRIN. O, ho, monster ; we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano !

225

STE. Put off that gown, Trinculo ; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRIN. Thy Grace shall have it.

CAL. The dropsy drown this fool ! What do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage ? Let't alone,

230

And do the murder first. If he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches ;

Make us strange stuff.

STE. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ?

Now is the jerkin under the line ; now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

237

TRIN. Do, do. We steal by line and level, an't like your Grace.

STE. I thank thee for that jest ; here's a garment for't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for't.

TRIN. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

245

CAL. I will have none on't. We shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villainous low.

STE. Monster, lay-to your fingers ; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

251

TRIN. And this.

STE. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers SPIRITS, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about ; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

PRO. Hey, Mountain, hey !

ARI. Silver ! there it goes, Silver !

255

PRO. Fury, Fury ! There, Tyrant, there ! Hark, hark !

[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO are driven out.]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARI. Hark, they roar.
PRO. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom ; for a little
Follow, and do me service.

260

[*exeunt.*]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

PRO. Now does my project gather to a head ;
My charms crack not, my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

ARI. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PRO. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers ?

5

ARI. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, ' the good old lord, Gonzalo ' ;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them your affections
Would become tender.

10

15

PRO. Dost thou think so, spirit ?
ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PRO. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part ; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance ; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel ;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

20

25

30

ARI. I'll fetch them, sir.

[*exit.*]

PRO. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him

35

When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid— 40
 Weak masters though ye be—I have be-dimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war. To the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak 45
 With his own bolt ; the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth,
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50
 I here abjure ; and, when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly music—which even now I do—
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, 55
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book.

[solemn music.]

Here enters ARIEL before ; then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charm'd ; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand, 60
 For you are spell-stopp'd.
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night, 65
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st ! I will pay thy graces 70
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter ;
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
 Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition, 75
 Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Sebastian—
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong—
 Would here have kill'd your king, I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,

- Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ;
 I will discase me, and myself present 85
 As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit .
 Thou shalt ere long be free.
- ARIEL, on returning, sings and helps to attire him
 Where the bee sucks, there suck I ,
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry. 90
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
- PRO. Why, that's my dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee , 95
 But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
 To the King's ship, invisible as thou art ;
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place ; 100
 And presently, I prithee.
- ARI. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or ere your pulse twice beat. *[exit.]*
- GON. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement,
 Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us 105
 Out of this fearful country !
- PRO. Behold, Sir King,
 The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
 For more assurance that a living prince
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body .
 And to thee and thy company I bid 110
 A hearty welcome.
- ALON. Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
 As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
 Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
 Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which, 115
 I fear, a madness held me. This must crave—
 An if this be at all—a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
 Be living and be here ?
- PRO. First, noble friend, 120
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
 Be measur'd or confin'd.
- GON. Whether this be
 Or be not, I'll not swear.
- PRO. You do yet taste
 Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all ! 125
 [*Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.*] But you, my brace of lords,
 were I so minded,
 I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you
 And justify you traitors ; at this time
 I will tell no tales.

SEB. [*aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

PRO. No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault—all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore. 130

ALON. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation ;
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !—
My dear son Ferdinand. 135

PRO. I am woe for't, sir.

ALON. Irreparable is the loss ; and patience
Says it is past her cure. 140

PRO. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

ALON. You the like loss !

PRO. As great to me as late ; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter. 145

ALON. A daughter !

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there ! That they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ? 150

PRO. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath ; but, howsoe'er you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;
This cell's my court ; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad ; pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom. 160 165 170

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

MIRA. Sweet lord, you play me false.

FER. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

- MIRA. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
- ALON. If this prove 175
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
- SEB. A most high miracle !
- FER. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful ;
I have curs'd them without cause. [kneels.
- ALON. Now all the blessings 180
Of a glad father compass thee about !
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
- MIRA. O, wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world
That has such people in't !
- PRO. 'Tis new to thee.
- ALON. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play ? 185
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours ;
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together ?
- FER. Sir, she is mortal ;
But by immortal Providence she's mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life ; and second father 195
This lady makes him to me.
- ALON. I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !
- PRO. There, sir, stop ;
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.
- GON. I have inly wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
- ALON. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !
- GON. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue 205
Should become Kings of Naples ? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars : in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle ; and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.
- ALON. [to FERDINAND and MIRANDA.] Give me your hands.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy.
- GON. Be it so. Amen ! 215

Re-enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN amazedly following.

O look, sir ; look, sir ! Here is more of us !
 I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
 This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?
 Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ? 220

BOATS. The best news is that we have safely found
 Our King and company ; the next, our ship—
 Which but three glasses since we gave out split—
 Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
 We first put out to sea.

ARI. [*aside to PROSPERO.*] Sir, all this service 225
 Have I done since I went.

PRO. [*aside to ARIEL.*] My tricky spirit !

ALON. These are not natural events ; they strengthen
 From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither ?

BOATS. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 230
 And—how, we know not—all clapp'd under hatches ;
 Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awak'd ; straightway at liberty ; 235
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship ; our master
 Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moping hither.

ARI. [*aside to PROSPERO.*] Was't well done ? 240

PRO. [*aside to ARI.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALON. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod ;
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.

PRO. Sir, my liege, 245
 Do not infest your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business ; at pick'd leisure,
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
 Which to you shall seem probable, of every
 These happen'd accidents ; till when, be cheerful 250
 And think of each thing well. [*aside to ARIEL.*] Come hither,
 spirit ;

Set Caliban and his companions free ;
 Untie the spell. [*exit ARIEL.*] How fares my gracious sir ?
 There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads that you remember not. 255

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

STE. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for
 himself ; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio !
 TRIN. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly
 sight. 260

CAL. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed !

How fine my master is ! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

SEB. Ha, ha !

What things are these, my lord Antonio ?

Will money buy 'em ?

ANT. Very like ; one of them 265

Is a plain fish, and no doubt marktable.

PRO. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave—

His mother was a witch, and one so strong

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 270

And deal in her command without her power.

These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil—

For he's a bastard one—hath plotted with them

To take my life. Two of these fellows you

Must know and own ; this thing of darkness I 275

Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

SEB. He is drunk now ; where had he wine ?

ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe ; where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em ? 280

How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

TRIN. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear
me, will never out of my bones. I shall not fear fly-blowing.

SEB. Why, how now, Stephano ! 285

STE. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PRO. You'd be king 'o the isle, sirrah ?

STE. I should have been a sore one, then.

ALON. [*pointing to CALIBAN.*] This is as strange a thing as e'er I
look'd on.

PRO. He is as disproportioned in his manners 290

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell ;

Take with you your companions ; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CAL. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter, 295

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool !

PRO. Go to ; away !

ALON. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEB. Or stole it, rather.

[*excunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.*]

PRO. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train 300

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away—the story of my life,

And the particular accidents gone by 305

Since I came to this isle. And in the morn

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptial

Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized,

And thence retire me to my Milan, where
 Every third thought shall be my grave. 310

ALON. I long
 To hear the story of your life, which must
 Take the ear strangely.

PRO. I'll deliver all ;
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
 And sail so expeditious that shall catch 315
 Your royal fleet far off. [*aside to ARIEL.*] My Ariel, chick,
 That is thy charge. Then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you, draw near. [*exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most faint. Now 'tis true,
 I must be here confin'd by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not, 5
 Since I have my dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell ;
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands. 10
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;
 And my ending is despair 15
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
 Which pierces so that it assaults
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free. 20

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was first printed in the Folio of 1623, although it must have been written before 1598 as Meres included it in the list of works he ascribes in his *Palladis Tamia* to Shakespeare. The evidences of style and versification seem to indicate that this was the earliest of Shakespeare's romantic comedies, and it is unfortunate that no clue has so far been discovered that would allow a more precise date to be fixed for its composition and enable the historian to pronounce with more confidence than he dares at present on Shakespeare's part in the development of this type of play.

In 1559 the Portuguese poet Jorge de Montemayor published his *Diana Enamorada*, a romance in Spanish, that was to enjoy a popularity not confined to the Peninsula. Nicholas Colin made a French translation in 1578 and in 1598 was issued the English version of Bartholomew Youngc. Borrowings however from the *Diana* had appeared in various forms, and it has been thought that a play performed before the Queen in 1585 entitled *The History of Felix and Philomena* may owe its plot to Montemayor, for in the second book of his *Diana* he relates the story of Felix and Felismena. Whether the English play was indeed a version of this part of the Spanish romance must remain doubtful unless further evidence is discovered, for no copy of the play has survived; what is certain however is that Shakespeare directly, or indirectly through some version such as that here mentioned, drew on the story of Felix and Felismena for incidents in his *Two Gentlemen*. The romance of Proteus and Julia recalls the following episodes from the earlier story: Felix sends a letter to Felismena who, like Shakespeare's Julia, pretends to reject it and to be displeased with her maid for acting as a go-between; Felix just when he is enjoying the affections of Felismena is dispatched to Court by his father; Felismena follows him in male disguise, lodges at an inn, hears her false lover serenade Celia (Shakespeare's Silvia), who however is merely playing with him; Felismena then enters the service of Felix and in her disguise as a page acts as his messenger to Celia. Here Shakespeare's plot and the Spanish story diverge. Shakespeare's Silvia has her own admirer in Valentine and has no need like Montemayor's Celia to fall in love with the disguised messenger, and eventually to die of a despairing passion. There are however in the exchanges between Julia and Silvia points that recall the conversation of Felismena and Celia. Finally Felismena and Felix are reunited after a combat in a wood, though the circumstances are quite different from those in Shakespeare's plot: Felismena is here the rescuer of her distressed and repentant lover.

Shakespeare also had in mind an Italian play or at least its plot; and it is probable that Montemayor had the same comedy in his memory when he wrote the Felix and Felismena episode. The girl disguised as a page in the service of the man she loves and carrying his messages to the lady he is for the time enamoured of was made an international figure by an Italian play that was performed at the

Carnival of 1531 in Sienna. This was the famous *GP'Ingannati* (see p. 579) written for and staged by members of the Academy of the Intronati. Many versions and imitations of this device were acted or printed, the most famous of all being Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*; Shakespeare's first sketch however for this masterpiece is found in *The Two Gentlemen*. Shakespeare's interest in the various versions of the theme will be discussed when the Viola-Olivia episode in *Twelfth Night* is reached; meantime it will be sufficient to note that in 1595 a Latin version of *GP'Ingannati* called *Laelia* (the name of the heroine of the Italian comedy) was performed at Cambridge before the Earl of Essex. As Shakespeare's dedications to his poems *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* were addressed to the Earl of Southampton, and Southampton was a devoted member of the Essex circle, the question of a possible connection between Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen* and *Laelia* has been raised, and it has even been suggested that *The Two Gentlemen* although it may have been written before 1595 was perhaps revised with the Latin version in mind. There is however no evidence that enables the priority to be determined, and all that can safely be affirmed is that Shakespeare was already meditating a theme he was to develop in its perfection only in later years.

Already in *The Two Gentlemen* Shakespeare's treatment of his sources shows the direction his mind was taking. *Laelia* the heroine of the Italian intrigue is a determined and astute plotter set on having her own will and quite without the delicate and indeed quixotic scruples of the Spanish *Felismena*. Shakespeare's *Julia* is much more like Montemayor's heroine than the unscrupulous Italian. Her lover on the contrary is drawn perhaps more after the Italian than the Spanish model; less brutal than *Flammínio* of *GP'Ingannati*, he yet lacks the courtesy that mitigates the infidelity of *Felix*.

If Montemayor had the Italian plot in mind he gave it a tragic turn by depriving his *Celia* of the comfort her counterpart *Isabella* in *GP'Ingannati* finds in *Laelia*'s long-lost brother, who turns up, like *Sebastian* in *Twelfth Night*, to take his sister's place in the affections of the deluded girl. In *Two Gentlemen* Shakespeare has provided from the beginning for his second heroine: *Proteus* has a friend *Valentine* and this allows Shakespeare to add to the complications the theme of broken friendship. The manner in which the friends are reconciled in the final scene has seemed to some critics so outrageous that they suppose someone has rewritten Shakespeare's version. *Valentine* accepts the repentance of the false *Proteus*, although he has just caught him in the very act of disloyalty, and as a pledge of their renewed faith offers to surrender his own *Silvia* to him. Shakespeare is of course taking advantage of the *David and Jonathan* convention fashionable at the Renaissance to resolve the tangle of his plot. Such friendships as that of *Valentine* and *Proteus* were supposed to be superior to the loves of men for women, and Shakespeare finds in this commonplace a resource in his difficulty.

The play is doubtless on conventional lines, but there are many charming passages and the scene in which *Julia* listens to *Proteus* serenading *Silvia* reveals that combination of poetic and dramatic power that was to give Shakespeare's later work its characteristic excellence.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA :

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, <i>father to Silvia.</i>	HOST, <i>where Julia lodges in Milan</i>
VALENTINE, } <i>the two gentlemen.</i>	OUTLAWS, <i>with Valentine.</i>
PROTEUS, }	JULIA, <i>a lady of Verona, beloved</i>
ANTONIO, <i>father to Proteus.</i>	<i>of Proteus.</i>
THURIO, <i>a foolish rival to Valentine.</i>	SILVIA, <i>the Duke's daughter,</i>
EGLAMOUR, <i>agent for Silvia in her</i>	<i>beloved of Valentine.</i>
<i>escape.</i>	LUCETTA, <i>waiting-woman to Julia.</i>
SPEED, <i>a clownish servant to Valen-</i>	SERVANTS.
<i>tine.</i>	MUSICIANS.
LAUNCE, <i>the like to Proteus.</i>	
PANTHINO, <i>servant to Antonio.</i>	

THE SCENE : *Verona ; Milan ; the frontiers of Mantua.*

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

- VAL. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus :
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
 Were't not affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
 I rather would entreat thy company 5
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
 But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
 Even as I would, when I to love begin. 10
- PRO. Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet Valentine, adieu !
 Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
 Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel.
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness
 When thou dost meet good hap ; and in thy danger, 15
 If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.
- VAL. And on a love-book pray for my success ?
 PRO. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee. 20
- VAL. That's on some shallow story of deep love :
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
 PRO. That's a deep story of a deeper love ;
 For he was more than over shoes in love. 25
- VAL. 'Tis true ; for you are over boots in love,
 And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

- PRO. Over the boots ! Nay, give me not the boots.
 VAL. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
 PRO. What ?
 VAL. To be in love—where scorn is bought with groans,
 Coy looks with heart-sore sighs, one fading moment's mirth 30
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights ;
 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain ;
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won :
 However, but a folly bought with wit,
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished. 35
 PRO. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
 VAL. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
 PRO. 'Tis love you cavil at ; I am not Love.
 VAL. Love is your master, for he masters you ;
 And he that is so yoked by a fool, 40
 Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
 PRO. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
 VAL. And writers say, as the most forward bud 45
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,
 And all the fair effects of future hopes. 50
 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
 That art a votary to fond desire ?
 Once more adieu. My father at the road
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
 PRO. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine. 55
 VAL. Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.
 To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
 Of thy success in love, and what news else
 Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;
 And I likewise will visit thee with mine. 60
 PRO. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !
 VAL. As much to you at home ; and so farewell ! [exit VALENTINE
 PRO. He after honour hunts, I after love ;
 He leaves his friends to dignify them more :
 I leave myself, my friends, and all for love. 65
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphis'd me,
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

- SPEED. Sir Proteus, save you ! Saw you my master ? 70
 PRO. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan,
 SPEED. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
 And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.
 PRO. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
 An if the shepherd be awhile away. 75
 SPEED. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep ?
 PRO. I do.

SPEED. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

PRO. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED. This proves me still a sheep.

80

PRO. True; and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

PRO. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

SPEED. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd ;
but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me ; therefore,
I am no sheep.

86

PRO. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd ; the shepherd for
food follows not the sheep : thou for wages followest thy master ;
thy master for wages follows not thee. Therefore, thou art a
sheep.

90

SPEED. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa'.

PRO. But dost thou hear ? Gav'st thou my letter to Julia ?

SPEED. Ay, sir ; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd
mutton ; and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing
for my labour.

96

PRO. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

SPEED. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

PRO. Nay, in that you are astray : 'twere best pound you.

100

SPEED. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your
letter.

PRO. You mistake ; I mean the pound—a pinfeld.

SPEED. From a pound to a pin ? Fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

105

PRO. But what said she ?

SPEED. [*nodding.*] Ay.

PRO. Nod-ay. Why, that's 'noddy'.

SPEED. You mistook, sir ; I say she did nod ; and you ask me if she
did nod ; and I say 'Ay'.

110

PRO. And that set together is 'noddy'.

SPEED. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for
your pains.

PRO. No, no ; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

SPEED. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

115

PRO. Why, sir, how do you bear with me ?

SPEED. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly ; having nothing but the
word 'noddy' for my pains.

PRO. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

120

PRO. Come, come, open the matter ; in brief, what said she ?

SPEED. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both
at once delivered.

PRO. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she ?

125

SPEED. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

PRO. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her ?

SPEED. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ; no, not so much
as a ducat for delivering your letter ; and being so hard to me
that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in
telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as
hard as steel.

132

PRO. What said she ? Nothing ?

SPEED. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains'. To testify

your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me ; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself ; and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

PRO. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

[*exit* SPEED,

I must go send some better messenger.

141

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*exit*.

SCENE II. *Verona. The garden of JULIA'S house.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

JUL. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,

Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love ?

LUC. Ay, madam ; so you stumble not unheedfully.

JUL. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen

That every day with parle encounter me,

5

In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?

LUC. Please you, repeat their names ; I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

JUL. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour ?

LUC. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine ;

10

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

JUL. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio ?

LUC. Well of his wealth ; but of himself, so so.

JUL. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus ?

LUC. Lord, Lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

15

JUL. How now ! what means this passion at his name ?

LUC. Pardon, dear madam ; 'tis a passing shame

That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

JUL. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest ?

20

LUC. Then thus : of many good I think him best.

JUL. Your reason ?

LUC. I have no other but a woman's reason :

I think him so, because I think him so.

JUL. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him ?

25

LUC. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

JUL. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

LUC. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

JUL. His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUC. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

30

JUL. They do not love that do not show their love.

LUC. O, they love least that let men know their love.

JUL. I would I knew his mind.

LUC. Peruse this paper, madam.

JUL. 'To Julia'—Say, from whom ?

35

LUC. That the contents will show.

JUL. Say, say, who gave it thee ?

LUC. Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you ; but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it ; pardon the fault, I pray.

40

79

- JUL. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker !
 Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines ?
 To whisper and conspire against my youth ?
 Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
 And you an officer fit for the place. 45
 There, take the paper ; see it be return'd ;
 Or else return no more into my sight.
- LUC. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
- JUL. Will ye be gone ?
- LUC. That you may ruminate. [exit. 50
- JUL. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
 It were a shame to call her back again,
 And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
 What fool is she, that knows I am a maid
 And would not force the letter to my view !
 Since maids, in modesty, say ' No ' to that 55
 Which they would have the profferer construe ' Ay ' .
 Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
 That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
 And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !
 How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence, 60
 When willingly I would have had her here !
 How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile
 My penance is to call Lucetta back
 And ask remission for my folly past. 65
 What ho ! Lucetta !

Re-enter LUCETTA.

- LUC. What would your ladyship ?
- JUL. Is't near dinner time ?
- LUC. I would it were,
 That you might kill your stomach on your meat
 And not upon your maid.
- JUL. What is't that you took up so gingerly ? 70
- LUC. Nothing.
- JUL. Why didst thou stoop then ?
- LUC. To take a paper up that I let fall.
- JUL. And is that paper nothing ?
- LUC. Nothing concerning me. 75
- JUL. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
- LUC. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
 Unless it have a false interpreter.
- JUL. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme,
- LUC. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune. 80
 Give me a note ; your ladyship can set.
- JUL. As little by such toys as may be possible.
 Best sing it to the tune of ' Light o' Love ' .
- LUC. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
- JUL. Heavy ! belike it hath some burden then. 85
- LUC. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
- JUL. And why not you ?
- LUC. I cannot reach so high.

- JUL. Let's see your song. [LUCETTA withholds the letter.] How now, minion !
- LUC. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out.
And yet methinks I do not like this tune. 90
- JUL. You do not !
- LUC. No, madam ; 'tis too sharp.
- JUL. You, minion, are too saucy.
- LUC. Nay, now you are too flat
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant ;
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song. 95
- JUL. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
- LUC. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
- JUL. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation ! [tears the letter.
Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lie. 100
You would be fing'ring them, to anger me.
- LUC. She makes it strange ; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so ang'red with another letter. [exit.
- JUL. Nay, would I were so ang'red with the same !
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words ! 105
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings !
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia'. Unkind Julia,
As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus'.
Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd 115
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter—
Except mine own name ; that some whirlwind bear 120
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ :
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia'. That I'll tear away ; 125
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another ;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.
- Re-enter LUCETTA.*
- LUC. Madam, 130
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
- JUL. Well, let us go.
- LUC. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?
- JUL. If you respect them, best to take them up.
- LUC. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down ; 135
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.
- JUL. I see you have a month's mind to them.

LUC. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

JUL. Come, come ; will't please you go ?

139

[*exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Verona.* ANTONIO's house.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

ANT. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?

PAN. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

ANT. Why, what of him ?

PAN. He wond'red that your lordship

Would suffer him to spend his youth at home, 5

While other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :

Some to the wars, to try their fortune there ;

Some to discover islands far away ;

Some to the studious universities. 10

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said that Proteus, your son, was meet ;

And did request me to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment to his age, 15

In having known no travel in his youth.

ANT. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man, 20

Not being tried and tutor'd in the world :

Experience is by industry achiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time.

Then tell me whither were I best to send him.

PAN. I think your lordship is not ignorant 25

How his companion, youthful Valentine,

Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

ANT. I know it well.

PAN. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither :

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,

Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen, 30

And be in eye of every exercise

Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

ANT. I like thy counsel ; well hast thou advis'd ;

And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it, 35

The execution of it shall make known :

Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

PAN. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso 40

With other gentlemen of good esteem

Are journeying to salute the Emperor,

And to commend their service to his will.

ANT. Good company ; with them shall Proteus go.

Enter PROTEUS.

- And—in good time!—now will we break with him.
 PRO. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life! 45
 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
 Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
 O that our fathers would applaud our loves,
 To seal our happiness with their consents!
 O heavenly Julia! 50
- ANT. How now! What letter are you reading there?
 PRO. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
 Of commendations sent from Valentine,
 Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
- ANT. Send me the letter; let me see what news. 55
 PRO. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
 How happily he lives, how well-belov'd
 And daily graced by the Emperor;
 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
- ANT. And how stand you affected to his wish? 60
 PRO. As one relying on your lordship's will,
 And not depending on his friendly wish.
- ANT. My will is something sorted with his wish.
 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
 For what I will, I will, and there an end. 65
 I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
 With Valentinus in the Emperor's court;
 What maintenance he from his friends receives,
 Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
 To-morrow be in readiness to go— 70
 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
- PRO. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
 Please you, deliberate a day or two.
- ANT. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee. 75
 No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.
 Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
 To hasten on his expedition.
- [*exeunt ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*]
- PRO. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
 And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
 I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, 80
 Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse
 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 O, how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day, 85
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away!
- Re-enter PANTHINO.*
- PAN. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
 He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
- PRO. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto; 90
 And yet a thousand times it answers 'No'.
- [*exeunt.*]

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. *Milan. The DUKE's palace.**Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

SPEED. Sir, your glove.

VAL.. Not mine : my gloves are on.

SPEED. Why, then, this may be yours ; for this is but one.

VAL. Ha ! let me see ; ay, give it me, it's mine ;

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !

Ah, Silvia ! Silvia !

5

SPEED. [*calling.*] Madam Silvia ! Madam Silvia !

VAL. How now, sirrah ?

SPEED. She is not within hearing, sir.

VAL.. Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

SPEED. Your worship, sir ; or else I mistook

10

VAL. Well, you'll still be too forward.

SPEED. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VAL. Go to, sir ; tell me, do you know Madam Silvia ?

SPEED. She that your worship loves ?

VAL. Why, how know you that I am in love ?

15

SPEED. Marry, by these special marks : first, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent ; to relish a love-song, like a robin redbreast ; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence ; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C ; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam ; to fast, like one that takes diet ; to watch, like one that fears robbing ; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock ; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner ; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money. And now you are metamorphis'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VAL. Are all these things perceiv'd in me ?

SPEED. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

30

VAL. Without me ? They cannot.

SPEED. Without you ! Nay, that's certain ; for, without you were so simple, none else would ; but you are so without these follies that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

36

VAL. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia ?

SPEED. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper ?

VAL. Hast thou observ'd that ? Even she, I mean.

SPEED. Why, sir, I know her not.

40

VAL. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not ?

SPEED. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir ?

VAL. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

SPEED. Sir, I know that well enough.

45

VAL. What dost thou know ?

SPEED. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favour'd.

VAL. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

SPEED. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count. 61

VAL. How painted? and how out of count?

SPEED. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VAL. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty. 55

SPEED. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

VAL. How long hath she been deform'd?

SPEED. Ever since you lov'd her.

VAL. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED. If you love her, you cannot see her. 61

VAL. Why?

SPEED. Because Love is blind. O that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd! 65

VAL. What should I see then?

SPEED. Your own present folly and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

VAL. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes. 71

SPEED. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VAL. In conclusion, I stand affected to her. 75

SPEED. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

VAL. Last night she enjoind me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED. And have you? 80

VAL. I have.

SPEED. Are they not lamely writ?

VAL. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.

Enter SILVIA.

Peace! here she comes.

SPEED. [*aside.*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her. 86

VAL. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

SPEED. [*aside.*] O, give ye good ev'n!

Here's a million of manners.

SIL. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand. 90

SPEED. [*aside.*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

VAL. As you enjoind me, I have writ your letter

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, 95

But for my duty to your ladyship.

SIL. I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

VAL. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;

For, being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at random, very doubtfully. 100

SIL. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VAL. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,

Please you command, a thousand times as much;

And yet—

SIL. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; 105

- And yet I will not name it—and yet I care not.
 • And yet take this again—and yet I thank you—
 Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
- SPEED. [*aside.*] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet'.
- VAL. What means your ladyship? Do you not like it? 110
- SIL. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;
 But, since unwillingly, take them again.
 Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*]
- VAL. Madam, they are for you.
- SIL. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request; 115
 But I will none of them; they are for you:
 I would have had them writ more movingly.
- VAL. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.
- SIL. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
 And if it please you, so; if not, why, so. 120
- VAL. If it please me, madam, what then?
- SIL. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
 And so good morrow, servant. [*exit SILVIA.*]
- SPEED. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
 As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple! 125
 My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
 He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
 O excellent device! Was there ever heard a better,
 That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?
- VAL. How now, sir! What are you reasoning with yourself? 131
- SPEED. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.
- VAL. To do what?
- SPEED. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia? 135
- VAL. To whom?
- SPEED. To yourself; why, she woos you by a figure.
- VAL. What figure?
- SPEED. By a letter, I should say.
- VAL. Why, she hath not writ to me. 140
- SPEED. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself?
 Why, do you not perceive the jest?
- VAL. No, believe me.
- SPEED. No believing you indeed, sir. But did you perceive her
 earnest? 145
- VAL. She gave me none except an angry word.
- SPEED. Why, she hath given you a letter.
- VAL. That's the letter I writ to her friend.
- SPEED. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end. 150
- VAL. I would it were no worse.
- SPEED. I'll warrant you 'tis as well.
 'For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
 Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
 Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
 Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.' 156
 All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you,
 sir? 'Tis dinner time.
- VAL. I have din'd. 159
- SPEED. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed
 on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would

fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress ! Be moved, be moved. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Verona. JULIA's house.*

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

PRO. Have patience, gentle Julia.

JUL. I must, where is no remedy.

PRO. When possibly I can, I will return.

JUL. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. [*giving a ring.*]

PRO. Why, then, we'll make exchange. Here, take you this.

JUL. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

PRO. Here is my hand for my true constancy ;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness !

My father stays my coming ; answer not ;

The tide is now—nay, not thy tide of tears :

That tide will stay me longer than I should.

Julia, farewell !

What, gone without a word ?

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

PRO. Go ; I come, I come.

Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

20
[*exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Verona. A street.*

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

LAUN. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping ; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion, like the Prodigious Son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity ; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting ; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father ; no, this left shoe is my father ; no, no, this left shoe is my mother ; nay, that cannot be so neither ; yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't ! There 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand ; this hat is Nan our maid ; I am the dog ; no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—O, the dog is me, and I am myself ; ay, so, so. Now

come I to my father : ' Father, your blessing '. Now should not
 • the shoe speak a word for weeping ; now should I kiss my father ;
 well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. O that she could
 speak now like a wood woman ! Well, I kiss her—why there 'tis ;
 • here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my
 • sister ; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while
 sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word ; but see how I lay the dust
 with my tears. 29

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Launce, away, away aboard ! Thy master is shipp'd,
 and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter ? Why
 weep'st thou, man ? Away, ass ! You'll lose the tide if you
 tarry any longer.

LAUN. It is no matter if the tied were lost ; for it is the unkindest tied
 that ever any man tied. 35

PAN. What's the unkindest tide ?

LAUN. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

PAN. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood,
 lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and,
 in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service—
 Why dost thou stop my mouth ?

LAUN. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue. 42

PAN. Where should I lose my tongue ?

LAUN. In thy tale.

PAN. In thy tail ! 45

LAUN. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service,
 and the tied ! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it
 with my tears ; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with
 my sighs.

PAN. Come, come away, man ; I was sent to call thee.

LAUN. Sir, call me what thou dar'st. 51

PAN. Wilt thou go ?

LAUN. Well, I will go. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Milan, The DUKE's palace.*

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED.

SIL. Servant !

VAL. Mistress ?

SPEED. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

VAL. Ay, boy, it's for love.

SPEED. Not of you. 5

VAL. Of my mistress, then.

SPEED. 'Twere good you knock'd him. [*exit.*]

SIL. Servant, you are sad.

VAL. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

THU. Seem you that you are not ? 10

VAL. Haply I do.

THU. So do counterfeits.

VAL. So do you.

THU. What seem I that I am not ?

VAL. Wise. 15

THU. What instance of the contrary ?

- VAL. Your folly.
 THU. And how quote you my folly?
 VAL. I quote it in your jerkin.
 THU. My jerkin is a doublet. 20
 VAL. Well, then, I'll double your folly.
 THU. How?
 SIL. What, angry, Sir Thurio! Do you change colour?
 VAL. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
 THU. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.
 VAL. You have said, sir. 27
 THU. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
 VAL. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
 SIL. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off. 31
 VAL. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
 SIL. Who is that, servant?
 VAL. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio
 borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he
 borrows kindly in your company. 36
 THU. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your
 wit bankrupt.
 VAL. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I
 think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by
 their bare liveries that they live by your bare words. 42

Enter DUKE

- SIL. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.
 DUKE. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. 45
 Sir Valentine, your father is in good health.
 What say you to a letter from your friends
 Of much good news?
 VAL. My lord, I will be thankful
 To any happy messenger from thence.
 DUKE. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman? 50
 VAL. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
 To be of worth and worthy estimation,
 And not without desert so well reputed.
 DUKE. Hath he not a son?
 VAL. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves 55
 The honour and regard of such a father.
 DUKE. You know him well?
 VAL. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy
 We have convers'd and spent our hours together;
 And though myself have been an idle truant,
 Omitting the sweet benefit of time 60
 To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
 Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
 Made use and fair advantage of his days:
 His years but young, but his experience old; • 65
 His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe;
 And, in a word, for far behind his worth
 Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
 He is complete in feature and in mind,
 With all good grace to grace a gentleman. 70
 DUKE. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,

- He is as worthy for an empress' love
 As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
 Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
 With commendation from great potentates,
 And here he means to spend his time awhile. 75
 I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
 VAL. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
 DUKE. Welcome him, then, according to his worth—
 Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio ; 80
 For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.
 I will send him hither to you presently. [exit DUKE.
 VAL. This is the gentlemen I told your ladyship
 Had come along with me but that his mistress
 Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks. 85
 SIL. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
 Upon some other pawn for fealty.
 VAL. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
 SIL. Nay, then, he should be blind ; and, being blind,
 How could he see his way to seek out you ? 90
 VAL. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
 THU. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
 VAL. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself ;
 Upon a homely object Love can wink. [exit THURIO.

Enter PROTEUS.

- SIL. Have done, have done ; here comes the gentleman. 95
 VAL. Welcome, dear Proteus ! Mistress, I beseech you
 Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
 SIL. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither.
 If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
 VAL. Mistress, it is ; sweet lady, entertain him 100
 To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
 SIL. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
 PRO. Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant
 To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
 VAL. Leave off discourse of disability ; 105
 Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
 PRO. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
 SIL. And duty never yet did want his meed.
 Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
 PRO. I'll die on him that says so but yourself. 110
 SIL. That you are welcome ?
 PRO. That you are worthless.

Re-enter THURIO.

- THU. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
 SIL. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,
 Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome.
 I'll leave you to confer of home affairs ; 115
 When you have done we look to hear from you.
 PRO. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
 [exeunt SILVIA and THURIO.
 VAL. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came ?
 PRO. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

- VAL. And how do yours ?
- PRO. I left them all in health. 120
- VAL. How does your lady, and how thrives your love ?
- PRO. My tales of love were wont to weary you ;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
- VAL. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now ;
I have done penance for contemning Love, 125
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes 130
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth. 135
Now no discourse, except it be of love ;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
- PRO. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so ? 140
- VAL. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?
- PRO. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.
- VAL. Call her divine.
- PRO. I will not flatter her.
- VAL. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises !
- PRO. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills, 145
And I must minister the like to you.
- VAL. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
- PRO. Except my mistress.
- VAL. Sweet, except not any ; 150
Except thou wilt except against my love.
- PRO. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?
- VAL. And I will help thee to prefer her too :
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth 155
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flow'r
And make rough winter everlastingly.
- PRO. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this ? 160
- VAL. Pardon me, Proteus ; all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;
She is alone.
- PRO. Then let her alone.
- VAL. Not for the world ! Why, man, she is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel 165
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

[Act II

- My foolish rival, that her father likes 170
 ' Only for his possessions are so huge,
 Is gone with her along ; and I must after,
 For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
- PRO. But she loves you ?
- VAL. Ay, and we are betroth'd ; nay more, our marriage-hour, 175
 With all the cunning manner of our flight,
 Determin'd of—how I must climb her window,
 The ladder made of cords, and all the means
 Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
 Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber, 180
 In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
- PRO. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth ;
 I must unto the road to disembark
 Some necessities that I needs must use ;
 And then I'll presently attend you. 185
- VAL. Will you make haste ?
- PRO. I will. [exit VALENTINE
- Even as one heat another heat expels
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
 So the remembrance of my former love 190
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
 Is it my mind, or Valentinus' praise,
 Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
 That makes me reasonless to reason thus ?
 She is fair ; and so is Julia that I love— 195
 That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;
 Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.
 Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
 And that I love him not as I was wont. 200
 O ! but I love his lady too too much,
 And that's the reason I love him so little.
 How shall I dote on her with more advice
 That thus without advice begin to love her !
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, 205
 And that hath dazzled my reason's light ;
 But when I look on her perfections,
 There is no reason but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring love, I will ; 209
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [exit.

SCENE V. Milan. A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally.

SPEED. Launce ! by mine honesty, welcome to Padua.

LAUN. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I
 reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hang'd,
 nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and
 the hostess say ' Welcome ! ' 5

SPEED. Come on, you madcap ; I'll to the alehouse with you presently ;
 where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand
 welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam
 Julia ? 9

LAUN. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

SPEED. But shall she marry him?

LAUN. No.

SPEED. How then? Shall he marry her?

LAUN. No. neither.

13

SPEED. What, are they broken?

LAUN. No. they are both as whole as a fish.

SPEED. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

LAUN. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

20

SPEED. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

LAUN. What a block art thou that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

26

SPEED. What thou say'st?

LAUN. Ay, and what I do too, look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

SPEED. It stands under thee, indeed.

LAUN. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

SPEED. But tell me true, will't be a match?

LAUN. Ask my dog. If he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

SPEED. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

32

LAUN. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

SPEED. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou that my master is become a notable lover?

LAUN. I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED. Than how?

LAUN. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

SPEED. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

40

LAUN. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master

SPEED. I tell thee my master is become a hot lover.

LAUN. Why, I tell thee I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

46

SPEED. Why?

LAUN. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

SPEED. At thy service.

[exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Milan. The DUKE's palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;

To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;

And ev'n that pow'r which gave me first my oath

Provokes me to this threefold perjury:

5

Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.

O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,

Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!

At first I did adore a twinkling star,

But now I worship a celestial sun.

10

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken.

93

And he wants wit that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
 Fie, fie, unreverent tongue, to call her bad
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd 15
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths !
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do ;
 But there I leave to love where I should love.
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose ;
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ; 20
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss :
 For Valentine, myself ; for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend ;
 For love is still most precious in itself ;
 And Silvia—witness heaven, that made her fair !— 25
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead ;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. 30
 I cannot now prove constant to myself
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.
 This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window,
 Myself in counsel, his competitor. 35
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising and pretended flight,
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter ;
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross 40
 By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift. [exit.]

SCENE VII. *Verona.* JULIA'S house.*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

JUL. Counsel, Lucetta ; gentle girl, assist me ;
 And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee,
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
 To lesson me and tell me some good mean 5
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Prateus.
 LUC. Alas, the way is wearisome and long !
 JUL. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ; 10
 Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
 LUC. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
 JUL. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food ? 15
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love.

- Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. 20
- LUC. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
- JUL. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns. .
The current that with gentle murmur glides, 25
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ; 30
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step, 35
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
- LUC. But in what habit will you go along ?
- JUL. Not like a woman, for I would prevent 40
The loose encounters of lascivious men ;
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
- LUC. Why then, your ladyship must cut your hair.
- JUL. No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings 45
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots—
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
- LUC. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches ?
- JUL. That fits as well as ' Tell me, good my lord, 50
What compass will you wear your farthingale '.
Why ev'n what fashion thou best likes, Lucetta.
- LUC. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.
- JUL. Out, out, Lucetta, that will be ill-favour'd.
- LUC. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin, 55
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
- JUL. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaïd a journey ? 60
I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.
- LUC. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.
- JUL. Nay, that I will not.
- LUC. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come, 65
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone.
I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
- JUL. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love, 70
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
- LUC. All these are servants to deceitful men.

- JUL. Base men that use them to so base effect !
 ' But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth ;
 His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles, 75
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
 His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
- LUC. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.
- JUL. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong 80
 To bear a hard opinion of his truth :
 Only deserve my love by loving him.
 And presently go with me to my chamber,
 To take a note of what I stand in need of
 To furnish me upon my longing journey. 85
 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
 Come, answer not, but to it presently ; 89
 I am impatient of my tarriance. [exeunt.]

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. *Milan. The DUKE's palace.**Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

- DUKE. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;
 We have some secrets to confer about. [exit THURIO.]
 Now tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me ?
- PRO. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
 The law of friendship bids me to conceal ; 5
 But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,
 My duty pricks me on to utter that
 Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
 Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend, 10
 This night intends to steal away your daughter ;
 Myself am one made privy to the plot.
 I know you have determin'd to bestow her
 On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;
 And should she thus be stol'n away from you, 15
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows which would press you down, 20
 Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
- DUKE. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs myself have often seen,
 Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep, 25
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir Valentine her company and my court ;
 But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err
 And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
 A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, 30
 I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find

- That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
 And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tow'r, 35
 The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.
- PRO. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber window will ascend
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down ; 40
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently ;
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
 That my discovery be not aimed at ; 45
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
- DUKE. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this. 49
- PRO. Adieu, my lord ; Sir Valentine is coming. [*exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

- DUKE. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?
- VAL. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
 And I am going to deliver them.
- DUKE. Be they of much import ? 50
- VAL. The tenour of them doth but signify
 My health and happy being at your court.
- DUKE. Nay then, no matter ; stay with me awhile ;
 I am to break with thee of some affairs
 That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret. 60
 'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
 To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.
- VAL. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match
 Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman
 Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities 65
 Beseeeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
 Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?
- DUKE. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, forward,
 Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
 Neither regarding that she is my child 70
 Nor fearing me as if I were her father ;
 And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
 Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
 And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
 Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty, 75
 I now am full resolv'd to take a wife
 And turn her out to who will take her in.
 Then let her beauty be her wedding-dow'r ;
 For me and my possessions she esteems not.
- VAL. What would your Grace have me to do in this ? 80
- DUKE. There is a lady, in Verona here,
 Whom I affect ; but she is nice, and coy,

- And nought esteems my aged eloquence.
 Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor—
 For long ago I have forgot to court ; 85
 Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd—
 How and which way I may bestow myself
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
- VAL. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
 Dumb jewels often in their silent kind 90
 More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
- DUKE. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
- VAL. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
 Send her another ; never give her o'er,
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more. 95
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more^elove in you ;
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
 For why the fools are mad if left alone.
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ; 100
 For 'Get you gone' she doth not mean 'Away !'
 Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
 Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. 105
- DUKE. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
 Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;
 And kept severely from resort of men,
 That no man hath access by day to her.
- VAL. Why then I would resort to her by night. 110
- DUKE. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,
 That no man hath recourse to her by night.
- VAL. What lets but one may enter at her window ?
- DUKE. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
 And built so shelving that one cannot climb it 115
 Without apparent hazard of his life.
- VAL. Why then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
 To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
 Would serve to scale another Hero's tow'r,
 So bold Leander would adventure it. 120
- DUKE. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
 Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
- VAL. When would you use it ? Pray, sir, tell me that.
- DUKE. This very night ; for Love is like a child,
 That longs for everything that he can come by. 125
- VAL. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
- DUKE. But, hark thee ; I will go to her alone ;
 How shall I best convey the ladder thither ?
- VAL. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
 Under a cloak that is of any length. 130
- DUKE. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn ?
- VAL. Ay, my good lord.
- DUKE. Then let me see thy cloak.
 I'll get me one of such another length.
- VAL. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
- DUKE. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak ? 135

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
 What letter is this same? What's here? 'To Silvia'!
 And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
 I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [reads. 140
 'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
 And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.
 O, could their master come and go as lightly,
 Himself would lodge where, senseless, they are lying!
 My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
 While I, their king, that thither them importune, 145
 Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,
 Because myself do want my servants' fortune.
 I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
 That they should harbour where their lord should be.'
 What's here? 150
 'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'
 'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
 Why, Phaethon—for thou art Merops' son—
 Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
 And with thy daring folly burn the world? 155
 Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
 Go, base intruder, over-weening slave,
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
 And think my patience, more than thy desert,
 Is privilege for thy departure hence. 160
 Thank me for this more than for all the favours
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court, 165
 By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
 I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
 Be gone; I will not hear thy vain excuse,
 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [exit DUKE. 170
 VAL. And why not death rather than living torment?
 To die is to be banish'd from myself,
 And Silvia is myself; banish'd from her
 Is self from self, a deadly banishment.
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by? 175
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180
 There is no day for me to look upon.
 She is my essence, and I leave to be
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: 185
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
 But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

BRO. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

LAUN. So-ho, so-ho!

PRO. What seest thou?

LAUN. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on 's head but 'tis a Valentine. 190

PRO. Valentine?

VAL. No.

PRO. Who then? his spirit? 195

VAL. Neither.

PRO. What then?

VAL. Nothing.

LAUN. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

PRO. Who wouldst thou strike? 200

LAUN. Nothing.

PRO. Villain, forbear.

LAUN. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing. I pray you—

PRO. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

VAL. My ears are stopp'd and cannot hear good news, 205
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

PRO. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

VAL. Is Silvia dead?

PRO. No, Valentine. 210

VAL. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.

Hath she forsworn me?

PRO. No, Valentine.

VAL. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.

What is your news? 215

LAUN. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

PRO. That thou art banished—O, that's the news!—

From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

VAL. O, I have fed upon this woe already, 220
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

PRO. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom—

Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force—

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;

Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd; 225

With them, upon her knees, her humble self,

Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them

As if but now they waxed pale for woe.

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,

Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, 230

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire—

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeal was suppliant, 235

That to close prison he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of bidding there.

VAL. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life.

If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless dolour. 240

PRO. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,

- And study help for that which thou lament'st.
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
 Here if thou stay thou canst not see thy love ;
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. 245
 Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. 250
 The time now serves not to expostulate.
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate ;
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
 As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself, 255
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.
- VAL. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
 Bid him make haste and meet me at the Northgate.
- PRO. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.
- VAL. O my dear Silvia ! Hapless Valentine ! 260
[exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.]
- LAUN. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to
 think my master is a kind of a knave ; but that's all one if he
 be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be
 in love ; yet I am in love ; but a team of horse shall not pluck
 that from me ; nor who 'tis I love ; and yet 'tis a woman ; but
 what woman I will not tell myself ; and yet 'tis a milkmaid ; yet
 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips ; yet 'tis a maid, for she is
 her master's maid and serves for wages. She hath more qualities
 than a water-spaniel—which is much in a bare Christian. Here
 is the cate-log *[pulling out a paper]* of her condition. 'Inprimis :
 She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more ; nay,
 a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore is she better than
 a jade. 'Item : She can milk.' Look you, a sweet virtue in a
 maid with clean hands. 275
- Enter SPEED.*
- SPEED. How now, Signior Launce ! What news with your master-
 ship ?
- LAUN. With my master's ship ? Why, it is at sea.
- SPEED. Well, your old vice still : mistake the word. What news, then,
 in your paper ? 280
- LAUN. The black'st news that ever thou heard'st.
- SPEED. Why, man ? how black ?
- LAUN. Why, as black as ink.
- SPEED. Let me read them.
- LAUN. Fie on thee, jolt-head ; thou canst not read. 285
- SPEED. Thou liest ; I can.
- LAUN. I will try thee. Tell me this : Who begot thee ?
- SPEED. Marry, the son of my grandfather.
- LAUN. O illiterate loiterer. It was the son of thy grandmother. This
 proves that thou canst not read. 290
- SPEED. Come, fool, come ; try me in thy paper.
- LAUN. *[handing over the paper.]* There ; and Saint Nicholas be thy
 speed.

- SPEED. [*reads.*] 'Inprimis: She can milk.'
- LAUN. Ay, that she can.
- SPEED. 'Item: She brews good ale,' 295
- LAUN. And thereof comes the proverb: Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.
- SPEED. 'Item: She can sew.'
- LAUN. That's as much as to say 'Can she so?'
- SPEED. 'Item: She can knit,' 300
- LAUN. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.
- SPEED. 'Item: She can wash and scour.'
- LAUN. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.
- SPEED. 'Item: She can spin,' 306
- LAUN. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.
- SPEED. 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.'
- LAUN. That's as much as to say 'bastard virtues'; that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names. 312
- SPEED. 'Here follow her vices.'
- LAUN. Close at the heels of her virtues.
- SPEED. 'Item: She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.'
- LAUN. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.
- SPEED. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'
- LAUN. That makes amends for her sour breath. 320
- SPEED. 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'
- LAUN. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.
- SPEED. 'Item: She is slow in words.'
- LAUN. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.
- SPEED. 'Item: She is proud.'
- LAUN. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her. 330
- SPEED. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'
- LAUN. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.
- SPEED. 'Item: She is curst.'
- LAUN. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite. 335
- SPEED. 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'
- LAUN. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.
- SPEED. 'Item: She is too liberal.' 339
- LAUN. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut. Now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.
- SPEED. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.' 345
- LAUN. Stop there; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.
- SPEED. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit'— 349
- LAUN. More hair than wit. It may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

SPEED. 'And more faults than hairs'—
 LAUN. That's monstrous. O that that were out! 355
 SPEED. 'And more wealth than faults.'
 LAUN. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have
 her; an if it be a match, as nothing is impossible—
 SPEED. What then? 360
 LAUN. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the
 Northgate.
 SPEED. For me?
 LAUN. For thee! ay, who art thou? He hath stay'd for a better man
 than thee. 365
 SPEED. And must I go to him?
 LAUN. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long that going
 will scarce serve the turn.
 SPEED. Why didst not tell me sooner? Pox of your love letters! 370
 LAUN. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly
 slave that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in
 the boy's correction. [exit.]

SCENE II. *Milan. The DUKE's palace.**Enter DUKE and THURIO.*

DUKE. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you
 Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
 THU. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
 Forsworn my company and rail'd at me,
 That I am desperate of obtaining her. 5
 DUKE. This weak impress of love is as a figure
 Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
 Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
 A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
 And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 10

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
 According to our proclamation, gone?
 PRO. Gone, my good lord.
 DUKE. My daughter takes his going grievously.
 PRO. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief. 15
 DUKE. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
 Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
 For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
 Makes me the better to confer with thee.
 PRO. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace 20
 Let me not live to look upon your Grace.
 DUKE. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
 The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
 PRO. I do, my lord.
 DUKE. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant 25
 How she opposes her against my will.
 PRO. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
 DUKE. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
 What might we do to make the girl forget
 The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? 30

- PRO. The best way is to slander Valentine
 With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent—
 Three things that women highly hold in hate.
- DUKE. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
- PRO. Ay, if his enemy deliver it ; 35
 Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
 By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
- DUKE. Then you must undertake to slander him.
- PRO. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do :
 'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, 40
 Especially against his very friend.
- DUKE. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
 Your slander never can endamage him :
 Therefore the office is indifferent,
 Being entreated to it by your friend. 45
- PRO. You have prevail'd, my lord ; if I can do it
 By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
 She shall not long continue love to him.
 But say this weed her love from Valentine,
 It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 50
- THU. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
 Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
 You must provide to bottom it on me ;
 Which must be done by praising me as much
 As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine. 55
- DUKE. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
 Because we know, on Valentine's report,
 You are already Love's firm votary
 And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
 Upon this warrant shall you have access 60
 Where you with Silvia may confer at large—
 For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you—
 Where you may temper her by your persuasion
 To hate young Valentine and love my friend. 65
- PRO. As much as I can do I will effect.
 But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
 You must lay lime to tangle her desires
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
 Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows. 70
- DUKE. Ay,
 Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
- PRO. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart ;
 Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears 75
 Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
 That may discover such integrity ;
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews.
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans 80
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber window

- With some sweet consort ; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump—the night's dead silence 85
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
- DUKE. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.
- THU. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice ;
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver, 90
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
- DUKE. About it, gentlemen ! 95
- PRO. We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
- DUKE. Even now about it ! I will pardon you. [exunt.

ACT FOUR.

SCENE I. *The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.**Enter certain OUTLAWS.*

- 1 OUT. Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.
- 2 OUT. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.
- Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*
- 3 OUT. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye ;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
- SPEED. Sir, we are undone ; these are the villains 5
That all the travellers do fear so much.
- VAL. My friends—
- 1 OUT. That's not so, sir ; we are your enemies.
- 2 OUT. Peace ! we'll hear him.
- 3 OUT. Ay, by my beard, will we ; for he is a proper man. 10
- VAL. Then know that I have little wealth to lose ;
A man I am cross'd with adversity ;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have. 15
- 2 OUT. Whither travel you ?
- VAL. To Verona.
- 1 OUT. Whence came you ?
- VAL. From Milan.
- 3 OUT. Have you long sojourn'd there ? 20
- VAL. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
- 1 OUT. What, were you banish'd thence ?
- VAL. I was.
- 2 OUT. For what offence ? 25
- VAL. For that which now torments me to rehearse :
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
- 1 OUT. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so. 30
But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?
- VAL. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

- 2 OUT. Have you the tongues ?
 VAL. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
 Or else I often had been miserable. 35
- 3 OUT. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
 This fellow were a king for our wild faction !
- 1 OUT. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
- SPEED. Master, be one of them ; it's an honourable kind of thievery.
 VAL. Peace, villain ! 41
- 2 OUT. Tell us this : have you anything to take to ?
 VAL. Nothing but my fortune.
- 3 OUT. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
 Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth 45
 Thrust from the company of awful men ;
 Myself was from Verona banished
 For practising to steal away a lady.
 An heir, and near allied unto the Duke.
- 2 OUT. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman 50
 Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
- 1 OUT. And I for such-like petty crimes as these.
 But to the purpose—for we cite our faults
 That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives ;
 And, partly, seeing you are beautified 55
 With goodly shape, and by your own report
 A linguist, and a man of such perfection
 As we do in our quality much want—
- 2 OUT. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
 Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you. 60
 Are you content to be our general—
 To make a virtue of necessity,
 And live as we do in this wilderness ?
- 3 OUT. What say'st thou ? Wilt thou be of our consort ?
 Say 'ay' and be the captain of us all. 65
 We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
 Love thee as our commander and our king.
- 1 OUT. But if thou scorn our courtesy thou diest.
- 2 OUT. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
- VAL. I take your offer, and will live with you, 70
 Provided that you do no outrages
 On silly women or poor passengers.
- 3 OUT. No, we detest such vile base practices.
 Come, go with us ; we'll bring thee to our crews,
 And show thee all the treasure we have got ;
 Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. 75
- [*exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Milan. Outside the DUKE's palace, under SILVIA's window.*

Enter PROTEUS.

- PRO. Already have I been false to Valentine,
 And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
 Under the colour of commending him
 I have access my own love to prefer ;
 But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy, 5
 To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
 When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend ;
 When to her beauty I commend my vows,
 She bids me think how I have been forsworn 10
 In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd ;
 And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
 The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love
 The more it grows and fawneth on her still. 15

Enter THURIO and MUSICIANS.

But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
 And give some evening music to her ear.
 THU. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us ?
 PRO. Ay, gentle Thurio ; for you know that love 20
 Will creep in service where it cannot go.
 THU. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
 PRO. Sir, but I do ; or else I would be hence.
 THU. Who ? Silvia ?
 PRO. Ay, Silvia—for your sake.
 THU. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
 Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile. 25

Enter at a distance, HOST, and JULIA in boy's clothes.

HOST. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly ; I pray you,
 why is it ?
 JUL. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
 HOST. Come, we'll have you merry ; I'll bring you where you shall
 hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for. 31
 JUL. But shall I hear him speak ?
 HOST. Ay, that you shall. [music plays.
 JUL. That will be music.
 HOST. Hark, hark ! 35
 JUL. Is he among these ?
 HOST. Ay ; but peace ! let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia ? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she ; 40
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might adquired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
 Love doth to her eyes repair, 45
 To help him of his blindness ;
 And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
 That Silvia is excelling ; 50
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling.
 To her let us garlands bring.

HOST. How now, are you sadder than you were before ? How do you, man ? The music likes you not.

JUL. You mistake ; the musician likes me not. 55

HOST. Why, my pretty youth ?

JUL. He plays false, father.

HOST. How, out of tune on the strings ?

JUL. Not so ; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

HOST. You have a quick ear. 61

JUL. Ay, I would I were deaf ; it makes me have a slow heart.

HOST. I perceive you delight not in music.

JUL. Not a whit, when it jars so. 65

HOST. Hark, what fine change is in the music !

JUL. Ay, that change is the spite.

HOST. You would have them always play but one thing ?

JUL. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, Host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, 70

Often resort unto this gentlewoman ?

HOST. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me : he lov'd her out of all nick.

JUL. Where is Launce ? 74

HOST. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

JUL. Peace, stand aside ; the company parts.

PRO. Sir Thurio, fear not you ; I will so plead

That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

THU. Where meet we ?

PRO. At Saint Gregory's well.

THU. Farewell. 80

[*exit* THURIO and MUSICIANS.]

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.

PRO. Madam, good ev'n to your ladyship.

SIL. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake ?

PRO. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice. 85

SIL. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

PRO. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

SIL. What's your will ?

PRO. That I may compass yours.

SIL. You have your wish ; my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed. 90

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man,

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows ?

Return, return, and make thy love amends. 95

For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,

And by and by intend to chide myself

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee. 100

PRO. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;

But she is dead.

- JUL. [*aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;
For I am sure she is not buried.
- SIL. Say that she be ; yet Valentine, thy friend.
Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd ; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy ? 105
- PRO. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
- SIL. And so suppose am I ; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried. 110
- PRO. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
- SIL. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence .
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
- JUL. [*aside.*] He heard not that.
- PRO. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber .
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep ;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ; 120
And to your shadow will I make true love.
- JUL. [*aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
- SIL. I am very loath to be your idol, sir ;
But since your falsehood shall become you well 125
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it ,
And so, good rest.
- PRO. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.
[exeunt PROTEUS and SILVIA.]
- JUL. Host, will you go ? 130
- HOST. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
- JUL. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus ?
- HOST. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.
- JUL. Not so ; but it hath been the longest night 135
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. *[exeunt.]*

SCENE III. Under SILVIA's window.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

- EGL. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind ;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, madam !

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.

- SIL. Who calls ?
- EGL. Your servant and your friend ,
One that attends your ladyship's command. 5
- SIL. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow :
- EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourself !
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in. 10

- SIL. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
 Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—
 Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
 Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
 I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ; 15
 Nor how my father would enforce me marry
 Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
 Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say
 No grief did ever come so near thy heart
 As when thy lady and thy true love died, 20
 Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
 Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
 To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode ;
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
 I do desire thy worthy company, 25
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
 And on the justice of my flying hence
 To keep me from a most unholy match, 30
 Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
 I do desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
 To bear me company and go with me ;
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee, 35
 That I may venture to depart alone.
- EGL. Madam, I pity much your grievances ;
 Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
 I give consent to go along with you,
 Recking as little what betideth me 40
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go ?
- SIL. This evening coming.
- EGL. Where shall I meet you ?
- SIL. At Friar Patrick's cell,
 Where I intend holy confession.
- EGL. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady. 46
- SIL. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Under SILVIA's window.

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

- LAUN. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard—one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely ' Thus I would teach a dog '. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies ! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't ;

sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the Duke's table ; he had not been there, bless the mark, a pissing while but all the chamber smelt him. ' Out with the dog ' says one ; ' What cur is that ? ' says another ; ' Whip him out ' says the third ; ' Hang him up ' says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs. ' Friend,' quoth I ' you mean to whip the dog.' ' Ay, marry do I ' quoth he. ' You do him the more wrong ; ' quoth I ' 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant ? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stock for puddings he hath stol'n, otherwise he had been executed ; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do ? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale ? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick ? 36

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA in boy's clothes.

PRO. Sebastian is thy name ? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

JUL. In what you please ; I'll do what I can.

PRO. I hope thou wilt. *[to Launce.]* How now, you whoreson peasant ! 40

Where have you been these two days loitering ?

LAUN. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

PRO. And what says she to my little jewel ?

LAUN. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present. 46

PRO. But she receiv'd my dog ?

LAUN. No, indeed, did she not ; here have I brought him back again.

PRO. What, didst thou offer her this from me ? 50

LAUN. Ay, sir ; the other squirrel was stol'n from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place ; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PRO. Go, get thee hence and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight. 55

Away, I say. Stayest thou to vex me here ?

[exit LAUNCE.]

A slave that still an end turns me to shame !

Sebastian, I have entertained thee

Partly that I have need of such a youth 60

That can with some discretion do my business,

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout,

But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,

Which, if my augury deceive me not,

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth ; 65

Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to Madam Silvia—

- She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.
 JUL. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token. 70
 She is dead, belike ?
 PRO. Not so ; I think she lives.
 JUL. Alas !
 PRO. Why dost thou cry ' Alas ' ?
 JUL. I cannot choose
 But pity her.
 PRO. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her ?
 JUL. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well 75
 As you do love your lady Silvia.
 She dreams on him that has forgot her love :
 You dote on her that cares nor for your love.
 'Tis pity love should be so contrary ;
 And thinking on it makes one cry ' Alas ! ' 80
 PRO. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
 This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
 I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
 Your message done, hic home unto my chamber,
 Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [exit PROTEUS.
 JUL. How many women would do such a message ? 86
 Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertain'd
 A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
 Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
 That with his very heart despiseth me ?
 Because he loves her, he despiseth me ; 90
 Because I love him, I must pity him.
 This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
 To bind him to remember my good will ;
 And now am I, unhappy messenger, 95
 To plead for that which I would not obtain,
 To carry that which I would have refus'd,
 To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
 I am my master's true confirmed love,
 But cannot be true servant to my master 100
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
 As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.
- Enter SILVIA, attended.*
- Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you be my mean
 To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
 SIL. What would you with her, if that I be she ? 105
 JUL. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
 SIL. From whom ?
 JUL. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam. 110
 SIL. O, he sends you for a picture ?
 JUL. Ay, madam.
 SIL. Ursula, bring my picture there.
 Go, give your master this. Tell him from me,
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget, 115
 Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
 JUL. I am mad, please you peruse this letter.

- Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not.
 This is the letter to your ladyship. 120
- SIL. I pray thee let me look on that again.
- JUL. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.
- SIL. There, hold !
- I will not look upon your master's lines.
 I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
 And full of new-found oaths, which he will break 125
 As easily as I do tear his paper.
- JUL. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
- SIL. The more shame for him that he sends it me ;
 For I have heard him say a thousand times 130
 His Julia gave it him at his departure.
 Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
 Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
- JUL. She thanks you.
- SIL. What say'st thou ? 135
- JUL. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
 Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.
- SIL. Dost thou know her ?
- JUL. Almost as well as I do know myself.
 To think upon her woes, I do protest 140
 That I have wept a hundred several times.
- SIL. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
- JUL. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.
- SIL. Is she not passing fair ?
- JUL. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is. 145
 When she did think my master lov'd her well,
 She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;
 But since she did neglect her looking-glass
 And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
 The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks 150
 And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
 That now she is become as black as I.
- SIL. How tall was she ?
- JUL. About my stature ; for at Pentecost,
 When all our pageants of delight were play'd, 155
 Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
 And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown ;
 Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
 As if the garment had been made for me ;
 Therefore I know she is about my height. 160
 And at that time I made her weep agood,
 For I did play a lamentable part.
 Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
 For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight ;
 Which I so lively acted with my tears 165
 That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
 Wept bitterly ; and would I might be dead
 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
- SIL. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
 Alas, poor lady, desolate and left ! 170
 I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

- Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this
 ♀ For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
 Farewell. [exit SILVIA with attendants.
- JUL. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her. 175
 A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful !
 I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
 Alas, how love can trifle with itself !
 Here is her picture ; let me see. I think, 180
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers ;
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow ; 185
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
 Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine ;
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
 What should it be that he respects in her 190
 But I can make respective in myself,
 If this fond Love were not a blinded god ?
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ! 195
 And were there sense in his idolatry
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so ; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes, 200
 To make my master out of love with thee. [exit.

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. Milan. An abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

- EGL. The sun begins to gild the western sky,
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
 She will not fail, for lovers break not hours
 Unless it be to come before their time, 5
 So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

- See where she comes. Lady, a happy evening !
 SIL. Amen, amen ! Go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey wall ;
 I fear I am attended by some spies. 10
 EGL. Fear not. The forest is not three leagues off ;
 If we recover that, we are sure enough. [exeunt.

SCENE II. Milan. The DUKE's palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA as SEBASTIAN.

THU. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

PRO. O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THU. What, that my leg is too long ?

PRO. No ; that it is too little.

THU. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

JUL. [*aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

THU. What says she to my face ?

PRO. She says it is a fair one.

THU. Nay, then, the wanton lies ; my face is black.

PRO. But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is :

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

JUL. [*aside.*] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes ;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

THU. How likes she my discourse ?

PRO. Ill, when you talk of war.

THU. But well when I discourse of love and peace ?

JUL. [*aside.*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

THU. What says she to my valour ?

PRO. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

JUL. [*aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

THU. What says she to my birth ?

PRO. That you are well deriv'd.

JUL. [*aside.*] True ; from a gentleman to a fool.

THU. Considers she my possessions ?

PRO. O, ay ; and pities them.

THU. Wherefore ?

JUL. [*aside.*] That such an ass should owe them.

PRO. That they are out by lease.

JUL. Here comes the Duke.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. How now, Sir Proteus ! how now, Thurio !

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late ?

THU. Not I.

PRO. Nor I.

DUKE. Saw you my daughter ?

PRO. Neither.

DUKE. Why then,

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine ;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true ; for Friar Lawrence met them both

As he in penance wander'd through the forest ;

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it ;

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence ;

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain foot

That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

THU. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl

[*exit.*]

That flies her fortune when it follows her. 50
 I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [exit.
 PRO. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
 Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [exit.
 JUL. And I will follow, more to cross that love 55
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [exit.

SCENE III. *The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.**Enter OUTLAWS with SILVIA.*

1 OUT. Come, come.
 Be patient ; we must bring you to our captain.
 SIL. A thousand more mischances than this one
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
 2 OUT. Come, bring her away. 5
 1 OUT. Where is the gentleman that was with her ?
 2 OUT. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us.
 But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
 Go thou with her to the west end of the wood ;
 There is our captain ; we'll follow him that's fled. 10
 The thicket is beset ; he cannot 'scape.
 1 OUT. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave ;
 Fear not ; he bears an honourable mind,
 And will not use a woman lawlessly. 14
 SIL. O Valentine, this I endure for thee ! [exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.**Enter VALENTINE.*

VAL. How use doth breed a habit in a man !
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes 5
 Tune my distresses and record my woes.
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
 And leave no memory of what it was ! 10
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia :
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
 What halloing and what stir is this to-day ?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
 Have some unhappy passenger in chase. 15
 They love me well ; yet I have much to do
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, Valentine. Who's this comes here ? [steps aside.

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA as SEBASTIAN.

PRO. Madam, this service I have done for you,
 Though you respect not aught your servant doth, 20
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him
 That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

- Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give. 25
- VAL. [*aside.*] How like a dream is this I see and hear !
 Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
- SIL. O miserable, unhappy that I am !
- PRO. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
 But by my coming I have made you happy. 30
- SIL. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
- JUL. [*aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
- SIL. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast
 Rather than have false Proteus rescue me. 35
 O, heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul !
 And full as much, for more there cannot be,
 I do detest false, perjur'd Proteus,
 Therefore be gone ; solicit me no more. 40
- PRO. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
 Would I not undergo for one calm look ?
 O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
 When women cannot love where they're belov'd !
- SIL. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd ! 45
 Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love.
 For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
 Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
 Descended into perjury, to love me.
 Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two, 50
 And that's far worse than none ; better have none
 Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
 Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !
- PRO. In love,
 Who respects friend ?
- SIL. All men but Proteus.
- PRO. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words 55
 Can no way change you to a milder form,
 I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
 And love you 'gainst the nature of love -- force ye.
- SIL. O heaven !
- PRO. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
- VAL. Ruffian ! let go that rude uncivil touch ; 60
 Thou friend of an ill fashion !
- PRO. Valentine !
- VAL. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love—
 For such is a friend now ; treacherous man,
 Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye
 Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say 65
 I have one friend alive : thou wouldst disprove me.
 Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
 Is perjured to the bosom ? Proteus,
 I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
 But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 70
 The private wound is deepest. O time most accurst !
 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst !

PRO. My shame and guilt confounds me.

Forgive me, Valentine ; if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender 't here ; I do as truly suffer

As e'er I did commit.

75

VAL. Then I am paid ;

And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfied

Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleas'd ;

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

80

JUL. O me unhappy !

{swoons.

PRO. Look to the boy.

85

VAL. Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now !

What's the matter ? Look up ; speak.

JUL. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam

Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

90

PRO. Where is that ring, boy ?

JUL. Here 'tis ; this is it.

PRO. How ! let me see. Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JUL. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook ;

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

95

PRO. But how cam'st thou by this ring ?

At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

JUL. And Julia herself did give it me ;

And Julia herself have brought it hither.

PRO. How ! Julia !

100

JUL. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,

And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root !

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush !

Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment—if shame live

In a disguise of love.

105

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

PRO. Than men their minds ! 'tis true. O heaven, were man

110

But constant, he were perfect ! That one error

Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all th' sins :

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ?

115

VAL. Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close ;

'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

PRO. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

JUL. And I mine.

120

Enter OUTLAWS, with DUKE and THURIO.

OUT. A prize, a prize, a prize !

VAL. Forbear, forbear, I say ; it is my lord the Duke.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banished Valentine.

- DUKE. Sir Valentine !
- THU. Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine. 125
- VAL. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death ;
Come not within the measure of my wrath ;
Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands
Take but possession of her with a touch— 130
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
- THU. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I ;
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine. 135
- DUKE. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such means for her as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, 140
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe : Sir Valentine, 145
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd ;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
- VAL. I thank your Grace ; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you. 150
- DUKE. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
- VAL. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities ;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile : 155
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
- DUKE. Thou hast prevail'd ; I pardon them, and thee ;
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go ; we will include all jars 160
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
- VAL. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord ?
- DUKE. I think the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes. 165
- VAL. I warrant you, my lord—more grace than boy.
- DUKE. What mean you by that saying ?
- VAL. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
Come, Proteus, 'tis your penance but to hear 170
The story of your loves discovered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness ! [exeunt.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

SHAKESPEARE'S comedies, although they are a distillation of the Spirit of England, are generally laid in foreign parts, more often than not in that province Shakespeare added to the world, a country which a French critic has so happily described as *une Italie de l'ame*. *The Merry Wives* is his only comedy in which the scene is declared to be England; and one might wonder why Shakespeare hit on Windsor for this unique production.

Dr. Hotson, the American scholar, has provided an answer that not only explains Shakespeare's choice of Windsor for his scene but allows us to see more clearly the conditions that dictated the main lines of the plot.

In the final scene the Fairy band led by Sir Hugh Evans disguised as a satyr surround Sir John Falstaff as he lurks in Windsor Park. It is no doubt natural that the fairies should refer to the royal castle in whose shadow they were supposed to be revelling; but the references are peculiarly specific. Puck or Hobgoblin gives the following instructions:

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap;
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;
Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery.

And the Fairy Queen, played by Anne Page, gives these further orders:

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out;
Strew good luck, ouches, on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower;
Each fair instalment, coat, and sev'ral crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring.

There is nothing out of the way, it may be said, in this further reference to St. George's Chapel and the stalls there assigned to the Knights of the Garter. Still the preparations described for making the castle ready for the sovereign and the chapel for the Knights would be specially appropriate at a performance that had some connection with the social ritual that required these preparations. This occasion, Dr. Hotson has suggested, was the Garter Feast on St. George's day at Greenwich on 23rd April 1597. This feast followed the election of the new Knights and preceded their installation at Windsor.

Two details suggest this particular date. Among those elected on this occasion was the Duke of Wurttemberg who as Count Mompelgart had gone to Windsor in 1592 to ask his cousin Elizabeth to make him a Knight of the Garter. The Queen obviously found him uninteresting and she conferred the honour on him only in 1597, and then in his absence. This is hinted at in 4. iv. 80 where Dr. Caius says to the Host of the Garter Inn,

it is tell-a me dat you make grand
preparation for a Duke de Jamany. By my trot,
dere is no duke that the court is know to come

and a few lines earlier we hear of some Germans that have made off with the Host's horses, a reference perhaps to Mompelgart's high-handed dealings in commandeering post-horses during his 1592 visit. Further the Lord Chamberlain, under whose patronage Shakespeare's company played, was elected a member of the Order in 1597 and it would be natural for his company of actors, especially as they were the leading company in the land, to give a private performance to add to the festivities. All this would square with the tradition that Shakespeare wrote *The Merry Wives* at short notice for a command performance: the Queen wished to see Falstaff in love.

The date 23rd April 1597 for the first performance of *The Merry Wives* is probably one of the few dates in the chronology we can be confident about. Accepting it as established Dr. Hotson has been able to offer an explanation of a passage in the opening scene of the play that has given rise to much dispute. Justice Shallow comes on complaining that Falstaff has robbed his deer park; references to his family's ancient coat of arms introduces the pun on luces which might be the pike-like fish on a coat of arms or the louse that infests old coats of another sort. Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote had luces on his arms, and the story that Shakespeare was here trying to pay off old scores on Sir Thomas, who had, so it was affirmed, prosecuted the youthful poet for poaching, was given currency at the very end of the seventeenth century. Dr. Hotson has shown that if Shakespeare had any Justice with luces in his coat in mind in 1597 it may well have been William Gardiner, an unscrupulous Justice whom Shakespeare had at this time very good reason to dislike. Gardiner had married a Frances Lucy and showed the luces of her arms with his own.

In 1602 a piratical publisher issued a garbled version of the play. The version however imperfect which it gives of the final scene suggests that when *The Merry Wives* was played in the public theatre the finale was revised and much appropriate to the Royal performance modified to suit the new audience.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.	ROBIN, <i>page to Falstaff.</i>
FENTON, <i>a young gentleman.</i>	SIMPLE, <i>servant to Slender.</i>
SHALLOW, <i>a country justice.</i>	RUGBY, <i>servant to Doctor Caius.</i>
SLENDER, <i>cousin to Shallow.</i>	
FORD, } <i>gentlemen of Windsor.</i>	MISTRESS FORD.
PAGE, }	MISTRESS PAGE. [<i>daughter.</i>
WILLIAM PAGE, <i>a boy, son to Page.</i>	MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, <i>her</i>
SIR HUGH EVANS, <i>a Welsh parson.</i>	MISTRESS QUICKLY, <i>servant to</i>
DOCTOR CAIUS, <i>a French physician.</i>	<i>Doctor Caius.</i>
HOST of the Garter Inn.	
BARDOLPH, }	SERVANTS to Page, Ford, &c.
PISTOL, }	
NYM, }	
	<i>followers of Falstaff.</i>

THE SCENE : Windsor, and the neighbourhood.

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. Windsor. Before Page's house.

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER and SIR HUGH EVANS.

SHAL. Sir Hugh, persuade me not ; I will make a Star Chamber matter of it ; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

SLEN. In the county of Gloucester, Justice of Peace, and Coram. 5

SHAL. Ay, cousin Slender, and Custalorum.

SLEN. Ay, and Ratolorum too ; and a gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes himself ' Armigero ' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation—' Armigero '.

SHAL. Ay, that I do ; and have done any time these three hundred years. 11

SLEN. All his successors, gone before him, hath done't ; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may : they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

SHAL. It is an old coat.

EVANS. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well ; it agrees well, passant ; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

SHAL. The luce is the fresh fish ; the salt fish is an old coat. 20

SLEN. I may quarter, coz.

SHAL. You may, by marrying.

EVANS. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

SHAL. Not a whit. 24

EVANS. Yes, py'r lady ! If he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures ; but that

is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagement unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you. 30
 SHAL. The Council shall hear it ; it is a riot.

EVANS. It is not meet the Council hear a riot ; there is no fear of God in a riot ; the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a riot ; take your vizaments in that. 35

SHAL. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

EVANS. It is petter that friends is the sword and end it ; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity. 42

SLEN. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

EVANS. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire ; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page. 51

SHAL. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound ?

EVANS. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

SHAL. I know the young gentlewoman ; she has good gifts. 55

EVANS. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

SHAL. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there ?

EVANS. Shall I tell you a lie ? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false ; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight Sir John is there ; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*knocks.*] What, hoa ! Got pless your house here ! 64

PAGE. [*within.*] Who's there ?

Enter PAGE.

EVANS. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow ; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

PAGE. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow. 71

SHAL. Master Page, I am glad to see you ; much good do it your good heart ! I wish'd your venison better ; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress Page ?—and I thank you always with my heart, la ! with my heart. 75

PAGE. Sir, I thank you.

SHAL. Sir, I thank you ; by yea and no, I do.

PAGE. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

SLEN. How does your fallow greyhound, sir ? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall. 80

PAGE. It could not be judg'd, sir.

SLEN. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

SHAL. That he will not. 'Tis your fault ; 'tis your fault ; 'tis a good dog. 85

PAGE. A cur, sir.

SHAL. 'Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog. Can there be more said ?

He is good, and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here ?

PAGE. Sir, he is within ; and I would I could do a good office between you.

EVANS. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak. 90

SHAL. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

PAGE. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

SHAL. If it be confessed, it is not redressed ; is not that so, Master Page ? He hath wrong'd me ; indeed he hath ; at a word, he hath, believe me ; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

PAGE. Here comes Sir John. 97

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM and PISTOL.

FAL. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the King ?

SHAL. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge. 101

FAL. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

SHAL. Tut, a pin ! this shall be answer'd.

FAL. I will answer it straight : I have done all this. That is now answer'd. 105

SHAL. The Council shall know this.

FAL. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel : you'll be laugh'd at.

EVANS. Pauca verba, Sir John ; goot worts.

FAL. Good worts ! good cabbage ! Slender, I broke your head ; what matter have you against me ? 111

SLEN. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you ; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket.

BARD. You Banbury cheese ! 115

SLEN. Ay, it is no matter.

PIST. How now, Mephostophilus !

SLEN. Ay, it is no matter.

NYM. Slice, I say ! pauca, pauca ; slice ! That's my humour. 120

SLEN. Where's Simple, my man ? Can you tell, cousin ?

EVANS. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand : that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page ; and there is myself, fidelicet myself ; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter. 127

PAGE. We three to hear it and end it between them.

EVANS. Fery goot. I will make a prief of it in my note-book ; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can. 131

FAL. Pistol !

PIST. He hears with ears.

EVANS. The tevil and his tam ! What phrase is this, ' He hears with ear ' ? Why, it is affectations. 135

FAL. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse ?

SLEN. Ay, by these gloves, did he—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else !—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards that cost me two shilling and two pence apiece of Yead Miller, by these gloves. 141

FAL. Is this true, Pistol ?

EVANS. No, it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

PIST. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner ! Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.

Word of denial in thy labras here !

Word of denial ! Froth and scum, thou liest.

SLEN. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

149

NYM. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours ; I will say ' marry trap ' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me ; that is the very note of it.

SLEN. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it ; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

155

FAL. What say you, Scarlet and John ?

BARD. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

EVANS. It is his five senses ; he, what the ignorance is !

BARD. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd ; and so conclusions pass'd the careers.

161

SLEN. Ay, you spake in Latin then too ; but 'tis no matter , I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

166

EVANS. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

FAL. You hear all these matters deni'd, gentlemen ; you hear it.

Enter MISTRESS ANNE PAGE with wine ; MISTRESS

FORD and MISTRESS PAGE, following

PAGE. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in ; we'll drink within.

[*exit ANNE PAGE.*]

SLEN. O heaven ! this is Mistress Anne Page

PAGE. How now, Mistress Ford !

FAL. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met , by your leave, good mistress.

[*kisses her.*]

PAGE. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner ; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

178

[*exeunt all but SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.*]

SLEN. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here

Enter SIMPLE

How, Simple ! Where have you been ? I must wait on myself, must I ? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you ?

SIM. Book of Riddles ! Why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas ?

186

SHAL. Come, coz ; come, coz ; we stay for you. A word with you, coz ; marry, this, coz : there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me ?

SLEN. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable ; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

192

SHAL. Nay, but understand me.

SLEN. So I do, sir.

EVANS. Give ear to his motions : Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

196

125

SLEN. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says ; I pray you pardon me ; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

EVANS. But that is not the question. The question is concerning your marriage. 201

SHAL. Ay, there's the point, sir.

EVANS. Marry is it ; the very point of it ; to Mistress Anne Page.

SLEN. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

EVANS. But can you affection the oman ? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips ; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid ? 211

SHAL. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her ?

SLEN. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

EVANS. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies ! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her. 217

SHAL. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her ?

SLEN. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason. 221

SHAL. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz ; what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid ?

SLEN. I will marry her, sir, at your request ; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another. I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt. But if you say 'marry her', I will marry her ; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely. 232

EVANS. It is a fery discretion answer, save the fall is in the 'ord 'dissolutely' : the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely' ; his meaning is good.

SHAL. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

SLEN. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la !

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

SHAL. Here comes fair Mistress Anne. Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne ! 236

ANNE. The dinner is on the table ; my father desires your worships' company.

SHAL. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne !

EVANS. Od's plessed will ! I will not be absence at the grace. 241

[exeunt SHALLOW and EVANS.]

ANNE. Will't please your worship to come in, sir ?

SLEN. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily ; I am very well.

ANNE. The dinner attends you, sir. 245

SLEN. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. *[exit SIMPLE.]*

A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead. But what though ? Yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

ANNE. I may not go in without your worship : they will not sit till you come. 253

SLEN. I'faith, I'll eat nothing ; I thank you as much as though I did.

ANNE. I pray you, sir, walk in.

SLEN. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruise'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence—three veveys for a dish of stew'd prunes—and, I with my ward defending my head, he hot my shin, and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? Be there bears i' th' town? 262

ANNE. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

SLEN. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not? 266

ANNE. Ay, indeed, sir.

SLEN. That's meat and drink to me now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it that it pass'd; but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things. 272

Re-enter PAGE.

PAGE. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

SLEN. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

PAGE. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! Come, come.

SLEN. Nay, pray you lead the way.

PAGE. Come on, sir.

SLEN. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first. 280

ANNE. Not I, sir; pray you keep on.

SLEN. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

ANNE. I pray you, sir. 284

SLEN. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong indeed, la! *[exunt.]*

SCENE II. *Before Page's house.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

EVANS. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer. 4

SIM. Well, sir.

EVANS. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. *[exunt.]*

SCENE III. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL and ROBIN.

FAL. Mine host of the Garter!

HOST. What says my bully rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

FAL. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

HOST. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

FAL. I sit at ten pounds a week.

HOST. Thou'rt an emperor—Cæsar, Keiser, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully Hector? 11

FAL. Do so, good mine host.

HOST. I have spoke; let him follow. [to BARDOLPH.] Let me see thee froth and lime. I am at a word; follow. [exit HOST.]

FAL. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu. 17

BARD. It is a life that I have desir'd; I will thrive.

PIST. O base Hungarian wight! Wilt thou the spigot wield?

[exit BARDOLPH.]
NYM. He was gotten in drink. Is not the humour conceited?

FAL. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer—he kept not time.

NYM. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest. 26

PIST. 'Convey' the wise it call. 'Steal' foh! A fico for the phrase!

FAL. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

PIST. Why, then, let kibes ensue. 30

FAL. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

PIST. Young ravens must have food.

FAL. Which of you know Ford of this town?

PIST. I ken the wight; he is of substance good. 35

FAL. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

PIST. Two yards, and more.

FAL. No quips now, Pistol. Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation; I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is 'I am Sir John Falstaff's'. 45

PIST. He hath studied her well, and translated her will out of honesty into English.

NYM. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

FAL. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels. 50

PIST. An many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy' say I.

NYM. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

FAL. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious œillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly. 60

PIST. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

NYM. I thank thee for that humour.

FAL. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her. She bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

- PIST. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, 72
And by my side wear steel? Then Lucifer take all!
- NYM. I will run no base humour. Here, take the humour-letter;
I will keep the haviour of reputation.
- FAL. [to ROBIN.] Hold, sirrah; bear you these letters tightly
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away i' th' hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age; 80
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.
- [*exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]
- PIST. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor;
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk! 85
- NYM. I have operations in my head which be humours of revenge.
- PIST. Wilt thou revenge?
- NYM. By welkin and her star!
- PIST. With wit or steel?
- NYM. With both the humours, I. 90
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.
- PIST. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile. 95
- NYM. My humour shall not cool; I will incense Page to deal with
poison; I will possess him with yellowness; for the revolt of
mine is dangerous. That is my true humour.
- PIST. Thou art the Mars of malcontents; I second thee; troop on.
[*exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Doctor Caius's house.**Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE and RUGBY.*

- QUICK. What, John Rugby! I pray thee go to the casement and
see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If
he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old
abusing of God's patience and the King's English. 5
- RUG. I'll go watch.
- QUICK. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at
the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*exit RUGBY.*] An honest,
willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal;
and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate; his worst
fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that
way; but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter
Simple you say your name is? 14
- SIM. Ay, for fault of a better.
- QUICK. And Master Slender's your master?
- SIM. Ay, forsooth.
- QUICK. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-
knife? 15
- SIM. No, forsooth; he hath but a little whey face, with a little yellow
beard, a Cain-colour'd beard. 21
- QUICK. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

SIM. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrenner. 25
 QUICK. How say you? O, I should remember him. Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

SIM. Yes, indeed, does he.

QUICK. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master. Anne is a good girl, and I wish— 31

Re-enter RUGBY.

RUG. Out, alas! here comes my master.

QUICK. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*shuts SIMPLE in the closet.*] He will not stay long. What, John Rugby! John! what John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well that he comes not home. 38

And down, down, adown-a, etc.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

CAIUS. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert—a box, a green-a box. Do intend vat I speak? A green-a box. 41

QUICK. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. [*aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

CAIUS. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour—la grande affaire. 46

QUICK. Is it this, sir?

CAIUS. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave, Rugby?

QUICK. What, John Rugby John 50

RUG. Here, sir.

CAIUS. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

RUG. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch. 55

CAIUS. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ai j'oublié? Dere is some simples in my closet dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

QUICK. Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad! 60

CAIUS. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villainy! larron! [*pulling SIMPLE out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

QUICK. Good master, be content.

CAIUS. Wherefore shall I be coptent-a?

QUICK. The young man is an honest man. 65

CAIUS. What shall de honest man do in my closet? Dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

QUICK. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

CAIUS. Vell? 70

SIM. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

QUICK. Peace, I pray you.

CAIUS. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.

SIM. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

QUICK. This is all, indeed, la ! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire,
and need not. 78

CAIUS. Sir Hugh send-a you ? Rugby, baillez me some paper.
Tarry you a little-a-while. [writes.]

QUICK. [*aside to SIMPLE.*] I am glad he is so quiet ; if he had been
thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so
melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master
what good I can ; and the very yea and the no is, the French
doctor, my master—I may call him my master, look you, for I
keep his house ; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress
meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself— 88

SIM. [*aside to QUICKLY.*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one
body's hand.

QUICK. [*aside to SIMPLE.*] Are you avis'd o' that ? You shall find
it a great charge ; and to be up ~~up~~ and down late ; but notwith-
standing—to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it—
my master himself in in love with Mistress Anne Page ; but
notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind—that's neither here
nor there. 96

CAIUS. You jack'nape ; give-a this letter to Sir Hugh ; by gar, it is
a challenge ; I will cut his troat in de park ; and I will teach a
scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone ;
it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones ;
by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. 102

[*exit SIMPLE.*]

QUICK. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

CAIUS. It is no matter-a ver dat. Do not you tell-a me dat I shall
have Anne Page for myself ? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest ;
and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our
weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page. 108

QUICK. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give
folks leave to prate. What the good-year !

CAIUS. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not
Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my
heels, Rugby. [*excunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

QUICK. You shall have—An fool's-head of your own. No, I know
Anne's mind for that ; never a woman in Windsor knows more
of Anne's mind than I do ; nor can do more than I do with her,
I thank heaven.

FENT. [*within.*] Who's within there ? ho ! 118

QUICK. Who's there, I trow ? Come near the house, I pray you

Enter FENTON.

FENT. How now, good woman, how dost thou ?

QUICK. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

FENT. What news ? How does pretty Mistress Anne ?

QUICK. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle ; and
one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way ; I praise
heaven for it. 127

FENT. Shall I do any good, think'st thou ? Shall I not lose my suit ?

QUICK. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above ; but notwithstanding,
Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you. Have
not your worship a wart above your eye ?

FENT. Yes, marry, have I ; what of that ? 133

QUICK. Well, thereby hangs a tale ; good faith, it is such another Nan ; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread. We had an hour's talk of that wart ; I shall never laugh but in that maid's company ! But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing ; but for you—well, go to. 139

FENT. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee ; let me have thy voice in my behalf. If thou seest her before me, commend me.

QUICK. Will I ? I'faith, that we will ; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence ; and of other wooers. 145

FENT. Well, farewell ; I am in great haste now.

QUICK. Farewell to your worship. [*exit FENTON.*] Truly, an honest gentleman ; but Anne loves him not ; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. *What* upon 't, what have I forgot ? [*exit.*]

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. *Before Page's house.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.

MRS. PAGE. What ! have I scap'd love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them ? Let me see. [*reads.*]
 'Ask me no reason why I love you ; for though Love use Reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I ; go to, then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I ; ha ! ha ! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I ; would you desire better sympathy ? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice—that I love thee. I will not say, Piry me : 'tis not a soldier-like phrase ; but I say, Love me. By me, 10

Thine own true knight,
 By day or knight,
 Or any kind of light,
 With all his might,
 For thee to fight,

JOHN FALSTAFF.

15

What a Herod of Jewry is this ! O wicked, wicked world ! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant ! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd—with the devil's name !—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me ? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company ! What should I say to him ? I was then frugal of my mirth. Heaven forgive me ! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him ? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings. 26

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

MRS. FORD. Mistress Page ! trust me, I was going to your house.

MRS. PAGE. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary. 34

MRS. PAGE. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

MRS. FORD. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel.

MRS. PAGE. What's the matter, woman?

MRS. FORD. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

MRS. PAGE. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it? Dispense with trifles; what is it? 41

MRS. FORD. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

MRS. PAGE. What? Thou liest. 'Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

MRS. FORD. We burn daylight. Here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Greensleeves'. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like? 60

MRS. PAGE. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names—sure, more!—and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man. 71

MRS. FORD. Why, this is the very same. the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

MRS. PAGE. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

MRS. FORD. 'Boarding' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck. 80

MRS. PAGE. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter. 85

MRS. FORD. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O that my husband saw this letter! It would give eternal food to his jealousy.

MRS. PAGE. Why, look where he comes ; and my good man too ; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause ; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance. 93

MRS. FORD. You are the happier woman.

MRS. PAGE. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [they retire.]

Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with NYM.

FORD. Well, I hope it be not so.

PIST. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

FORD. Why, sir, my wife is not young. 100

PIST. He woos both high and low both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one wif^d another, Ford ;

He loves the gallimaufry. ⁶ ³ Ford, perpend.

FORD. Love my wife !

PIST. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou, 105

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.

O, odious is the name !

FORD. What name, sir ?

PIST. The horn, I say. Farewell.

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night ; 110

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal Nym.

Believe it, Page ; he speaks sense. [exit PISTOL.]

FORD. [aside.] I will be patient ; I will find out this. 114

NYM. [to PAGE.] And this is true ; I like not the humour of lying.

He hath wronged me in some humours ; I should have borne the humour'd letter to her ; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife ; there's the short and the long.

My name is Corporal Nym ; I speak, and I avouch ;

'Tis true. My name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.

Adieu ! I love not the humour of bread and cheese ; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [exit NYM.]

PAGE. 'The humour of it' quoth'a ! Here's a fellow frights English out of his wits. 125

FORD. I will seek out Falstaff.

PAGE. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

FORD. If I do find it—well.

PAGE. I will not believe such a Cataian though the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man. 130

FORD. 'Twas a good sensible fellow. Well.

[MISTRESS PAGE and MISTRESS FORD come forward.]

PAGE. How now, Meg !

MRS. PAGE. Whither go you, George ? Hark you.

MRS. FORD. How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy ? 135

FORD. I melancholy ! I am not melancholy. Get you home ; go.

MRS. FORD. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, Mistress Page ?

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

MRS. PAGE. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George ? [aside to MRS. FORD.] Look who comes yonder ; she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. 142

MRS. FORD. [*aside to MRS. PAGE.*] Trust me, I thought on her ; she'll fit it.

MRS. PAGE. You are come to see my daughter Anne ?

QUICK. Ay, forsooth ; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne ?

MRS. PAGE. Go in with us and see ; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*exeunt MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*]

PAGE. How now, Master Ford !

150

FORD. You heard what this knave told me, did you not ?

PAGE. Yes ; and you heard what the other told me ?

FORD. Do you think there is truth in them ?

PAGE. Hang 'em, slaves ! I do not think the knight would offer it ; but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men ; very rogues, now they be out of service.

157

FORD. Were they his men ?

PAGE. Marry, were they.

FORD. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter ?

PAGE. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him ; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

165

FORD. I do not misdoubt my wife ; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident. I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

169

Enter HOST.

PAGE. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily. How now, mine host !

HOST. How now, bully rook ! Thou'rt a gentleman. [*to SHALLOW following.*] Cavaleiro Justice, I say.

175

Enter SHALLOW.

SHAL. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page ! Master Page, will you go with us ? We have sport in hand.

HOST. Tell him, Cavaleiro Justice ; tell him, bully rook.

SHAL. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

181

FORD. Good mine host o' th' Garter, a word with you.

HOST. What say'st thou, my bully rook ?

[*they go aside.*]

SHAL. [*to PAGE*] Will you go with us to behold it ? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places ; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[*they converse apart.*]

HOST. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleiro.

190

FORD. None, I protest ; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook—only for a jest.

HOST. My hand, bully ; thou shalt have egress and regress—said I well ?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.

Will you go, Mynheers ?

196

SHAL. Have with you, mine host.

PAGE. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

SHAL. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

HOST. Here, boys, here, here! Shall we wag? 205

PAGE. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[exeunt all but Ford.]

FORD. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into 't, and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. *[exit.]*

SCENE II. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

FAL. I will not lend thee a penny.

PIST. I will retort the sum in equipage.

FAL. Not a penny.

PIST. Why, then the world's mine oyster. Which I with sword will open.

FAL. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn. I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

PIST. Didst not thou share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence? 12

FAL. Reason, you rogue, reason. 'Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibber for you. Go—a short knife and a throng!—to your manor of Pickt-hatch; go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! You stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you! 25

PIST. I do relent; what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

ROB. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

FAL. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

QUICK. Give your worship good morrow.

FAL. Good morrow, good wife.

QUICK. Not so, an't please your worship.

FAL. Good maid, then.

QUICK. I'll be sworn ;

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

FAL. I do believe the swearer. What with me ? 35

QUICK. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two ?

FAL. Two thousand, fair woman ; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

QUICK. There is one Mistress Ford, sir—I pray, come a little nearer this ways. I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius. 41

FAL. Well, on : Mistress Ford, you say—

QUICK. Your worship says very true. I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

FAL. I warrant thee nobody hears—mine own people, mine own people. 46

QUICK. Are they so ? God bless them, and make them his servants !

FAL. Well ; Mistress Ford, what of her ?

QUICK. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your worship's a wanton ! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray. 52

FAL. Mistress Ford ; come, Mistress Ford—

QUICK. Marry, this is the short and the long of it : you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches ; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift ; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold ; and in such alligant terms ; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart ; and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning ; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty ; and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all ; and yet there has been carls, nay, which is more, pensioners ; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

FAL. But what says she to me ? Be brief, my good she-Mercury. 72

QUICK. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter ; for the which she thanks you a thousand times ; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven. 76

FAL. Ten and eleven ?

QUICK. Ay, forsooth ; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of. Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him ! He's a very jealousy man ; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart. 82

FAL. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her ; I will not fail her.

QUICK. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too ; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other ; and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew

a woman so dote upon a man : surely I think you have charms,
la ! Yes, in truth. 94

FAL. Not I, I assure thee ; setting the attraction of my good parts
aside, I have no other charms.

QUICK. Blessing on your heart for 't !

FAL. But, I pray thee, tell me this : has Ford's wife and Page's wife
acquainted each other how they love me ?

QUICK. That were a jest indeed ! They have not so little grace, I
hope—that were a trick indeed ! But Mistress Page would
desire you to send her your little page of all loves. Her husband
has a marvellous infection to the little page ; and truly Master
Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better
life than she does ; do what she will, say what she will, take all,
pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will ;
and truly she deserves it ; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor,
she is one. You must send her your page , no remedy. 110

FAL. Why, I will.

QUICK. Nay, but do so then ; and, look you, he may come and go
between you both ; and in any case have a nay-word, that you
may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to under-
stand any thing ; for 'tis not good that children should know any
wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say,
and know the world.

FAL. Fare thee well ; commend me to them both. There's my
purse ; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman.
[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN*] This news distracts me. 121

PIST. [*aside*] This punk is one of Cupid's carriers ;
Clap on more sails ; pursue ; up with your fights ;
Give fire , she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all !

[*exit PISTOL.*]

FAL. Say'st thou so, old Jack ; go thy ways ; I'll make more of thy
body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee ? Wilt
thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer ?
Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done ; so it
be fairly done, no matter. 129

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would tain speak
with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your
worship a morning's draught of sack.

FAL. Brook is his name ?

BARD. Ay, sir.

FAL. Call him in. [*exit BARDOLPH*] Such Brooks are welcome to
me, that o'erflows such liquor. Ah, ha ! Mistress Ford and
Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you ? Go to , via ! 137

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised

FORD. Bless you, sir !

FAL. And you, sir ! Would you speak with me ?

FORD. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

FAL. You're welcome. What's your will ? Give us leave, drawer.
[*exit BARDOLPH.*]

FORD. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much ; my name is
Brook. 145

FAL. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

FORD. Sir John, I sue for yours—not to charge you ; for I must let[•] you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are ; [•]the which hath something embold'ned me to this unseason'd intrusion ; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open. 152

FAL. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

FORD. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me ; if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage. 156

FAL. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

FORD. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

FAL. Speak, good Master Brook ; I shall be glad to be your servant.

FORD. Sir, I hear you are a scholar—I will be brief with you—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection ; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy is it to be such an offender. 170

FAL. Very well, sir ; proceed.

FORD. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

FAL. Well, sir. 174

FORD. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her ; followed her with a doting observance ; engross'd opportunities to meet her ; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she wou'd have given ; briefly, I have pursu'd her as love hath pursued me ; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel ; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this : 186

' Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues ;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues '.

FAL. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

FORD. Never.

FAL. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose ?

FORD. Never.

FAL. Of what quality was your love, then ? 194

FORD. Like a fair house built on another man's ground ; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

FAL. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

FORD. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose : you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, courtlike, and learned preparations.

FAL. O, sir ! 207

FORD. Believe it, for you know it. There is money ; spend it, spend it ; spend more ; spend all I have ; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife ; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you ; if any man may, you may as soon as any. 213

FAL. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy ? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

FORD. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly of my soul dares not present itself ; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves ; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John ? 225

FAL. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money ; next, give me your hand ; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD. O good sir !

FAL. I say you shall.

FORD. Want no money, Sir John ; you shall want none. 231

FAL. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook ; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment ; even as you came in to me her assistant, or go-between, parted from me ; I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven ; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night ; you shall know how I speed. 238

FORD. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir ?

FAL. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave ! I know him not ; yet I wrong him to call him poor ; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money ; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer ; and there's my harvest-home. 245

FORD. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

FAL. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue ! I will stare him out of his wits ; I will awe him with my cudgel ; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style ; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [exit.]

FORD. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this ! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy ? My wife hath sent to him ; the hour is fix'd ; the match is made. Would any man have thought this ? See the hell of having a false woman ! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at ; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms ! names ! Amaimon sounds well ; Lucifer, well ; Barbason, well ; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends. But cuckold ! Wittol ! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass ;

he will trust his wife ; he will not be jealous ; I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises ; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be prais'd for my jealousy ! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it ; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie ! cuckold ! cuckold !
[*exit.*]

SCENE III. *A field near Windsor.*

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

CAIUS. Jack Rugby !

RUG. Sir ?

CAIUS. Vat is de clock, Jack ?

RUG. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

CAIUS. By gar, he has save his soul dat he is no come ; he has pray his Pible well dat he is no come ; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come. 8

RUG. He is wise, sir ; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

CAIUS. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack ; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUG. Alas, sir, I cannot fence !

CAIUS. Villainy, take your rapier. 15

RUG. Forbear ; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER and PAGE.

HOST. Bless thee, bully doctor !

SHAL. Save you, Master Doctor Caius !

PAGE. Now, good Master Doctor !

SLEN. Give you good morrow, sir. 20

CAIUS. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for ?

HOST. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse ; to see thee here, to see thee there ; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian ? Is he dead, my Francisco ? Ha, bully ! What says my Aesculapius ? my Galen ? my heart of elder ? Ha ! is he dead, bully stale ? Is he dead ? 27

CAIUS. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world ; he is not show his face.

HOST. Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy ! 31

CAIUS. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two tree hours for him, and he is no come.

SHAL. He is the wiser man, Master Doctor : he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies ; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page ? 37

PAGE. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

SHAL. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace,

if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us ; we are the sons of women, Master Page. 44

PAGE. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

SHAL. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace ; you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Master Doctor. 50

HOST. Pardon, Guest Justice. A word, Mounseur Mockwater.

CAIUS. Mock-water ! Vat is dat ?

HOST. Mockwater, in our English tongue, is valour, bully. 55

CAIUS. By gar, then I have as much mockwater as de Englishman.

Scurvy jack-dog priest ! By gar, me vill cut his ears.

HOST. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

CAIUS. Clapper-de-claw ! Vat is dat ? 60

HOST. That is, he will make thee amends.

CAIUS. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

HOST. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

CAIUS. Me tank you for dat. 65

HOST. And, moreover, bully—but first : [*aside to the others*] Master Guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalcero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

PAGE. [*aside*] Sir Hugh is there, is he ? 69

HOST. [*aside*] He is there. See what humour he is in ; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well ?

SHAL. [*aside*] We will do it.

PAGE, SHAL., and SLEN. Adieu, good Master Doctor.

[*exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

CAIUS. By gar, me vill kill de priest ; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page. 76

HOST. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience ; throw cold water on thy choler ; go about the fields with me through Frogmore ; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a-feasting ; and thou shalt woo her. Cried game ! Said I well ?

CAIUS. By gar, me dank you vor dat ; by gar, I love you ; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients. 84

HOST. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well ?

CAIUS. By gar, 'tis good ; vell taid.

HOST. Let us wag, then.

CAIUS. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*exeunt*.]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. A field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

EVANS. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic ?

SIM. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward ; every way ; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way. 6.

EVANS. I most feheemently desire you you will also look that way.

SIM. I will, sir. [exit.

EVANS. Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind ! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am ! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the ork. Pless my soul ! [sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals ; 15
There will we make our peds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me ! I have a great dispositions to cry. [sings.

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow, etc.

Re-enter SIMPLE.

SIM. Yonder he is, coming this way, Sir Hugh. 25
EVANS. He's welcome. [sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right ! What weapons is he ?

SIM. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

EVANS. Pray you give me my gown ; or else keep it in your arms. 33
[takes out a book.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

SHAL. How now, Master Parson ! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh.
Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book,
and it is wonderful 36

SLEN. [aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page !

PAGE. Save you, good Sir Hugh !

EVANS. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you !

SHAL. What, the sword and the word ! Do you study them both,
Master Parson ? 41

PAGE. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day !

EVANS. There is reasons and causes for it.

PAGE. We are come to you to do a good office, Master Parson.

EVANS. Fery well ; what is it ?

PAGE. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having
received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own
gravity and patience that ever you saw. 50

SHAL. I have lived fourscore years and upward ; I never heard a man
of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

EVANS. What is he ?

PAGE. I think you know him : Master Doctor Caius, the renowned
French physician. 56

EVANS. Got's will and his passion of my heart ! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

PAGE. Why ?

EVANS. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and he is a knave besides—a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal. 62

PAGE. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

SLEN. *[aside]* O sweet Ann Page !

SHAL. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder ; here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

PAGE. Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon.

SHAL. So do you, good Master Doctor.

HOST. Disarm them, and let them question ; let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English. 71

CAIUS. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verfore will you not meet-a me ?

EVANS. *[aside to CAIUS]* Pray you use your patience ; in good time.

CAIUS. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

EVANS. *[aside to CAIUS]* Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours ; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. *[aloud]* I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscorn for missing your meetings and appointments. 82

CAIUS. Diable ! Jack Rugby—mine Host de Jarteer—have I not stay for him to kill him ? Have I not, at de place I did appoint ?

EVANS. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

HOST. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer. 90

CAIUS. Ay, dat is very good ! excellent !

HOST. Peace, I say. Hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic ? am I subtle ? an I a Machiavel ? Shall I lose my doctor ? No ; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh ? No ; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial ; so. Give me thy hand, celestial ; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both ; I have directed you to wrong places ; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace ; follow, follow, follow. 102

SHAL. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

SLEN. *[aside]* O sweet Anne Page !

[exeunt all but CAIUS and EVANS.]

CAIUS. Ha, do I perceive dat ? Have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha ?

EVANS. This is well ; he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends ; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter. 111

CAIUS. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page ; by gar, he deceive me too.

EVANS. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you follow. *[exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The street in Windsor.**Enter* MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

MRS. PAGE. Ngy, keep your way, little gailant ; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels ?

ROB. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf. 5

MRS. PAGE. O, you are a flattering boy ; now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you ?

MRS. PAGE. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home ?

FORD. Ay ; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company.

I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry. 12

MRS. PAGE. Be sure of that—two other husbands.

FORD. Where had you this pretty weathercock ?

MRS. PAGE. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah ? 17

ROB. Sir John Falstaff.

FORD. Sir John Falstaff !

MRS. PAGE. He, he ; I can never hit on's name . There is such a league between my good man and he ! Is your wife at home indeed ? 22

FORD. Indeed she is.

MRS. PAGE. By your leave, sir. I am sick till I see her.

[exeunt MRS. PAGE and ROBIN.

FORD. Has Page any brains ? Hath he any eyes ? Hath he any thinking ? Sure, they sleep ; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy as a cannon will shoot pointblank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination ; he gives her folly motion and advantage ; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this show'r sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her ! Good plots ! They are laid ; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well ; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon ; and to these viciot proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. *[clock strikes]* The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search ; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather prais'd for this than mock'd ; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there. I will go. 41

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

SHAL., PAGE, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

FORD. Trust me, a good knot ; I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

SHAL. I must excuse myself, Master Ford. 45

SLEN. And so must I, sir ; we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

SHAL. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer. 51

SLEN. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

PAGE. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you. But my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

CAIUS. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush. 56

HOST. What say you to young Master Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May; he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't. 60

PAGE. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poin; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance; if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way. 67

FORD. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh. 71

SHAL. Well, fare you well; we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.]

CAIUS. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [exit RUGBY.]

HOST. Farewell, my hearts; I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [exit HOST.]

FORD. [aside] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles? 78

ALL. Have with you to see this monster. [exeunt.]

SCENE III. Ford's house.

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE

MRS. FORD. What, John! what, Robert!

MRS. PAGE. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

MRS. FORD. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter SERVANTS with a basket.

MRS. PAGE. Come, come, come.

MRS. FORD. Here, set it down. 5

MRS. PAGE. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

MRS. FORD. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders. That done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side. 13

MRS. PAGE. You will do it?

MRS. FORD. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd. [exeunt SERVANTS.]

MRS. PAGE. Here comes little Robin. 17

Enter ROBIN.

MRS. FORD. How now, my eyas-musket, what news with you

ROB. My master Sir John is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company. 21.

MRS. PAGE. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us ?

ROB. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath thfeat'ned to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it ; for he swears he'll turn me away.

MRS. PAGE. Thou 'rt a good boy ; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me. 29

MRS. FORD. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*exit* ROBIN] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

MRS. PAGE. I warrant thee ; if I do not act it, hiss me.

MRS. FORD. Go to, then ; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross wat'ry pumpkin ; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays. 35

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel ?

Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough ; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour !

MRS. FORD. O sweet Sir John ! 39

FAL. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish ; I would thy husband were dead ; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

MRS. FORD. I your lady, Sir John ? Alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

FAL. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond ; thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance. 49

MRS. FORD. A plain kerchief, Sir John ; my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

FAL. By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so ; thou wouldst make an absolute courtier, and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a sepi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were, not Nature, thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

MRS. FORD. Believe me, there's no such thing in me. 57

FAL. What made me love thee ? Let that persuade thee there's something extra-ordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispng hawthorn-buds that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time ; I cannot ; but I love thee, none but thee ; and thou deserv'st it. 63

MRS. FORD. Do not betray me, sir ; I fear you love Mistress Page.

FAL. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

MRS. FORD. Well, heaven knows how I love you ; and you shall one day find it. 70

FAL. Keep in that mind ; I'll deserve it.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I must tell you, so you do ; or else I could not be in that mind.

ROB. [*within*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford ! here's Mistress Page at

the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

FAL. She shall not see me ; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

MRS. FORD. Pray you, do so ; she's a very tattling woman. 80
[FALSTAFF hides himself.]

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter ? How now !

MRS. PAGE. O Mistress Ford, what have you done ? You're sham'd, y'are overthrow'n, y'are undone for ever.

MRS. FORD. What's the matter, good Mistress Page ?

MRS. PAGE. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion ! 87

MRS. FORD. What cause of suspicion ?

MRS. PAGE. What cause of suspicion ? Out upon you, how am I mistook in you !

MRS. FORD. Why, alas, what's the matter ?

MRS. PAGE. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone. 95

MRS. FORD. 'Tis not so, I hope.

MRS. PAGE. Pray heaven it be not so that you have such a man here ; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it ; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd ; call all your senses to you ; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever. 104

MRS. FORD. What shall I do ? There is a gentleman, my dear friend ; and I fear not mine own shame as much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

MRS. PAGE. For shame, never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather' ! Your husband's here at hand ; bethink you of some conveyance ; in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceiv'd me ! Look, here is a basket ; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here ; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking, or—it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Datchet Mead. 116

MRS. FORD. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do ?

FAL. [*coming forward*] Let me see 't, let me see 't. O, let me see 't ! I'll in, I'll in ; follow your friend's counsel ; I'll in.

MRS. PAGE. What, Sir John Falstaff ! [*aside to FALSTAFF*] Are these your letters, knight ?

FAL. [*aside to MRS. PAGE*] I love thee and none but thee ; help me away.—Let me creep in here ; I'll never— 125

[*gets into the basket ; they cover him with foul linen.*]

MRS. PAGE. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight !

MRS. FORD. What, John ! Robert ! John ! [*exit ROBIN.*]

Re-enter SERVANTS.

Go, take up these clothes here, quickly ; where's the cowl-staff ?

Look how you drumble. Carry them to the laundress in Datchet Mead ; quickly, come. 131

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

FORD. Pray you come near. If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest ; I deserve it. How now, whither bear you this ?

SERV. To the laundress, forsooth. 135

MRS. FORD. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it ? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

FORD. Buck ? I would I could wash myself of the buck ! Buck, buck, buck ! ay, buck ! I warrant you, buck ; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*exeunt* SERVANTS *with basket*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night ; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys ; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*locking the door*] So, now uncape. 145

PAGE. Good Master Ford, be contented ; you wrong yourself too much.

FORD. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon ; follow me, gentlemen. [*exit.*]

EVANS. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies. 150

CAIUS. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France ; it is not jealous in France.

PAGE. Nay, follow him, gentlemen ; see the issue of his search.

[*exeunt* EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.]
MRS. PAGE. Is there not a double excellency in this ?

MRS. FORD. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John. 157

MRS. PAGE. What a taking was he in when your husband ask'd who was in the basket !

MRS. FORD. I am half afraid he will have need of washing, so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

MRS. PAGE. Hang him, dishonest rascal ! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress. 163

MRS. FORD. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

MRS. PAGE. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff. His dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine. 169

MRS. FORD. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment ?

MRS. PAGE. We will do it ; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends. 175

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

FORD. I cannot find him ; may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

MRS. PAGE. [*aside to* MRS. FORD] Heard you that ?

MRS. FORD. You use me well, Master Ford, do you ?

FORD. Ay, I do so.

MRS. FORD. Heaven make you better than your thoughts !

FORD. Amen.

MRS. PAGE. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

FORD. Ay, ay ; I must bear it.

EVANS. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment !

CAIUS. Be gar, nor I too ; there is no bodies.

PAGE. Fie, fie, Master Ford, are you not asham'd ? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination ? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle. 193

FORD. 'Tis my fault, Master Page ; I suffer for it.

EVANS. You suffer for a pad conscience. Your wife is as honest a woman as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

CAIUS. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

FORD. Well, I promis'd you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me ; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife, come, Mistress Page ; I pray you pardon me ; pray heartily, pardon me. 203

PAGE. Let's go in, gentlemen ; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast ; after, we'll a-birding together ; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so ? 207

FORD. Any thing.

EVANS. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

CAIUS. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

FORD. Pray you go, Master Page.

EVANS. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knav', mine host.

CAIUS. Dat is good ; by gar, with all my heart. 215

EVANS. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries ! [*exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Before Page's house*

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

FENT. I see I cannot get thy father's love ; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

ANNE. Alas, how then ?

FENT. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object I am too great of birth ;

And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, 5

I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,

My riots past, my wild societies ;

And tells me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee but as a property. 10

ANNE. May be he tells you true.

FENT. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come !

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne ;

Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value 15

Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;

And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

ANNE. Gentle Master Fenton,

Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, sir.

If opportunity and humblest suit

20

Cannot attain it, why then—hark you hither. [*they converse apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY

SHAL. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly ; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

SLEN. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't , 'slid, 'tis but venturing. 25

SHAL. Be not dismay'd.

SLEN. No, she shall not dismay me. I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

QUICK. Hark ye, Master Slender would speak a word with you.

ANNE. I come to him. [*aside*] This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year !

QUICK. And how does good Master Fenton ? Pray you, a word with you. 35

SHAL. She's coming ; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father !

SLEN. I had a father, Mistress Anne ; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle. 41

SHAL. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

SLEN. Ay, that I do ; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

SHAL. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

SLEN. Ay, that I will come cut and longtail, under the degree of a squire.

SHAL. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

ANNE. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself 50

SHAL. Marry, I thank you for it ; I thank you for that good comfort.

She calls you, coz ; I'll leave you

ANNE. Now, Master Slender—

SLEN. Now, good Mistress Anne—

ANNE. What is your will ?

55

SLEN. My will ! 'Od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed ! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven ; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

ANNE. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me ?

SLEN. Truly, for mine own part I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions ; if it be my luck, so ; if not, happy man be his dole ! They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father ; here he comes. 65

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

PAGE. Now, Master Slender ! Love him, daughter Anne—

Why, how now, what does Master Fenton here ?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house.

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

FENT. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient. 70

MRS. PAGE. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

PAGE. She is no match for you.

FENT. Sir, will you hear me ?

PAGE. No, good Master Fenton.

Come, Master Shallow ; come, son Slender ; in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton. 75

[*exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

QUICK. Speak to Mistress Page.

FENT. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love, 80

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

ANNE. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

MRS. PAGE. I mean it not ; I seek you a better husband.

QUICK. That's my master, Master Doctor.

ANNE. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth. 85

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

MRS. PAGE. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy ;

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected ; 90

Till then, farewell, sir ; she must needs go in ;

Her father will be angry.

FENT. Farewell, gentle mistress ; farewell, Nan.

[*exeunt* MRS. PAGE and ANNE.]

QUICK. This is my doing now : ' Nay,' said I ' will you cast away
your child on a fool, and a physician ? Look on Master Fenton'.

This is my doing. 96

FENT. I thank thee ; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

QUICK. Now Heaven send thee good fortune ! [*exit* FENTON] A kind
heart he hath ; a woman would run through fire and water for
such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress
Anne ; or I would Master Slender had her ; or, in sooth, I would
Master Fenton had her ; I will do what I can for them all three,
for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word ; but
speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to
Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to
slack it ! [*exit*.]

SCENE V. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

FAL. Bardolph, I say !

BARD. Here, sir.

FAL. Go fetch me a quart of sack ; put a toast in 't. [*exit* BARD.]

Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's
offal, and to be thrown in the Thames ? Well, if I be serv'd such
another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give
them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into
the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a
blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' th' litter ; and you may know by
my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking ; if the bottom
were as deep as hell I should drown. I had been drown'd but
that the shore was shelvy and shallow—a death that I abhor ; for
the water swells a man ; and what a thing should I have been

when I had been swell'd ! I should have been a mountain of mummy. 16

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with sack.

BARD. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

FAL. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water ; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in. 20

BARD. Come in, woman.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

QUICK. By your leave ; I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

FAL. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

BARD. With eggs, sir ?

FAL. Simple of itself ; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*exit BARDOLPH*] How now !

QUICK. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford. 30

FAL. Mistress Ford ! I have had ford enough ; I was thrown into the ford ; I have my belly full of ford.

QUICK. Alas the day, good heart, that was not her fault ! She does so take on with her men ; they mistook their erection.

FAL. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise. 37

QUICK. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding ; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine ; I must carry her word quickly. She'll make you amends, I warrant you.

FAL. Well, I will visit her. Tell her so ; and bid her think what a man is. Let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

QUICK. I will tell her. 46

FAL. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou ?

QUICK. Eight and nine, sir.

FAL. Well, be gone ; I will not miss her.

QUICK. Peace be with you, sir.

FAL. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook ; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O, here he comes. 53

Enter FORD disguised.

FORD. Bless you, sir !

FAL. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife ?

FORD. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

FAL. Master Brook, I will not lie to you ; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

FORD. And sped you, sir ? 60

FAL. Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

FORD. How so, sir ; did she change her determination ?

FAL. No. Master Brook ; but the peaking conjured her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy ; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love. 70

FORD. What, while you were there ?

FAL. While I was there.

FORD. And did he search for you, and could not find you ?

FAL. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach ; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

FORD. A buck-basket !

FAL. By the Lord, a buck-basket ! Ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins, that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

FORD. And how long lay you there ?

FAL. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane ; they took me on their shoulders ; met the jealous knave their master in the door ; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quak'd for fear lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it ; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brooks—I suffered the pangs of three several deaths : first, an intolerable fright to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether ; next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head ; and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease. Think of that—a man of my kidney. Think of that—that am as subject to heat as butter ; a man of continual dissolution and thaw. It was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half-stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe ; think of that—hissing hot. Think of that, Master Brook. 108

FORD. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit, then, is desperate ; you'll undertake her no more.

FAL. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding ; I have received from her another embassy of meeting ; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook. 116

FORD. 'Tis past eight already, sir,

FAL. Is it ? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed ; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook ; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [exit.]

FORD. Hum ! ha ! Is this a vision ? Is this a dream ? Do I sleep ? Master Ford, awake ; awake, Master Ford. There's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married ; this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets ! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am ; I will now take the lecher ; he is at my house. He cannot scape me ; 'tis impossible he should ; he cannot creep

into a halfpenny purse nor into a pepper box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me—I'll be horn mad. [*exit.*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *Windsor. A street.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

MRS. PAGE. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

QUICK. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly. 5

MRS. PAGE. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look where his master comes; 'tis a playing day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh, no school to-day?

EVANS. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

QUICK. Blessing of his heart!

MRS. PAGE. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you ask him some questions in his accidence. 15

EVANS. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

MRS. PAGE. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master; be not afraid.

EVANS. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

WILL. Two. 20

QUICK. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say 'Od's nouns'.

EVANS. Peace your tattlings. What is 'fair', William?

WILL. Pulcher.

QUICK. Polecats! There are fairer things than polecats, sure.

EVANS. You are a very simplicity oman; I pray you, peace. What is 'lapis', William?

WILL. A stone.

EVANS. And what is 'a stone', William? 30

WILL. A pebble.

EVANS. No, it is 'lapis'; I pray you remember in your prain.

WILL. Lapis.

EVANS. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles? 36

WILL. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined: Singulariter, nominativo; hic, hæc, hoc.

EVANS. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case? 40

WILL. Accusativo, hinc.

EVANS. I pray you, have your remembrance, child. Accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

QUICK. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

EVANS. Leave your prabbles, oman. What is the focative case, William? 46

WILL. O—vocativo, O.

EVANS. Remember, William : focative is caret.

QUICK. And that's a good root.

EVANS. Oman, forbear. 50

MRS. PAGE. Peace.

EVANS. What is your genitive case plural, William?

WILL. Genitive case?

EVANS. Ay.

WILL. Genitive : horum, harum, horum. 55

QUICK. Vengeance of Jenny's case ; fie on her ! Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

EVANS. For shame, oman.

QUICK. You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves ; and to call ' horum ' ; fie upon you ! 62

EVANS. Oman, art thou lunatics ? Hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders ? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

MRS. PAGE. Prithee hold thy peace.

EVANS. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

WILL. Forsooth, I have forgot. 69

EVANS. It is qui, quæ, quod ; if you forget your qui's, your quæ's, and your quod's, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play ; go.

MRS. PAGE. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

EVANS. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page. 76

MRS. PAGE. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [exit SIR HUGH] Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Ford's house.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD.

FAL. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth ; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now ? 6

MRS. FORD. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

MRS. PAGE [within] What hoa, gossip Ford, what hoa !

MRS. FORD. Step into th' chamber, Sir John. [exit FALSTAFF.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. PAGE. How now, sweetheart, who's at home besides yourself ?

MRS. FORD. Why, none but mine own people.

MRS. PAGE. Indeed ?

MRS. FORD. No, certainly. [aside to her] Speak louder.

MRS. PAGE. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here. 15

MRS. FORD. Why ?

MRS. PAGE. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again. He so takes on yonder with my husband ; so rails against all married mankind ; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever ; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying ' Peer-out,

peer-out !' that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

MRS. FORD. Why, does he talk of him ? 25

MRS. PAGE. Of none but him and swears ; he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket ; protests to my husband he is now here ; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here ; now he shall see his own foolery. 31

MRS. FORD. How near is he, Mistress Page ?

MRS. PAGE. Hard by, at street end ; he will be here anon.

MRS. FORD. I am undone : the knight is here.

MRS. PAGE. Why, then, you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you ! Away with him, away with him ; better shame than murder. 37

MRS. FORD. Which way should he go ? How should I bestow him ? Shall I put him into the basket again ?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. No, I'll come no more i' th' basket. May I not go out ere he come ? 41

MRS. PAGE. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out ; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here ?

FAL. What shall I do ? I'll creep up into the chimney.

MRS. FORD. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

MRS. PAGE. Creep into the kiln-hole. 48

FAL. Where is it ?

MRS. FORD. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note. There is no hiding you in the house.

FAL. I'll go out then. 54

MRS. PAGE. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd.

MRS. FORD. How might we disguise him ?

MRS. PAGE. Alas the day, I know not ! There is no woman's gown big enough for him ; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape. 60

FAL. Good hearts, devise something ; any extremity rather than a mischief.

MRS. FORD. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

MRS. PAGE. On my word, it will serve him ; she's as big as he is ; and there's her thrumm'd hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John. 67

MRS. FORD. Go, go, sweet Sir John. Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

MRS. PAGE. Quick, quick ; we'll come dress you straight. Put on the gown the while. *[exit FALSTAFF.]*

MRS. FORD. I would my husband would meet him in this shape ; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford ; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threat'ned to beat her. 75

MRS. PAGE. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

MRS. FORD. But is my husband coming?

MRS. PAGE. Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence. 80

MRS. FORD. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it as they did last time.

MRS. PAGE. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

MRS. FORD. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [exit.]

MRS. PAGE. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, 90

Wives may be merry and yet honest too.

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true: Still swine eats all the draff. [exit.]

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD, with two SERVANTS.

MRS. FORD. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him; quickly, dispatch. [exit.]

1 SERV. Come, come, take it up. 97

2 SERV. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

1 SERV. I hope not; I had lief as bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

FORD. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals, there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be sham'd. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

PAGE. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd. 108

EVANS. Why, this is lunatics. This is mad as a mad dog.

SHAL. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

FORD. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I? 116

MRS. FORD. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

FORD. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out. Come forth, sirrah.

[pulling clothes out of the basket.]

PAGE. This passes!

MRS. FORD. Are you not asham'd? Let the clothes alone.

FORD. I shall find you anon.

EVANS. 'Tis unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes?

Come away. 125

FORD. Empty the basket, I say.

MRS. FORD. Why, man, why?

FORD. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true: my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

MRS. FORD. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

PAGE. Here's no man.

135

SHAL. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

EVANS. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

FORD. Well, he's not here I seek for.

PAGE. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

141

FORD. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table sport; let them say of me 'As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman'. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

MRS. FORD. What, ho, Mistress Page! Come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

FORD. Old woman? What old woman's that?

MRS. FORD. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford.

150

FORD. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure, and such daub'ry as this is, beyond our element. We know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

157

MRS. FORD. Nay, good sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, and MISTRESS PAGE

MRS. PAGE. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

FORD. I'll prat her. [*beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! Out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*exit FALSTAFF.*]

MRS. PAGE. Are you not asham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

166

MRS. FORD. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

FORD. Hang her, witch!

EVANS. By yea and no, I think the oman is a witch indeed; I like not when a oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

172

FORD. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

PAGE. Let's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen.

[*exeunt all but MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.*]

MRS. PAGE. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

MRS. FORD. Nay, by th' mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

180

MRS. PAGE. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

MRS. FORD. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-

159

hood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge ?

MRS. PAGE. The spirit of wantonness is sure scar'd out of him ; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again. 189

MRS. FORD. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him ?

MRS. PAGE. Yes, by all means ; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers. 195

MRS. FORD. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd ; and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

MRS. PAGE. Come, to the forge with it then ; shape it. I would not have things cool. [exunt.]

SCENE III. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses ; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

HOST. What duke should that be comes so secretly ? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen ; they speak English ? 6

BARD. Ay, sir ; I'll call them to you.

HOST. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay ; I'll sauce them ; they have had my house a week at command ; I have turn'd away my other guests. They must come off ; I'll sauce them. Come. [exunt.]

SCENE IV. *Ford's house.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

EVANS. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

PAGE. And did he send you both these letters at an instant ?

MRS. PAGE. Within a quarter of an hour. 5

FORD. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth, do what thou wilt

I rather will suspect the sun with cold

Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith.

PAGE. 'Tis well, 'tis well ; no more. 10

Be not as extreme in submission as in offence ;

But let our plot go forward. Let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him and disgrace him for it. 15

FORD. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

PAGE. How ? To send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight ? Fie, fie ! he'll never come ! 19

EVANS. You say he has been thrown in the rivers ; and has been grievously peaten as an old oman, methinks there should be

terrors in him, that he should not come ; methinks his flesh is punish'd ; he shall have no desires.

PAGE. So think I too.

MRS. FORD. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, 25
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

MRS. PAGE. There is an old tale goes that Herne the Hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns ; 30
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld 35
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the Hunter for a truth.

PAGE. Why yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.
But what of this ?

MRS. FORD. Marry, this is our device— 40
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd, like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

PAGE. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape. When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him ? What is your plot ?

MRS. PAGE. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus : 45
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands ; upon a sudden, 50
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song ; upon their sight
We two in great amazedness will fly.
Then let them all encircle him about, 55
And fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight ;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

MRS. FORD. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound, 60
And burn him with their tapers.

MRS. PAGE. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves ; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

FORD. The children must
Be practis'd well to this or they'll nev'r do 't.

EVANS. I will teach the children their behaviours ; and I will be like
a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber. 67

FORD. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

MRS. PAGE. My Nan shall be the Queen of all the Fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

PAGE. That silk will I go buy. [*aside*] And in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
 And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight
 FORD. Nay, I'll to him again, in name of Brook ; 75
 He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come. "
 MRS. PAGE. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
 And tricking for our fairies.
 EVANS. Let us about it. It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest
 knaveries. [exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.
 MRS. PAGE. Go, Mistress Ford. 81
 Send Quickly to Sir John to know his mind. [exit MRS. FORD.
 I'll to the Doctor ; he hath my good will,
 And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
 That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot ; 85
 And he my husband best of all affects.
 The Doctor is well money'd, and his friends
 Potent at court ; he, none but he, shall have her,
 Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [exit.

SCENE V. *The Garter Inn.**Enter HOST and SIMPLE.*

HOST. What wouldst thou have, boor ? What, thick-skin ? Speak,
 breathe, discuss ; brief, short, quick, snap.
 SIM. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master
 Slender. 4
 HOST. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed
 and truckle-bed ; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal,
 fresh and new. Go, knock and call ; he'll speak like an
 Anthropophaginian unto thee. Knock, I say. 9
 SIM. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber ;
 I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down ; I come to speak
 with her, indeed.
 HOST. Ha ! a fat woman ? The knight may be robb'd. I'll call.
 Bully knight ! Bully Sir John ! Speak from thy lungs military.
 Art thou there ? It is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls. 16
 FAL. [above] How now, mine host ?
 HOST. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat
 woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend ; my chambers
 are honourable. Fie, privacy, fie !

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me ;
 but she's gone. 22
 SIM. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brainford ?
 FAL. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell. What would you with her ?
 SIM. My master, sir, my Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go
 thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that
 beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain or no.
 FAL. I spake with the old woman about it. 30
 SIM. And what says she, I pray, sir ?
 FAL. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguil'd Master
 Slender of his chain cozen'd him of it.
 SIM. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself ; I had
 other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

FAL. What are they ? Let us know.

HOST. Ay, come ; quick.

SIM. I may not conceal them, sir.

FAL. Conceal them, or thou diest.

SIM. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page : to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no. 40

FAL. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

SIM. What, sir ?

FAL. To have her, or no. Go ; say the woman told me so. 45

SIM. May I be bold to say so, sir ?

FAL. Ay, sir, like who more bold ?

SIM. I thank your worship ; I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [exit SIMPLE. 53

HOST. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee ?

FAL. Ay, that there was, mine host ; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life ; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning. 58

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Out, alas, sir, cozenage, mere cozenage ! 58

HOST. Where be my horses ? Speak well of them, varletto.

BARD. Run away with the cozeners ; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire ; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

HOST. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain ; do not say they be fled. Germans are honest men. 66

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

EVANS. Where is mine host ?

HOST. What is the matter, sir ?

EVANS. Have a care of your entertainments. There is a friend of mine come to town tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you ; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [exit. 66

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

CAIUS. Vere is mine host de Jarteer ? 76

HOST. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

CAIUS. I cannot tell vat is dat ; but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Jamany. By my trot, dere is no duke that the court is know to come ; I tell you for good will. Adieu. [exit. 85

HOST. Hue and cry, villain, go ! Assist me, knight ; I am undone. Fly, run, hue and cry, villain ; I am undone. 85

[*exeunt HOST and BARDOLPH.*]

FAL. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me ; I warrant they 163

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
 And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight
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SIM. What, sir ?

FAL. To have her, or no. Go ; say the woman told me so.

SIM. May I be bold to say so, sir ?

FAL. Ay, sir, like who more bold ?

SIM. I thank your worship ; I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [exit SIMPLE. 45]

HOST. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee ? 53

FAL. Ay, that there was, mine host ; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life ; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Out, alas, sir, cozenage, mere cozenage ! 58

HOST. Where be my horses ? Speak well of them, varletto.

BARD. Run away with the cozeners ; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire ; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

HOST. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain ; do not say they be fled. Germans are honest men. 66

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

EVANS. Where is mine host ?

HOST. What is the matter, sir ?

EVANS. Have a care of your entertainments. There is a friend of mine come to town tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you ; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [exit. 66]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

CAIUS. Vere is mine host de Jarteer ? 76

HOST. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

CAIUS. I cannot tell vat is dat ; but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Jamany. By my trot, dere is no duke that the court is know to come ; I tell you for good will. Adieu. [exit. 85]

HOST. Hue and cry, villain, go ! Assist me, knight ; I am undone. Fly, run, hue and cry, villain ; I am undone. 85

[exeunt HOST and BARDOLPH.]

FAL. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me ; I warrant they

would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfall'n as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. 95

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now ! whence come you ?

QUICK. From the two parties, forsooth.

FAL. The devil take one party and his dam the other ! And so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear. 101

QUICK. And have not they suffer'd ? Yes, I warrant ; speciously one of them ; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her. 105

FAL. What tell'st thou me of black and blue ? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow ; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford. But that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch. 112

QUICK. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber ; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together ! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd. 117

FAL. Come up into my chamber.

[exeunt]

SCENE VI. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON and HOST.

HOST. Master Fenton, talk not to me ; my mind is heavy ; I will give over all.

FENT. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss. 5

HOST. I will hear you, Master Fenton ; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

FENT. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page ;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, 10
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at ;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter
That neither, singly, can be manifested 15
Without the show of both. Fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene. The image of the jest
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host :
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen— 20
The purpose why is here—in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip

- Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry ; she hath consented. 25
Now, sir, •
Her mother, even strong against that match
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away
While other sports are tasking of their minds, 30
And at the dean'ry, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her. To this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now thus it rests
Her father means she shall be all in white ; 35
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him ; her mother hath intended
The better to denote her to the doctor—
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded— 40
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head ;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him. 45
- HOST. Which means she to deceive, father or mother ?
FENT. Both, my good host, to go along with me.
And here it rests—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one.
And in the lawful name of marrying, 50
To give our hearts united ceremony.
- HOST. Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.
- FENT. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [exeunt.

ACT FIVE

SCENE 1. *The Garter Inn.**Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

- FAL. Prithee, no more prattling ; go. I'll hold. This is the third
time ; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go ; they
say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or
death. Away.
- QUICK. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a
pair of horns. 6
- FAL. Away, I say time wears hold up your head, and mince.
[exit MRS. QUICKLY.

Enter FORD, disguised.

- How now, Master Brook Master Brook, the matter will be
known to-night or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at
Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders. II
- FORD. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had
appointed ?
- FAL. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man ;
but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That

same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you—he beat me grievously in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me. I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow. *[exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

PAGE. Come, come; we'll couch i' th' Castle ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

SLEN. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget', and by that we know one another. 7

SHAL. That's good too; but what needs either your mum or her budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock. 10

PAGE. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away, follow me. *[exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *A street leading to the Park.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.

MRS. PAGE. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park; we two must go together.

CAIUS. I know vat I have to do; adieu. 5

MRS. PAGE. Fare you well, sir. *[exit CAIUS.]* My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break. 10

MRS. FORD. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

MRS. PAGE. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night. 15

MRS. FORD. That cannot choose but amaze him.

MRS. PAGE. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

MRS. FORD. We'll betray him finely. 20

MRS. PAGE. Against such lewdsters and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

MRS. FORD. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! *[exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.**Enter SIR HUGH EVANS like a satyr, with OTHERS as fairies.*

EVANS. Trib, trib, fairies, come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you. Come, come; trib, trib. *[exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *Another part of the Park**Enter FALSTAFF disguised as HERNE.*

FAL. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on. Now the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man; in some other a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda. O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl—think on't, Jove, a foul fault! When gods have hot backs what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fastest, I think, i' th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe? 14

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. FORD. Sir John! Art thou there, my deer, my male deer.

FAL. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Greensleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. *[embracing her.]*

MRS. FORD. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart. 21

FAL. Divide me like a brib'd buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! *[a noise of horns.]*

MRS. PAGE. Alas, what noise?

MRS. FORD. Heaven forgive our sins

FAL. What should this be? 30

MRS. FORD. } Away, away.

MRS. PAGE } *[they run off.]*

FAL. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS like a satyr, ANNE PAGE as a fairy, and OTHERS as the Fairy Queen, fairies, and Hobgoblin; all with tapers.

FAIRY QUEEN. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, 35
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

PUCK. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys. 40
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap;

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
 There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry ;
 Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery.
 FAL. They are fairies ; he that speaks to them shall die. 45
 I'll wink and couch ; no man their works must eye.

[lies down upon his face.]

EVANS. Where's Pede ? Go you, and where you find a maid
 That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
 Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
 Sleep she as sound as careless infancy ; 50
 But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
 Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

FAIRY QUEEN. About, about ;
 Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out ;
 Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room, 55
 That it may stand till the perpetual doom
 In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
 Worthy the owner and the owner it.
 The several chairs of order look you scour
 With juice of balm and every precious flower ; 60
 Each fair instalment, coat, and sev'ral crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest !
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring ;
 Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be, 65
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;
 And ' *Honi soit qui mal y pense* ' write
 In em'rald tufts, flow'rs purple, blue and white ;
 Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee. 70
 Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery.
 Away, disperse ; but till 'tis one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom round about the oak
 Of Herne the Hunter let us not forget.

EVANS. Pray you, lock hand in hand ; yourselves in order set ; 75
 And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But, stay. I smell a man of middle earth.

FAL. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me
 to a piece of cheese ! 80

PUCK. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

FAIRY QUEEN. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end ;
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
 And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart. 85

PUCK. A trial, come.

EVANS. Come, will this wood take fire ?

[they put the tapers to his fingers, and he starts.]

FAL. Oh, oh, oh !

FAIRY QUEEN. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire !

About him, fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme ;
 And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time. 90

The Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy !
 Fie on lust and luxury !
 Lust is but a bloody fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire,
 Fed in heart, whose flames aspire, 95
 As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
 Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
 Pinch him for his villainy ;
 Pinch him and burn him and turn him about,
 Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out. 100

During this song they pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green ; SLENDER another way, and takes off a fairy in white ; and FENTON steals away ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

PAGE. Nay, do not fly ; I think we have watch'd you now.

Will none but Herne the Hunter serve your turn ?

MRS. PAGE. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives ?

See you these, husband ? Do not these fair yokes 105

Become the forest better than the town ?

FORD. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now ? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave ; here are his horns, Master Brook ; and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook ; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook. 112

MRS. FORD. Sir John, we have had ill luck ; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again ; but I will always count you my deer. 115

FAL. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

FORD. Ay, and an ox too ; both the proofs are extant.

FAL. And these are not fairies ? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies ; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent when 'tis upon ill employment. 124

EVANS. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

FORD. Well said, fairy Hugh.

EVANS. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

FORD. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English. 130

FAL. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this ? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too ? Shall I have a cockcomb of frieze ? 'Tis time I were chok'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

EVANS. Seese is not good to give putter ; your belly is all putter. 135

FAL. 'Seese' and 'putter'! Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

MRS. PAGE. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

FORD. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax? 145

MRS. PAGE. A puff'd man?

PAGE. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

FORD. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

PAGE. And as poor as Job?

FORD. And as wicked as his wife? 150

EVANS. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

FAL. Well, I am your theme, you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will. 157

FORD. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander. Over and above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction. 162

PAGE. Yet be cheerful, knight; thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

MRS. PAGE. [*aside*] Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

SLEN. Whoa, ho, ho, father Page!

PAGE. Son, how now! how now, son! Have you dispatch'd? 171

SLEN. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else!

PAGE. Of what, son?

SLEN. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

PAGE. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong. 180

SLEN. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

PAGE. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments? 185

SLEN. I went to her in white and cried 'mum' and she cried 'budget' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

MRS. PAGE. Good George, be not angry. I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the dean'ry, and there married. 192

Enter CAIUS.

CAIUS. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha'
married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not
Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened. 195

MRS. PAGE. Why, did you take her in green?

CAIUS. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

[exit CAIUS.]

FORD. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

PAGE. My heart misgives me; here comes Master Fenton. 201

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

ANNE. Pardon, good father. Good my mother, pardon.

PAGE. Now, Mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

MRS. PAGE. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid? 206

FENT. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, 210

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

Th' offence is holy that she hath committed;

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title,

Since therein she doth evitate and shun 215

A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

FORD. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy.

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate. 220

FAL. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me,
that your arrow hath glanc'd.

PAGE. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

FAL. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd. 225

MRS. PAGE. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

FORD. Let it be so. Sir John, 230

To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[exeunt.]

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

MEASURE FOR MEASURE is usually regarded as one of Shakespeare's 'problem plays', a drama in which our sympathies lack direction, so that we are left at the end with no unified impression of the work as a whole. Commentators have ascribed the confusion they feel over the moral issues of the action to a confusion in Shakespeare's own mind which they attribute to some crisis in the dramatist's intellectual or spiritual life. With *Measure for Measure* they group *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Troilus and Cressida*, labelling them 'the dark comedies'.

The treatment of *Measure for Measure* as evidence of some gloomy and even despairing reaction to experience was naturally fashionable as long as critics regarded the *Tragedies* as the poetry of disillusion, for Shakespeare must have written *Measure for Measure* in the middle years of what was called his tragic period. It was performed at Court on 26th December 1604 as an item in the Christmas festivities, and must have been written about the same time as *Othello*. *Othello* was also performed at Court that winter on 1st November, but it must have been on the stage by 1603. We cannot say therefore that *Measure for Measure* was not already by December 1604 known on the public stage. The two plays however are first heard of about the same date, and Shakespeare found his material for both in the same quarry, the *Hecatommithi* of Geraldino Cinthio.

Cinthio, a scholar who had long resided in Ferrara, published in 1565 a collection of tales in imitation of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. There Shakespeare found a story belonging to the type in which a woman has to ransom a man, usually her husband, by complying with the desires of some judge in whose power the man lies. Cinthio makes the man and woman brother and sister. Epitia, his heroine, complies with the judge's request on a half-promise of marriage, only to find that her brother has been executed. She seeks out the Emperor who condemns the judge to death after he has been made to keep his promise of marriage to Epitia. Epitia however now pleads for her husband's life and the Emperor surprised at her magnanimity pardons the offender, who lives happily ever after with his wife. Shakespeare doubtless looked at Cinthio's story but he also knew a dramatised version of it by George Whetstone published in 1578 with the title *Promos and Cassandra*.

Promos and Cassandra is in two parts, each of five Acts, and was never put on the stage. Promos deceives Cassandra as in Cinthio's story but the gaoler releases her brother and sends the judge the head of a man who is already dead. After Promos has been convicted and Cassandra is grieving at the coming execution her brother, Andrugio, reveals himself and the King pardons everyone.

Whetstone's device for softening the story and preserving the brother's life had already been anticipated by Cinthio in his *Epitia*, a later and dramatised version of his story. This drama was not printed till 1583, ten years after the author's death, and can hardly have been seen by Whetstone. The device they both use to preserve the condemned man was one familiar to story-tellers.

Shakespeare may have been influenced by other versions of the theme; Whetstone like Cinthio wrote a second version of the story, but while Cinthio turned his prose narrative into drama Whetstone reduced his drama to narrative for his *Heptameron*, a collection of stories in imitation of Boccaccio and Cinthio, published in 1582. Whatever versions he may have examined Shakespeare's own contribution to the machinery of the plot is Mariana, who is required to save Isabella in her dilemma. In earlier versions the sister's sacrifice to save her brother is made less forbidding by the prospect of a marriage that will restore the decencies. The convention that such a marriage mends all obliterates the inhumanity of the initial proposal; but Shakespeare rejects this solution and insists that Isabella is of such a nature that this compromise is unthinkable. Yet to allow Isabella to retain her principles and nature he has to allow her to be a party to the substitution of Mariana. He rejects one convention as out of keeping with his dramatic purpose but he has to introduce another that is hardly less inconsistent with the heroine's integrity. Shakespeare it is true shifts the conventional accent of the story; the burden is removed from the heroine but she has to see it transferred to another.

Recent attempts have been made to show that Shakespeare is here offering us a great parable of charity and forgiveness; that everything is calculated to that end. But Angelo's repentance is hardly presented to us with more substance than that of Proteus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the forgiveness motive here as there is obviously a convenient and popular formula with which to conclude a comedy. The reality of the play does not lie here, though the themes of repentance and forgiveness are undoubtedly developed, but rather in the meeting of those two unusual and uncompromising figures, Isabella and Angelo. It is they who give the play its incandescent core that all the overlay required to present so burning an issue on the stage without a disastrous conclusion cannot wholly conceal.

In his *Promos and Cassandra* Whetstone had added to his main plot, which involves the main characters, doings from his life that also reflect the inhumanity of authority. Shakespeare did not of course need Whetstone to teach him the advantage of combining high and low life, but where Whetstone is content to allow the two streams to run parallel Shakespeare allows them to mingle and reinforce each other. This sense of life and stir in a city provides some sort of excuse for the Duke's perplexity and conduct and gives the duel between Isabella and Angelo, a secret in such a society, an added grimness.

The central situations in *Measure for Measure* are handled with the power and authority characteristic of this period in Shakespeare's artistic life. The hand that had just drawn *Othello* is equally visible here; but the subject did not admit of tragic treatment on the lines Shakespeare was then following. In accommodating it to the conventions of comedy the confusions in the design that have so troubled the critics were inevitable.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, <i>the Duke.</i>	POMPEY, <i>a clown and servant to</i>
ANGELO, <i>the Deputy.</i>	<i>Mistress Overdone.</i>
ESCALUS, <i>an ancient Lord.</i>	ABHORSON, <i>an executioner.</i>
CLAUDIO, <i>a young gentleman.</i>	BARNARDINE, <i>a dissolute prisoner.</i>
LUCIO, <i>a fantastic.</i>	
Two other like gentlemen.	ISABELLA, <i>sister to Claudio.</i>
VARRIUS, <i>a gentleman, servant to</i>	MARIANA, <i>betrothed to Angelo.</i>
<i>the Duke.</i>	JULIET, <i>beloved of Claudio.</i>
PROVOST.	FRANCISCA, <i>a nun.</i>
THOMAS, } <i>two friars.</i>	MISTRESS OVERDONE, <i>a bawd.</i>
PETER, }	
A JUSTICE.	
ELBOW, <i>a simple constable.</i>	LORDS, OFFICERS, CITIZENS, BOY,
FROTH, <i>a foolish gentleman.</i>	<i>and ATTENDANTS.</i>

THE SCENE : *Vienna.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.

DUKE. Escalus !

ESCAL. My lord.

DUKE. Of government the properties to unfold

Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse,

Since I am put to know that your own science

5

Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice

My strength can give you ; then no more remains

But that to your sufficiency—as your worth is able—

And let them work. The nature of our people,

10

Our city's institutions, and the terms

For common justice, y'are as pregnant in

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember. There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,

15

I say, bid come before us, Angelo.

[*exit an ATTENDANT.*]

What figure of us think you he will bear ?

For you must know we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,

20

And given his deputation all the organs

Of our own power. What think you of it ?

ESCAL. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo

• Enter ANGELO.

DUKE. Look where he comes. 25

ANG. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

DUKE. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike 35
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor, 40
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.

Hold, therefore, Angelo—
In our remove be thou at full ourself
Mortality and mercy in Vienna 45
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy commission.

ANG. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure 50
Be stamp'd upon it.

DUKE. No more evasion !
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd 55
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you.

As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you 60
Of your commissions.

ANG. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

DUKE. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do • 65
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws

As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand,
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes,
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70

- Their loud applause and Aves vchement ;
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
 That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
 ANG. The heavens give safety to your purposes !
 ESCAL. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness ! 75
 DUKE. I thank you. Fare you well. [exit.
 ESCAL. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
 To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me
 To look into the bottom of my place :
 A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature 80
 I am not yet instructed.
 ANG. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
 And we may soon our satisfaction have
 Touching that point.
 ESCAL. I'll wait upon your honour. [exeunt.

SCENE II. *A street.**Enter LUCIO and two other Gentlemen.*

- LUCIO. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition
 with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the
 King.
 1 GENT. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's !
 2 GENT. Amen.
 LUCIO. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate that went to
 sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.
 2 GENT. 'Thou shalt not steal' ? 10
 LUCIO. Ay, that he raz'd.
 1 GENT. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and
 all the rest from their functions : they put forth to steal. There's
 not a soldier of us all that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do
 relish the petition well that prays for peace. 16
 2 GENT. I never heard any soldier dislike it.
 LUCIO. I believe thee ; for I think thou never wast where grace was
 said.
 2 GENT. No ? A dozen times at least. 20
 1 GENT. What, in metre ?
 LUCIO. In any proportion or in any language.
 1 GENT. I think, or in any religion.
 LUCIO. Ay, why not ? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy ; as,
 for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.
 1 GENT. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.
 LUCIO. I grant ; as there may between the lists and the velvet.
 Thou art the list. 30
 1 GENT. And thou the velvet ; thou art good velvet ; thou'rt a
 three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an
 English kersey as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.
 Do I speak feelingly now ?
 LUCIO. I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of
 thy speech. I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin
 thy health ; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.
 1 GENT. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not ? 40
 2 GENT. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

LUCIO. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes ! I have
 purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to— 45

2 GENT. To what, I pray ?

1 GENT. Judge.

2 GENT. To three thousand do'ours a year.

1 GENT. Ay, and more.

LUCIO. A French crown more. 50

1 GENT. Thou art always figuring diseases in me, but thou art full
 of error ; I am sound.

LUCIO. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy ; but so sound as things
 that are hollow : thy bones are hollow ; impiety has made a
 feast of thee. 55

1 GENT. How now ! which of your hips has the most profound
 sciatica ?

MRS. OV. Well, well ! there's one yonder arrested and carried to
 prison was worth five thousand of you all.

1 GENT. Who's that, I pray thee ? 60

MRS. OV. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1 GENT. Claudio to prison ? 'Tis not so.

MRS. OV. Nay, but I know 'tis so : I saw him arrested ; saw him
 carried away ; and, which is more, within these three days his
 head to be chopp'd off. 65

LUCIO. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou
 sure of this ?

MRS. OV. I am too sure of it ; and it is for getting Madam Julietta
 with child.

LUCIO. Believe me, this may be ; he promis'd to meet me two hours
 since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping. 72

2 GENT. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech
 we had to such a purpose.

1 GENT. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

LUCIO. Away ; let's go learn the truth of it.

[exeunt LUCIO and GENTLEMEN.]

MRS. OV. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with
 the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. 80

Enter POMPEY.

How now ! what's the news with you ?

POM. Yonder man is carried to prison.

MRS. OV. Weil, what has he done ?

POM. A woman.

MRS. OV. But what's his offence ? • 85

POM. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

MRS. OV. What ! is there a maid with child by him ?

POM. No ; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not
 heard of the proclamation, have you ?

MRS. OV. What proclamation, man ? • 90

POM. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

MRS. OV. And what shall become of those in the city ?

POM. They shall stand for seed ; they had gone down too, but
 that a wise burgher put in for them. 95

MRS. OV. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd
 down ?

POM. To the ground, mistress.

MRS. OV. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth !
What shall become of me ? 100

POM. Come, fear not you : good counsellors lack no clielits. Though
you change your place you need not change your trade ; I'll be
your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you ;
you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will
be considered. 105

MRS. OV. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster ? Let's withdraw.

POM. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison ;
and there's Madam Juliet. *[exeunt.]*

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and OFFICERS ; LUCIO following.

CLAUD. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world ? 110

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

PROV. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

CLAUD. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight 115

The words of heaven : on whom it will, it will :

On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

LUCIO. Why, how now, Claudio, whence comes this restraint ?

CLAUD. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty ;
As surfeit is the father of much fast, 120

So every scope by the immoderate use

Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,

Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,

A thirsty evil ; and when we drink we die.

LUCIO. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for
certain of my creditors ; and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief
have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment.
What's thy offence, Claudio ?

CLAUD. What but to speak of would offend again.

LUCIO. What, is't murder ? 130

CLAUD. No.

LUCIO. Lechery ?

CLAUD. Call it so.

PROV. Away, sir ; you must go.

CLAUD. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you. 135

LUCIO. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. Is lechery so look'd
after ?

CLAUD. Thus stands it with me : upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed.

You know the lady ; she is fast my wife, 140

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order ; this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dow'r

Remaining in the coffer of her friends.

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love 145

Till time had made them for us. But it chanced

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,

With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

LUCIO. With child, perhaps ?

CLAUD. Unhappily, even so.

- And the new deputy now for the Duke— 150
 Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
 Or whether that the body public be
 A horse wiffereon the governor doth ride,
 Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
 He can command, lets it straight feel the spur ; 155
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,
 I stagger in. But this new governor
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall 160
 So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
 And none of them been worn ; and, for a name.
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
 Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name.
- LUCIO. I warrant it is ; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders
 that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.
 Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.
- CLAUD. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
 I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service :
 This day my sister should the cloister enter, 170
 And there receive her approbation ;
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him.
 I have great hope in that ; for in her youth 175
 There is a prone and speechless dialect
 Such as move men ; beside, she hath prosperous art
 When she will play with reason and discourse,
 And well she can persuade.
- LUCIO. I pray she may ; as well for the encouragement of the like,
 which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the
 enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly
 lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.
- CLAUD. I thank you, good friend Lucio. 185
- LUCIO. Within two hours.
- CLAUD. Come, officer, away. [exunt.

SCENE III. *A monastery.**Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.*

- DUKE. No, holy father ; throw away that thought ;
 Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
 Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
 To give me secret harbour hath a purpose
 More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends 5
 Of burning youth.
- FRI. May your Grace speak of it ?
- DUKE. My holy sir, none better knows than you
 How I have ever lov'd the life removed,
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
 Where youth, and cost, a witless bravery keeps. 10

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
 A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
 My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
 And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ;
 For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
 And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
 You will demand of me why I do this. 15

FRI. Gladly, my lord.

DUKE. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
 The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds, 20
 Which for this fourteen years we have let slip ;
 Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
 That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their children's sight 25
 For terror, not to use, in time the rod
 Becomes more mock'd than fear'd ; so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30
 Goes all decorum.

FRI. It rested in your Grace
 To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd ;
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
 Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE. I do fear, too dreadful.
 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope, 35
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
 For what I bid them do ; for we bid this be done,
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
 I have on Angelo impos'd the office ; 40
 Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
 And yet my nature never in the fight
 To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people. Therefore, I prithee, 45
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear me
 Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
 At our more leisure shall I render you.
 Only, this one : Lord Angelo is precise ; 50
 Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *A nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

ISAB. And have you nuns no farther privileges ?

FRAN. Are not these large enough ?

ISAB. Yes, truly ; I speak not as desiring more,
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint

Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare. 5
 LUCIO. [*Within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
 ISAB. • Who's that which calls?
 FRAN. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him
 You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn;
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men 10
 But in the presence of the prioress;
 Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,
 Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
 He calls again; I pray you answer him. [*exit FRANCISCA.*
 ISAB. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls? 15

Enter LUCIO.

LUCIO. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
 Proclaim you are no less. Can you so stead me
 As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
 A novice of this place, and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20
 ISAB. Why her 'unhappy brother'? Let me ask
 The rather, for I now must make you know
 I am that Isabella, and his sister.
 LUCIO. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
 Not to be weary with you, he's in prison. 25
 ISAB. Woe me! For what?
 LUCIO. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
 He should receive his punishment in thanks:
 He hath got his friend with child.
 ISAB. Sir, make me not your story.
 LUCIO. It is true. 30
 I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
 With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
 Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so
 I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted,
 By your renouncement an immortal spirit, 35
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity
 As with a saint.
 ISAB. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
 LUCIO. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus
 Your brother and his lover have embrac'd. 40
 As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
 ISAB. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet? 45
 LUCIO. Is she your cousin?
 ISAB. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names
 By vain though apt affection.
 LUCIO. She is.
 ISAB. O, let him marry her!
 LUCIO. This is the point.
 The Duke is very strangely gone from hence 50
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

- In hand, and hope of action ; but we do learn,
 By those that know the very nerves of state,
 His givings-out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place, 55
 And with full line of his authority,
 Governs Lord Angelo, a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth, one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He—to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have for long run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life 65
 Falls into forfeit ; he arrests him on it,
 And follows close the rigour of the statute
 To make him an example. All hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo. And that's my pith of business 70
 'Twixt you and your poor brother.
- ISAB. Doth he so seek his life ?
- LUCIO. Has censur'd him
 Already, and, as I hear, the Provost hath
 A warrant for his execution.
- ISAB. Alas ! what poor ability's in me 75
 To do him good ?
- LUCIO. Assay the pow'r you have.
- ISAB. My power, alas, I doubt !
- LUCIO. Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, 80
 Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.
- ISAB. I'll see what I can do.
- LUCIO. But speedily.
- ISAB. I will about it straight ; 85
 No longer staying but to give the Mother
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.
 Commend me to my brother ; soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success.
- LUCIO. I take my leave of you.
- ISAB. Good sir, adieu. [exeunt.]

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. *A hall in Angelo's house.*

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a JUSTICE, PROVOST, OFFICERS, and
 other ATTENDANTS.*

ANG. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

- ianation in the world that good Christians ought to have. 55
- ESCAL. This comes off well ; here's a wise officer.
- ANG. Go to ; what quality are they of ? Elbow is your name ? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow ?
- POM. He cannot, sir ; he's out at elbow.
- ANG. What are you, sir ? 60
- ELB. He, sir ? A tapster, sir ; parcelbawd ; one that serves a bad woman ; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs ; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.
- ESCAL. How know you that ? 65
- ELB. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour—
- ESCAL. How ! thy wife !
- ELB. Ay, sir ; whom I thank heaven, is an honest woman—
- ESCAL. Dost thou detest her therefore ?
- ELB. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.
- ESCAL. How dost thou know that, constable ? 75
- ELB. Marry, sir, by my wife ; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.
- ESCAL. By the woman's means ?
- ELB. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means ; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him. 81
- POM. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.
- ELB. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.
- ESCAL. Do you hear how he misplaces ?
- POM. Sir, she came in great with child ; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit dish, a dish of some three pence ; your honours have seen such dishes ; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes. 91
- ESCAL. Go to, go to ; no matter for the dish, sir.
- POM. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin ; you are therein in the right ; but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes ; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly ; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three pence again— 100
- FROTH. No, indeed.
- POM. Very well ; you being then, if you be rememb'ed, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes—
- FROTH. Ay, so I did indeed.
- POM. Why, very well ; I telling you then, if you be rememb'ed, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you—
- FROTH. All this is true.
- POM. Why, very well then— 110
- ESCAL. Come, you are a tedious fool. To the purpose : what was done to Elbow's wife that he hath cause to complain of ? Come me to what was done to her.
- POM. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

ESCAL. No, sir, nor I mean it not. 115

POM. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir, a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

FROTH. All-hallond eve. 120

POM. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

FROTH. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

POM. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

ANG. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there; I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause, 130
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

ESCAL. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[exit ANGELO.

Now, sir, come on; what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

POM. Once?—sir. There was nothing done to her once.

ELB. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife. 136

POM. I beseech your honour, ask me.

ESCAL. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

POM. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

ESCAL. Ay, sir, very well.

POM. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

ESCAL. Well, I do so. 145

POM. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

ESCAL. Why, no.

POM. I'll be suppos'd upon a book his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour. 152

ESCAL. He's in the right, constable; what say you to it?

ELB. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house, next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

POM. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

ELB. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicket varlet; the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child. 161

POM. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

ESCAL. Which is the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

ELB. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of batt'ry on thee. 171

ESCAL. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

ELB. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff? 176

ESCAL. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou

wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

ELB. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee : thou art to continue now, thou varlet ; thou art to continue.

ESCAL. Where were you born, friend ?

FROTH. Here in Vienna, sir.

ESCAL. Are you of fourscore pounds a year ? 185

FROTH. Yes, an't please you, sir

ESCAL. So. What trade are you of, sir ?

POM. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

ESCAL. Your mistress' name ?

POM. Mistress Overdone. 190

ESCAL. Hath she had any more than one husband ?

POM. Nine, sir ; Overdone by the last.

ESCAL. Nine ! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters : they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you. 196

FROTH. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse but I am drawn in.

ESCAL. Well, no more of it, Master Froth ; farewell. [*exit FROTH.*]
Come you hither to me, Master Tapster ; what's your name, Master Tapster.

POM. Pompey.

ESCAL. What else ?

POM. Bum, sir. 205

ESCAL. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you ; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not ? Come, tell me true ; it shall be the better for you. 210

POM. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

ESCAL. How would you live, Pompey—by being a bawd ? What do you think of the trade, Pompey ? Is it a lawtul trade ?

POM. If the law would allow it, sir. 215

ESCAL. But the law will not allow it, Pompey, nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

POM. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city ?

ESCAL. No, Pompey. 220

POM. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. It your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

ESCAL. There is pretty orders beginning, I can tell you : but it is but heading and hanging. 225

POM. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads ; if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after threepence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so. 231

ESCAL. 'I thank you, good Pompey ; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you ; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever—no, not for dwelling where you do ;

- if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd
 Caesar to you ; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt.
 So for this time, Pompey, fare you well. 238
- POM. I thank your worship for your good counsel ; [*aside*] but I
 shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.
 Whip me ? No, no ; let carman whip his jade ;
 The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*exit.*]
- ESCAL. Come hither to me, Master Elbow ; come hither, Master
 Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable ?
- ELB. Seven year and a half, sir. 247
- ESCAL. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued
 in it some time. You say seven years together ?
- ELB. And a half, sir.
- ESCAL. Alas, it hath been great pains to you ! They do you wrong to
 put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient
 to serve it ? 254
- ELB. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters ; as they are chosen,
 they are glad to choose me for them ; I do it for some piece of
 money, and go through with all.
- ESCAL. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the
 most sufficient of your parish.
- ELB. To your worship's house, sir ? 260
- ESCAL. To my house. Fare you well. [*exit ELBOW.*] What's
 o'clock, think you ?
- JUST. Eleven, sir.
- ESCAL. I pray you home to dinner with me.
- JUST. I humbly thank you. 265
- ESCAL. It grieves me for the death of Claudio ;
 But there's no remedy.
- JUST. Lord Angelo is severe.
- ESCAL. It is but needful :
 Mercy is not itself that oft looks so ;
 Pardon is still the nurse of second woe. 270
 But yet, poor Claudio ! There is no remedy.
 Come, sir. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE II *Another room in Angelo's house.**Enter PROVOST and a SERVANT.*

- SERV. He's hearing of a cause ; he will come straight.
 I'll tell him of you.
- PROV. Pray you do. [*exit SERVANT.*]
 I'll know
 His pleasure ; may be he will relent. Alas,
 He hath but as offended in a dream !
 All sects, all ages, snack of this vice ; and he 5
 To die for 't !

Enter ANGELO.

- ANG. Now, what's the matter, Provost ?
- PROV. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow ?
- ANG. Did not I tell thee yea ? Hadst thou not order ?
 Why dost thou ask again ?
- PROV. Lest I might be too rash ;

- Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom. 10
- ANG. Go to ; let that be mine.
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.
- PROV. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet ? 15
She's very near her hour.
- ANG. Dispose of her
'To some more fitter place, and that with speed.
- Re-enter SERVANT.*
- SERV. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
- ANG. Hath he a sister ?
- PROV. Ay, my good lord ; a very virtuous maid, 20
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
- ANG. Well, let her be admitted. [*exit SERVANT.*]
See you the fornicatress be remov'd ;
Let her have needful but not lavish means
There shall be order for't.
- Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.*
- PROV. [*going*] Save your honour ! 25
- ANG. Stay a little while. [*to ISABELLA*] Y'are welcome ; what's your
will ?
- ISAB. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
- ANG. Well ; what's your suit ?
- ISAB. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice 30
For which I would not plead, but that I must ;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
- ANG. Well ; the matter ?
- ISAB. I have a brother is condemn'd to die
I do beseech you, let it be his fault 35
And not my brother.
- PROV. [*aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces
- ANG. Condemn the fault and not the actor of it !
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, 40
And let go by the actor.
- ISAB. O just but severe law
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour !
- LUCIO. [*to ISABELLA*] Give't not o'er so ; to him again, entreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown.
You are too cold : if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it. 45
To him, I say.
- ISAB. Must he needs die ?

- ANG. Maiden, no remedy.
 ISAB. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him.
 And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy. 50
 ANG. I will not do't.
 ISAB. But can you, if you would ?
 ANG. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
 ISAB. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
 If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
 As mine is to him ?
 ANG. He's sentenc'd ; 'tis too late. 55
 LUCIO. [to ISABELLA] You are too cold.
 ISAB. Too late ? Why, no ; I, that do speak a word,
 May call it back again. Well, believe this :
 No ceremony that to great ones longs,
 Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword, 60
 The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,
 Become them with one half so good a grace
 As mercy does.
 If he had been as you, and you as he,
 You would have slipp'd like him ; but he, like you, 65
 Would not have been so stern.
 ANG. Pray you be gone.
 ISAB. I would to heaven I had your potency,
 And you were Isabel ! Should it then be thus ?
 No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge
 And what a prisoner.
 LUCIO. [to ISABELLA] Ay, touch him ; there's the vein. 70
 ANG. Your brother is a forfeit of the law
 And you but waste your words.
 ISAB. Alas ! Alas !
 Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once
 And He that might the vantage best have took
 Found out the remedy. How would you be 75
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you as you are ? O think on that ;
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips.
 Like man new made.
 ANG. Be you content, fair maid.
 It is the law, not I condemn your brother. 80
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
 It should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow
 ISAB. To-morrow ! O, that's sudden ! Spare him, spare him.
 He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
 We kill the fowl of season ; shall we serve heaven 85
 With less respect than we do minister
 To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, bethink you.
 Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
 There's many have committed it. •
 LUCIO. [aside] Ay, well said.
 ANG. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept. 90
 Those many had not dar'd to do that evil
 If the first that did th' edict infringe
 Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
 Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,

- Looks in a glass that shows what future evils— 95
 Either now or by remissness new conceiv'd,
 And so in progress to be hatch'd and born—
 Are now to have no successive degrees,
 But here they live to end.
- ISAB. Yet show some pity.
 ANG. I show it most of all when I show justice ; 100
 For then I pity those I do not know,
 Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
 And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
 Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
 Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content. 105
- ISAB. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
 And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength ! But it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.
- LUCIO. [to ISABELLA] That's well said.
 ISAB. Could great men thunder 110
 As Jove himself does, Jove would never be quiet,
 For every pelting petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder,
 Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven,
 Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt, 115
 Splits the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
 Than the soft myrtle. But man, proud man,
 Dress'd in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
 As makes the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.
- LUCIO. [to ISABELLA] O, to him, to him, wench ! He will relent ;
 He's coming ; I perceive 't.
 PROV. [aside] Pray heaven she win him. 125
- ISAB. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
 Great men may jest with saints : 'tis wit in them ;
 But in the less foul profanation.
- LUCIO. [to ISABELLA] Thou'rt i' th' right, girl ; more o' that.
 ISAB. That in the captain's but a choleric word 130
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
- LUCIO. [to ISABELLA] Art avis'd o' that ? More on't.
 ANG. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?
 ISAB. Because authority, though it err like others,
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself 135
 That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom,
 Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
 That's like my brother's fault. If it confess
 A natural guiltiness such as is his,
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 140
 Against my brother's life.
- ANG. [aside] She speaks, and 'tis
 Such sense that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well.
 ISAB. Gentle my lord, turn back.
 ANG. I will bethink me. Come again to-morrow.

- ISAB. Hark how I'll bribe you ; good my lord, turn back. 145
 ANG. How, bribe me ?
 ISAB. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
 LUCIO. [to ISABELLA] You had marr'd all else.
 ISAB. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
 Or stones, whose rate are either rich or poor 150
 As fancy values them ; but with true prayers
 That shall be up at heaven and enter there
 Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
 From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
 To nothing temporal.
 ANG. Well ; come to me to-morrow. 155
 LUCIO. [to ISABELLA] Go to ; 'tis well ; away.
 ISAB. Heaven keep your honour safe !
 ANG. [aside] Amen ; for I
 Am that way going to temptation
 Where prayers cross.
 ISAB. At what hour to-morrow
 Shall I attend your lordship ?
 ANG. At any time 'fore noon. 160
 ISAB. Save your honour ! [exunt all but ANGELO.
 ANG. From thee ; even from thy virtue !
 What's this, what's this ? Is this her fault or mine ?
 The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?
 Ha !
 Not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I 165
 That, lying by the violet in the sun,
 Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
 That modesty may more betray our sense
 Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground enough, 170
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there ? O, fie, fie, fie !
 What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo ?
 Dost thou desire her foully for those things
 That make her good ? O, let her brother live ! 175
 Thieves for their robbery have authority
 When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes ? What is't I dream on ?
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
 With saints dost bait thy hook ! Most dangerous
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid 185
 Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd and wond'red how. [exit.

SCENE III. *A prison.*

Enter, severally, DUKE, disguised as a FRIAR, and PROVOST.

DUKE. Hail to you, PROVOST ! so I think you are.

PROV. I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar ?

DUKE. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison. Do me the common right 5
 To let me see them, and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

PROV. I would do more than that if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one ; a gentlewoman of mine, 10
 Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
 Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,
 And he that got it, sentenc'd—a young man
 More fit to do another such offence
 Than die for this. 15

DUKE. When must he die ?

PROV. As I do think, to-morrow.

[to JULIET] I have provided for you ; stay awhile

And you shall be conducted.

DUKE. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

JULIET. I do ; and bear the shame most patiently. 20

DUKE. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound

Or hollowly put on.

JULIET. I'll gladly learn.

DUKE. Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

JULIET. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him. 25

DUKE. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act

Was mutually committed.

JULIET. Mutually.

DUKE. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

JULIET. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

DUKE. 'Tis meet so, daughter ; but lest you do repent 30

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,

But as we stand in fear—

JULIET. I do repent me as it is an evil, 35

And take the shame with joy.

DUKE. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,

And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you ! Benedicite !

[*exit.*

JULIET. Must die to-morrow ! O, injurious law, 40

That respites me a life whose very comfort

Is still a dying horror !

PROV. 'Tis pity of him. [*exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Angelo's house.*

Enter ANGELO.

ANG. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
 To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words,

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,
 As if I did but only chew his name, 5
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
 Of my conception. The state whereon I studied
 Is, like a good thing being often read,
 Grown sere and tedious ; yea, my gravity,
 Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, 10
 Could I with boot change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming ! Blood, thou art blood. 15
 Let's write 'good angel' on the devil's horn ;
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter SERVANT.

How now, who's there ?

SERV. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

ANG. Teach her the way. [*exit SERVANT.*] O heavens !
 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, 20
 Making both it unable for itself
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness ?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons ;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air 25
 By which he should revive ; and even so
 The general subject to a well-wish'd king
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid ? 30

ISAB. I am come to know your pleasure.

ANG. That you might know it would much better please me
 Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

ISAB. Even so ! Heaven keep your honour !

ANG. Yet may he live awhile, and, it may be, 35
 As long as you or I ; yet he must die.

ISAB. Under your sentence ?

ANG. Yea.

ISAB. When ? I beseech you ; that in his reprieve,
 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40
 That his soul sicken not.

ANG. Ha ! Fie, these filthy vices ! It were as good
 To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image 45
 In stamps that are forbid ; 'tis all as easy
 Falsely to take away a life true made
 As to put metal in restrained means
 To make a false one.

- ISAB. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth. 50
 ANG. Say you so ? Then I shall pose you quickly.
 Which had you rather—that the most just law
 Now took your brother's life ; or, to redeem him, '—
 Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
 As she that he hath stain'd ?
- ISAB. Sir, believe this : 55
 I had rather give my body than my soul.
 ANG. I talk not of your soul ; our compell'd sins
 Stand more for number than for accompt.
- ISAB. How say you ?
 ANG. Nay, I'll not warrant that ; for I can speak
 Against the thing I say. Answer to this : 60
 I, now the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life ;
 Might there not be a charity in sin
 To save this brother's life ?
- ISAB. Please you to do't,
 I'll take it as a peril to my soul 65
 It is no sin at all, but charity.
 ANG. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
 Were equal poise of sin and charity.
- ISAB. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 Heaven let me bear it ! You granting of my suit, 70
 If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answer.
- ANG. Nay, but hear me ;
 Your sense pursues not mine ; either you are ignorant
 Or seem so, craftily ; and that's not good. 75
- ISAB. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
 But graciously to know I am no better.
- ANG. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
 When it doth tax itself ; as these black masks
 Proclaim an enshielded beauty ten times louder 80
 Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me :
 To be received plain, I'll speak more gross—
 Your brother is to die.
- ISAB. So.
- ANG. And his offence is so, as it appears, 85
 Accountant to the law upon that pain.
- ISAB. True.
- ANG. Admit no other way to save his life,
 As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
 But, in the loss of question, that you, his sister, 90
 Finding yourself desir'd of such a person
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-binding law ; and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him but that either 95
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else to let him suffer—
 What would you do ?
- ISAB. As much for my poor brother as myself ;

- That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That long~~ing~~ have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame. 100
- ANG. Then must your brother die.
- ISAB. And 'twere the cheaper way : 105
Better it were a brother died at once
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
- ANG. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so ? 110
- ISAB. Ignominy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses : lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
- ANG. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant ;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice. 115
- ISAB. O, pardon me, my lord ! It oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120
- ANG. We are all frail.
- ISAB. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.
- ANG. Nay, women are frail too.
- ISAB. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves, 125
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women, help heaven ! Men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail ;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
- ANG. I think it well ; 130
And from this testimony of your own sex,
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold.
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're none ; 135
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now
By putting on the destin'd livery.
- ISAB. I have no tongue but one ; gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language. 140
- ANG. Plainly conceive, I love you.
- ISAB. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.
- ANG. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
- ISAB. I know your virtue hath a license in't, 145
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
- ANG. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
- ISAB. Ha ! little honour to be much believ'd,

- And most pernicious purpose ! Seeming, seeming ! 150
 I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't.
 Sign me a present pardon for my brother
 Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world 'aloud
 What man thou art.
- ANG. Who will believe thee, Isabel ?
 My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life, 155
 My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state,
 Will so your accusation overweigh
 That you shall stifle in your own report,
 And smell of calumny. I have begun,
 And now I give my sensual race the rein : 160
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;
 Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
 That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will ;
 Or else he must not only die the death, 165
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can : my false o'erweighs your true. [exit. 171
- ISAB. To whom should I complain ? Did I tell this,
 Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue
 Either of condemnation or approof,
 Bidding the law make curtsy to their will ; 175
 Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
 To follow as it draws ! I'll to my brother.
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
 More than our brother is our chastity. 185
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [exit.

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. *The prison.*

Enter DUKE, disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.

DUKE. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo ?

CLAUD. The miserable have no other medicine

But only hope :

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

DUKE. Be absolute for death ; either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life.

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

- That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skyey influences,
 That dost this habitation where thou keep'st 10
 Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's fool :
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun
 And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble ;
 For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant 15
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender tork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself ,
 For thou exists on many a thousand grains 20
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain :
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor 25
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none ;
 For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30
 Do curse the gout, serpigo and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms 35
 Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
 Lie hid mee thousand deaths ; yet death we fear. 40
 That makes these odds all even.
- CLAUD. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find I seek to die ;
 And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.
- ISAB. [*within*] What, ho ! Peace here ; grace and good company !
- PROV. Who's there ? Come in ; the wish deserves a welcome. 45
- DUKE. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
- CLAUD. Most holy sir, I thank you.
- Enter ISABELLA.*
- ISAB. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
- PROV. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister. 50
- DUKE. Provost, a word with you.
- PROV. As many as you please.
- DUKE. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.
 [*exunt DUKE and PROVOST.*]
- CLAUD. Now, sister, what's the comfort ? 55
- ISAB. Why,
 As all comforts are , most good, most good, indeed.
 Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador,

- Where you shall be an everlasting leiger. 60
 Therefore, your best appointment make with speed ;
 To-morrow you set on.
- CLAUD. Is there no remedy ?
 ISAB. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
 To cleave a heart in twain.
- CLAUD. But is there any ?
 ISAB. Yes, brother, you may live : 65
 There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
 If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
 But fetter you till death.
- CLAUD. Perpetual durance ?
 ISAB. Ay, iust ; perpetual durance, a restraint,
 Though all the world's vastidity you had, 70
 To a determin'd scope.
- CLAUD. But in what nature ?
 ISAB. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
 Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
 And leave you naked.
- CLAUD. Let me know the point.
 ISAB. O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake, 75
 Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
 And six or seven winters more respect
 Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
 The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
 And the poor beetle that we tread upon 80
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.
- CLAUD. Why give you me this shame ?
 Think you I can a resolution fetch
 From flow'ry tenderness ? If I must die,
 I will encounter darkness as a bride 85
 And hug it in mine arms.
- ISAB. There spake my brother ; there my father's grave
 Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die :
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy, 90
 Whose settled visage and deliberate word
 Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth cnew
 As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil ;
 His filth within being cast, he would appear
 A pond as deep as hell.
- CLAUD. The precise Angelo ! 95
 ISAB. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell
 The damned'st body to invest and cover
 In precise guards ! Dost thou think, Claudio,
 If I would yield him my virginity
 Thou might'st be freed ?
- CLAUD. O heavens ! it cannot be. 100
 ISAB. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
 So to offend him still. This night's the time
 That I should do what I abhor to name,
 Or else thou diest to-morrow.
- CLAUD. Thou shalt not do't

- ISAB. O, were it but my life ! 105
 I'd throw it down for your deliverance
 As frankly as a pin.
- CLAUD. Thanks, dear Isabel.
- ISAB. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
- CLAUD. Yes. Has he affections in him
 That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose 110
 When he would force it ? Sure it is no sin ;
 Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
- ISAB. Which is the least ?
- CLAUD. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
 Why would he for the momentary trick 115
 Be perdurably fin'd ?—O Isabel !
- ISAB. What says my brother ?
- CLAUD. Death is a fearful thing.
- ISAB. And shamed life a hateful.
- CLAUD. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ; 120
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds, 125
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and incertain thought
 Imagine howling—'tis too horrible.
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life 130
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
 Can lay on nature is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.
- ISAB. Alas, alas !
- CLAUD. Sweet sister, let me live.
 What sin you do to save a brother's life, 135
 Nature dispenses with the deed so far
 That it becomes a virtue.
- ISAB. O you beast !
 O faithless coward ! O dishonest wretch !
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
 Is't not a kind of incest to take life 140
 From thine own sister's shame ? What should I think ?
 Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair !
 For such a warped slip of wilderness
 Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance ;
 Die ; perish. Might but my bending down 145
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 No word to save thee.
- CLAUD. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
- ISAB. O fie, fie, fie !
 Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. 150
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd ;
 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

CLAUD.

O, hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

DUKE. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

ISAB. What is your will?

154

DUKE. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you ; the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

ISAB. I have no superfluous leisure , my stay must be stolen out of other affairs , but I will attend you awhile. *[walks apart.]*

DUKE. Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her . only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible ; to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees and make ready.

169

CLAUD. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

DUKE. Hold you there. Farewell. *[exit CLAUDIO.]* Provost, a word with you.*Re-enter PROVOST.*

PRO. What's your will, father ?

174

DUKE. That, now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid ; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

PROV. In good time.

[exit PROVOST.]

DUKE. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good ; the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

186

ISAB. I am now going to resolve him , I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

191

DUKE. That shall not be much amiss ; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation : he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings ; to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit ; redeem your brother from the angry law ; do no stain to your own gracious person ; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

ISAB. Let me hear you speak farther ; I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

202

DUKE. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not

heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

ISAB. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

DUKE. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry. with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 217

ISAB. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

DUKE. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour, in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not. 223

ISAB. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

DUKE. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it. Show me how, good father. 230

DUKE. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course—and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place. If the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

ISAB. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection. 251

DUKE. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's, there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me: and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly. 257

ISAB. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

[exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before ; on the other, ELBOW, and OFFICERS with POMPEY.

ELB. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

DUKE. O heavens ! what stuff is here ?

POM. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsen allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm ; and furr'd with fox on lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

ELB. Come your way, sir. Bless you, good father friar.

DUKE. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir ?

FLB. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law ; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

DUKE. Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd !

The evil that thou causest to be done,

That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back

From such a filthy vice ; say to thyself

' From their abominable and beastly touches

I drink, I eat, array myself, and live '.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life,

So stinkingly depending ? Go mend, go mend.

POM. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir ; but yet, sir, I would prove—

DUKE. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer ;

Correction and instruction must both work

Ere this rude beast will profit.

ELB. He must before the deputy, sir ; he has given him warning.

The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster ; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

DUKE. That we were all, as some would seem to be,

From our faults, as his faults from seeming, free.

ELB. His neck will come to your waist—a cord, sir.

Enter LUCIO.

POM. I spy comfort ; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

LUCIO. How now, noble Pompey ! What, at the wheels of Cæsar ?

Art thou led in triumph ? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd ? What reply, ha ? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method ? Is't not drown'd i' th' last rain, ha ? What say'st thou, trot ? Is the world as it was, man ? Which is the way ? Is it sad, and few words ? or how ? The trick of it ?

DUKE. Still thus, and thus ; still worse !

LUCIO. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

POM. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

LUCIO. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so; ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd—an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey? 57

POM. Yes, faith, sir.

LUCIO. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey, Farewell; go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey—or how?

ELB. For being a bawd, for being a bawd. 61

LUCIO. Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity, too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house. 66

POM. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

LUCIO. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage. If you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar. 71

DUKE. And you.

LUCIO. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

ELB. Come your ways, sir; come.

POM. You will not bail me then, sir? 75

LUCIO. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

ELB. Come yoys ways, sir; come.

LUCIO. Go to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*exeunt* ELBOW, POMPEY and OFFICERS.
What news, friar, of the Duke? 80

DUKE. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

LUCIO. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome; but where is he, think you?

DUKE. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well. 85

LUCIO. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

DUKE. He does well in't. 90

LUCIO. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him. Something too crabbed that way, friar.

DUKE. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

LUCIO. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation. Is it true, think you? 98

DUKE. How should he be made, then?

LUCIO. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true. And he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

DUKE. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace. 105

LUCIO. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of

a codpiece to take away the life of a man ! Would the Duke that is absent have done this ? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport : ' he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy. 112

DUKE. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women ; he was not inclin'd that way.

LUCIO. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

DUKE. 'Tis not possible.

LUCIO. Who—not the Duke ? Yes, your beggar of fifty ; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too : that let me inform you. 120

DUKE. You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke ; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

DUKE. What, I prithee, might be the cause ? 125

LUCIO. No, pardon ; 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips ; but this I can let you understand : the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

DUKE. Wise ? Why, no question but he was.

LUCIO. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow. 130

DUKE. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking ; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully ; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much dark'n'd in your malice.

LUCIO. Sir, I know him, and I love him. 139

DUKE. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

LUCIO. Come, sir, I know what I know.

DUKE. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it ; I am bound to call upon you ; and I pray you your name ?

LUCIO. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke. 150

DUKE. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

LUCIO. I fear you not.

DUKE. O, you hope the Duke will return no more ; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again. 156

LUCIO. I'll be hang'd first. Thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no ?

DUKE. Why should he die, sir ? 160

LUCIO. Why ? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again. This ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency ; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered ; he would never bring them to light. Would he were return'd ! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar ; I prithee pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton

on Fridays. He's not past it yet ; and, I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar though she smelt brown bread and garlic.
Say that I said so. Farewell. [exit.

DUKE. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong 175
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?
But who comes here ?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and OFFICERS with MISTRESS OVERDONE.

ESCAL. Go, away with her to prison.

MRS. OV. Good my lord, be good to me ; your honour is accounted a merciful man ; good my lord. 180

ESCAL. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind ! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

PROV. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour. 185

MRS. OV. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time ; he promis'd her marriage. His child is a year and a quarter old come Philip and Jacob ; I have kept it myself ; and see how he goes about to abuse me. 191

ESCAL. That fellow is a fellow of much licence. Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison. Go to ; no more words.

[*exeunt OFFICERS with MISTRESS OVERDONE.*]

Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd : Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

PROV. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for th' entertainment of death. 200

ESCAL. Good even, good father.

DUKE. Bliss and goodness on you !

ESCAL. Of whence are you ?

DUKE. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time. I am a brother. 205

Of gracious order, late come from the Sec

In special business from his Holiness.

ESCAL. What news abroad i' th' world ?

DUKE. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request ; and, as it is, as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure ; but security enough to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke ?

ESCAL. One that, above all other strifes, contend'd especially to know himself.

DUKE. What pleasure was he given to ? 220

ESCAL. Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at anything which profess'd to make him rejoice ; a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know how you find

Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation. 226

DUKE. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice. Yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life ; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now he is resolv'd to die. 232

ESCAL. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forc'd me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

DUKE. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself. 240

ESCAL. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

DUKE. Peace be with you ! [exunt ESCALUS AND PROVOST.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe ;
Pattern in himself to know, 245

Grace to stand, and virtue go
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighin ;
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking ! 250

Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow !
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !
How may likeness, made in crimes, 255

Make a practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things !
Craft against vice I must apply.

With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised : 260
So disguise shall, by th' disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [exit.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *The moated grange at Saint Luke's.*

Enter MARIANA ; and BOY singing.

Song.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn :
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn ;
But my kisses bring again, bring again ;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

MARI. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away ;
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. [exit BOY.
 I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish 10
 You had not found me here so musical.
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.
 DUKE. 'Tis good ; though music oft hath such a charm
 To make bad good and good provoke to harm. 15
 I pray you tell me hath anybody inquir'd for me here to-day.
 Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.
 MARI. You have not been inquir'd after ; I have sat here all day

Enter ISABELLA.

DUKE. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I
 shall crave your forbearance a little. May be I will call upon
 you anon, for some advantage to yourself.
 MARI. I am always bound to you. *exit.*
 DUKE. Very well met, and well come.
 What is the news from this good deputy ? 25
 ISAB. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
 Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;
 And to that vineyard is a planched gate
 That makes his opening with this bigger key
 This other doth command a little door 30
 Which from the vineyard to the garden leads.
 There have I made my promise
 Upon the heavy middle of the night
 To call upon him.
 DUKE. But shall you on your knowledge find this way ? 35
 ISAB. I have ta'en a duc and wary note upon't ;
 With whispering and most guilty diligence,
 In action all of precept, he did show me
 The way twice o'er.
 DUKE. Are there no other tokens
 Between you 'greed concerning her observance ? 40
 ISAB. No, none, but only a repair i' th' dark :
 And that I have possess'd him my most stay
 Can be but brief ; for I have made him know
 I have a servant comes with me along,
 That stays upon me ; whose persuasion is 45
 I come about my brother.
 DUKE. 'Tis well borne up.
 I have not yet made known to Mariana
 A word of this. What ho, within ! come forth.

Re-entr MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid ;
 She comes to do you good.
 ISAB. I do desire the like. 50
 DUKE. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?
 MARI. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.
 DUKE. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
 Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ; 55
The vaporous night approaches.
MARI. Will't please you walk aside ?

[*exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

DUKE. O place and greatness ! Millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious quest 60
Upon thy doings. Thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed ?

ISAB. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

DUKE. It is not my consent, 65
But my entreaty too.

ISAB. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother'.

MARI. Fear me not.

DUKE. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all. 70
He is your husband on a pre-contract.
To bring you thus together 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go ;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The prison.*

Enter PROVOST *and* POMPEY.

PROV. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head ?

POM. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can ; but if he be a married
man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's
head. 4

PROV. Come, sir, leave me your snatches and yield me a direct
answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine.
Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office
lacks a helper ; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall
redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time
of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping,
for you have been a notorious bawd. 12

POM. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind ; but yet
I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to
receive some instructions from my fellow partner.

PROV. What ho, Abhorson ! Where's Abhorson there ?

Enter ABHORSON.

ABHOR. Do you call, sir ? 18

PROV. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execu-
tion. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and
let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and
dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you ; he hath
been a bawd. 23

ABHOR. A bawd, sir ? Fie upon him ! He will discredit our mystery.
 PROV. Go to, sir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale.

POM. Pray, sir, by your good favour—for surely, sir, a good favour
 you have but that you have a hanging look—do you call, sir, your
 occupation a mystery ? [exit.

ABHOR. Ay, sir ; a mystery. 30

POM. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery ; and your whores,
 sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove
 my occupation a mystery ; but what mystery there should be in
 hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine. 36

ABHOR. Sir, it is a mystery.

POM. Proof ?

ABHOR. Every true man's apparel fits your thief : if it be too little for
 your thief, your true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big
 for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough ; so every true
 man's apparel fits your thief. 42

Re-enter PROVOST.

PROV. Are you agreed ?

POM. Sir, I will serve him ; for I do find your hangman is a more
 penitent trade than your bawd ; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

PROV. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four
 o'clock. 48

ABHOR. Come on, bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow.

POM. I do desire to learn, sir ; and I hope, if you have occasion to
 use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare ; for truly, sir,
 for your kindness I owe you a good turn. 54

PROV. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

[*exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY.*]

Th' one has my pity ; not a jot the other,
 Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death ;
 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
 Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine ? 60

CLAUD. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
 When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.
 He will not wake.

PROV. Who can do good on him ?

Well, go, prepare yourself. [*knocking within.*] But hark, what
 noise ?

Heaven give your spirits comfort ! [exit CLAUDIO.
[*knocking continues.*] By and by. 65

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
 For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before. •

Welcome, father.

DUKE. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
 Envelop you, good Provost ! Who call'd here of late ?

PROV. None, since the curfew rung. 70

DUKE. Not Isabel ?

PROV. No.

DUKE. They will then, ere't be long.

PROV. What comfort is for Claudio ?

DUKE. There's some in hope.

PROV. It is a bitter deputy.

DUKE. Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd 75

Even with the stroke and line of his great justice ;

He doth now with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself which he spurs on his pow'r

To qualify in others. Were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous ; 80

But this being so, he's just. [*knocking within.*] Now are they come
[*exit PROVOST.*]

This is a gentle provost ; seldom when

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men. [*knocking within.*]

How now, what noise ! That spirit's possess'd with haste

That wounds th' unsisting postern with these strokes. 85

Re-enter PROVOST.

PROV. There he must stay until the officer

Arise to let him in ; he is call'd up.

DUKE. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet

But he must die to-morrow ?

PROV. None, sir, none.

DUKE. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is, 90

You shall hear more ere morning.

PROV. Happily

You something know ; yet I believe there comes

No countermand ; no such example have we.

Besides, upon the very siege of justice,

Lord Angelo hath to the public ear 95

Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER.

This is his lordship's man.

DUKE. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

MESS. My lord hath sent you this note ; and by me this further charge,
that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in
time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow ; for as I
take it, it is almost day. 101

PROV. I shall obey him. [*exit MESSENGER.*]

DUKE. [*aside.*] This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in ;

Hence hath offence his quick celerity, 105

When it is borne in high authority.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended

That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.

Now, sir, what news ? 109

PROV. I told you : Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine
office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on ; methinks
strangely, for he hath not us'd it before.

DUKE. Pray you, let's hear. 113

PROV. [*reads*] 'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio
be executed by four of the clock, and, in the afternoon, Barnardine.'

For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.'

What say you to this, sir?

120

DUKE. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in th' afternoon?

PROV. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred. One that is a prisoner nine years old.

DUKE. How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

PROV. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubted proof.

130

DUKE. It is now apparent?

PROV. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

DUKE. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

134

PROV. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless, of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality and desperately mortal.

138

DUKE. He wants advice.

PROV. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

145

DUKE. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy. If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

PROV. Pray, sir, in what?

155

DUKE. In the delaying death.

PROV. Alack! How may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

160

DUKE. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

PROV. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

165

DUKE. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

171

PROV. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

DUKE. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

PROV. To him and to his substitutes.

DUKE. You will think you have made no offence if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing ? 176

PROV. But what likelihood is in that ?

DUKE. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke. You know the character, I doubt not ; and the signet is not strange to you.

PROV. I know them both. 184

DUKE. The contents of this is the return of the Duke ; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not ; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, th' unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn.

[*exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The prison.*

Enter POMPEY.

POM. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession ; one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash ; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks ready money. Marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Threepile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deepvow, and Master Copperspur, and Master Starvelackey, the rapier and dagger man, and young Dropheir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shootie the great traveller, and wild Halfcan that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more—all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake'.

18

Enter ABHORSON.

ABHOR. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

POM. Master Barnardine ! You must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine !

ABHOR. What ho, Barnardine !

BARNAR. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats ! Who makes that noise there ? What are you ?

POM. Your friends, sir ; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death. 26

BARNAR. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away : I am sleepy.

ABHOR. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

POM. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards? 30

ABHOR. Go in to him, and tetch him out.

POM. He is coming, sir, he is coming ; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

ABHOR. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah ?

POM. Very ready, sir. 35

BARNAR. How now, Abhorson, what's the news with you ?

ABHOR. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers ; for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARNAR. You rogue. I have been drinking all night ; I am not fitted for't. 40

POM. O, the better, sir ! For he that drinks all night and is hanged betimes in the morning may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before

ABHOR. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you ? 45

DUKE. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

BARNAR. Friar, not I ; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain. 52

DUKE. O, sir, you must ; and therefore I beseech you

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BARNAR. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

DUKE. But hear you—

BARNAR. Not a word ; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward, for thence will not I to-day. *[exit.]*

DUKE. Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart ! 60

After him, fellows : bring him to the block.

[exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY.]

Enter PROVOST

PROV. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner.

DUKE. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

PROV. Here in the prison, lather, 65

There died this morning of a cruel fever

One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate.

A man of Claudio's years, his beard and head

Just of his colour. What if we do omit

This reprobate till he were well inclin'd. 70

And satisfy the deputy with the visage

Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ?

DUKE. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides !

Dispatch it presently ; the hour draws on

Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done, 75

And sent according to command ; whiles I

- Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
 PROV. This shall be done, good father, presently.
 But Barnardine must die this afternoon ;
 And how shall we continue Claudio,
 To save me from the danger that might come
 If he were known alive ? 80
- DUKE. Let this be done :
 Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio.
 Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
 To the under generation, you shall find 85
 Your safety manifested.
- PROV. I am your free dependant.
- DUKE. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo [exit PROVOST.
 Now will I write letters to Angelo—
 The Provost, he shall bear them—whose contents 90
 Shall witness to him I am near at home,
 And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
 To enter publicly. Him I'll desire
 To meet me at the consecrated fount,
 A league below the city ; and from thence, 95
 By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
 We shall proceed with Angelo.
- Re-enter PROVOST.*
- PROV. Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.
- DUKE. Convenient is it. Make a swift return ;
 For I would commune with you of such things 100
 That want no ear but yours.
- PROV. I'll make all speed. [exit.]
- ISAB. [within] Peace, ho, be here !
- DUKE. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
 If yet her brother's pardon be come hither ;
 But I will keep her ignorant of her good, 105
 To make her heavenly comforts of despair
 When it is least expected.
- Enter ISABELLA.*
- ISAB. Ho, by your leave !
- DUKE. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
- ISAB. The better, given me by so holy a man.
 Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ? 110
- DUKE. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.
 His head is off and sent to Angelo.
- ISAB. Nay, but it is not so.
- DUKE. It is no other.
 Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience. 115
- ISAB. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes !
- DUKE. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
- ISAB. Unhappy Claudio ! Wretched Isabel !
 Injurious world ! Most damned Angelo !
- DUKE. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot ; 120
 Forbear it, therefore ; give your cause to heaven.
 Mark what I say, which you shall find
 By every syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow. Nay, dry your eyes.
 One of our covent, and his confessor, 125
 Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
 Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
 Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
 There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your wisdom
 In that good path that I would wish it go, 130
 And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
 Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
 And general honour.

ISAB. I am directed by you.

DUKE. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give ;
 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return. 135
 Say, by this token, I desire his company
 At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
 I'll perfect him withal ; and he shall bring you
 Before the Duke ; and to the head of Angelo
 Accuse him home and home. For my poor self, 140
 I am combined by a sacred vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,
 If I pervert your course. Who's here ? 145

Enter LUCIO.

LUCIO. Good even. Friar, where's the Provost ?

DUKE. Not within, sir.

LUCIO. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so
 red. Thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with
 water and bran ; I dare not for my head fill my belly ; one fruitful
 meal would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here
 to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother. If the old
 fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[exit ISABELLA.]

DUKE. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports ;
 but the best is, he lives not in them. 156

LUCIO. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do ; he's a
 better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

DUKE. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

LUCIO. Nay, tarry ; I'll go along with thee ; I can tell thee pretty
 tales of the Duke. 161

DUKE. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be
 true ; if not true, none were enough.

LUCIO. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

DUKE. Did you such a thing ?

LUCIO. Yes, marry, did I ; but I was fain to forswear it : they would
 else have married me to the rotten medlar. •

DUKE. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well. 170

LUCIO. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy
 talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a
 kind of burr ; I shall stick. *[exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. ANGELO'S house.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

ESCAL. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

ANG. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness ; pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted ! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there ? 5

ESCAL. I guess not.

ANG. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his ent'ring that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street ?

ESCAL. He shows his reason for that : to have a dispatch of complaints ; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

ANG. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd ;
Betimes i' th' morn I'll call you at your house ;
Give notice to such men of sort and suit
As are to meet him. 15

ESCAL. I shall, sir ; fare you well.

ANG. Good night.

[*exit* ESCALUS.]

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflow'rd maid !

And by an eminent body that enforc'd 20

The law against i. ! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me ! Yet reason dares her no ;

For my authority bears a so credent bulk

That no particular scandal once can touch 25

But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,

By so receiving a dishonour'd life

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd 30

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot.

Nothing goes right ; we would, and we would not

[*exit*.]

SCENE V. *Fields without the town.**Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.*

DUKE. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[*giving letters*.]

The Provost knows our purpose and our plot.

The matter being afoot, keep your instruction

And hold you ever to our special drift ;

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that 5

As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay ; give the like notice

To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;

But send me Flavius first.

F. PETER.

It shall be speeded well.

[*exit* FRIAR.]

Enter VARRIUS.

DUKE. I thank thee, Varrius, thou hast made good haste. 11
 Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
 Will greet us here anon. My gentle Varrius! [*exunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A street near the city gate.**Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

ISAB. To speak so indirectly I am loath;
 I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
 That is your part. Yet I am advis'd to do it,
 He says, to veil full purpose.

MARI. Be rul'd by him.

ISAB. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure 5
 He speak against me on the adverse side,
 I should not think it strange: for 'tis a physic
 That's bitter to sweet end.

MARI. I would friar Peter—

Enter FRIAR PETER.

ISAB. O, peace! the friar is come.

F. PETER. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit. 10
 Where you may have such vantage on the Duke
 He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:
 The generous and gravest citizens
 Have hent the gates, and very near upon
 The Duke is ent'ring, therefore, hence, away. [*exunt.*]

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. *The city gate.*

*Enter at several doors DUKE, VARRIUS, LORDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO,
 PROVOST, OFFICERS, and CITIZENS.*

DUKE. My very worth cousin, fairly met!

Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

ANG. ESCAL. Happy return be to your royal Grace!

DUKE. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you, and we hear 5
 Such goodness of your justice that our soul
 Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
 Forerunning more requital.

ANG. You make my bonds still greater.

DUKE. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it 10
 To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
 When it deserves, with characters of brass
 A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
 And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand.
 And let the subject see, to make them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim 15
 Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
 You must walk by us on our other hand,
 And good supporters are you.

Enter FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA.

F. PETER. Now is your time ; speak loud, and kneel before him.

ISAB. Justice, O royal Duke ! Vail your regard 20

Upon a wrong'd—I would fain have said a maid !

O worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye

By throwing it on any other object

Till you have heard me in my true complaint,

And given me justice, justice, justice, justice. 25

DUKE. Relate your wrongs. In what ? By whom ? Be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice ;

Reveal yourself to him.

ISAB. O worthy Duke,

You bid me seek redemption of the devil !

Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak 30

Must either punish me, not being believ'd,

Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here !

ANG. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm ;

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,

Cut off by course of justice—

ISAB. By course of justice! 35

ANG. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

ISAB. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange ?

That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange ?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief. 40

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,

Is it not strange and strange ?

DUKE. Nay, it is ten times strange.

ISAB. It is not truer he is Angelo

Than this is all as true as it is strange ;

Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth 45

To th' end of reck'ning.

DUKE. Away with her. Poor soul,

She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

ISAB. O Prince ! I conjure thee, as thou believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not with that opinion 50

That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible

That which but seems unlike : 'tis not impossible

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,

As Angelo ; even so may Angelo, 55

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,

Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal Prince,

If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,

Had I more name for badness.

DUKE. By mine honesty,

If she be mad, as I believe no other, 60

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,

Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness.

ISAB. O gracious Duke,

Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason

For inequality ; but let your reason serve 65

- To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.
- DUKE. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say ?
- ISAB. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70
To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother ; one Lucio
As then the messenger—
- LUCIO. That's I, an't like your Grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her 75
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.
- ISAB. That's he, indeed.
- DUKE. You were not bid to speak.
- LUCIO. No, my good lord ;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
- DUKE. I wish you now, then
Pray you take note of it ; and when you have 80
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
- LUCIO. I warrant your honour.
- DUKE. The warrant's for yourself ; take heed to't.
- ISAB. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
- LUCIO. Right. 85
- DUKE. It may be right ; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
- ISAB. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
- DUKE. That's somewhat madly spoken.
- ISAB. Pardon it ;
The phrase is to the matter. 90
- DUKE. Mended again. The matter—proceed.
- ISAB. In brief—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,
For this was of much length—the vile conclusion 95
I now begin with grief and shame to utter :
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother ; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, 100
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
- DUKE. This is most likely !
- ISAB. O that it were as like as it is true !
- DUKE. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour 106
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish ; next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself. If he had so offended, 110

He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on :
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

- ISAB. And is this all ?
Then, O you blessed ministers above, 115
Keep me in patience ; and, with ripened time.
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance ! Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go !
- DUKE. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer ' 120
To prison with her ! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us ? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither ?
- ISAB. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick. 125
- DUKE. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick ?
- LUCIO. My Lord, I know him ; 'tis a meddling friar.
I do not like the man ; had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly. 130
- DUKE. Words against me ? This's a good friar. belike !
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute ! Let this friar be found.
- LUCIO. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison ; a saucy friar, 135
A very scurvy fellow.
- F. PETER. Blessed be your royal Grace !
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute ; 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.
- DUKE. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of ?
- F. PETER. I know him for a man divine and holy ;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler, 145
As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.
- LUCIO. My lord, most villainously ; believe it.
- F. PETER. Well, he in time may come to clear himself 150
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo—came I hither
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know 155
Is true and false ; and what he, with his oath
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman—
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd— 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

DUKE.

Good friar, let's hear it.

[exit ISABELLA guarded.]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?

O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!

Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;

165

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.

Enter MARIANA veiled.

Is this the witness, friar?

First let her show her face, and after speak.

MARI. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face

Until my husband bid me.

170

DUKE. What, are you married?

MARI. No, my lord.

DUKE. Are you a maid?

MARI. No, my lord.

DUKE. A widow, then?

175

MARI. Neither, my lord.

DUKE. Why, you are nothing then; neither maid, widow, nor wite.

LUCIO. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither

maid, widow, nor wife.

180

DUKE. Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause

'To prattle for himself.

LUCIO. Well, my lord.

MARI. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married,

And I confess, besides, I am no maid.

185

I have known my husband; yet my husband

Knows not that ever he knew me.

LUCIO. He was drunk, then, my lord; it can be no better.

DUKE. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

LUCIO. Well, my lord.

190

DUKE. 'This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

MARI. Now I come to't, my lord:

She that accuses him of fornication,

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time

195

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,

With all th' effect of love.

ANG. Charges she more than me?

MARI. Not that I know.

DUKE. No? You say your husband.

MARI. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

200

Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

ANG. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

MARI. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

205

Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on;

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body

That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house

210

In her imagin'd person.

221

- DUKE. Know you this woman ?
- LUCIO. Carnally, she says.
- DUKE. Sirrah, no more.
- LUCIO. Enough, my lord.
- ANG. My lord, I must confess I know this woman ;
 And five years since there was some speech of marriage 215
 Betwixt myself and her ; which was broke off,
 Partly for that her promised proportions
 Came short of composition ; but in chief
 For that her reputation was disvalued
 In levity. Since which time of five years 220
 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
 Upon my faith and honour.
- MARI. Noble Prince,
 As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
 As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue.
 I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly 225
 As words could make up vows. And, my good lord,
 But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,
 He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
 Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
 Or else for ever be confixed here, 230
 A marble monument !
- ANG. I did but smile till now.
 Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;
 My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
 These poor informal women are no more
 But instruments of some more mightier member 235
 That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
 To find this practice out.
- DUKE. Ay, with my heart ;
 And punish them to your height of pleasure.
 Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
 Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths, 240
 Though they would swear down each particular saint,
 Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
 That's seal'd in approbation ? You, Lord Escalus,
 Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains
 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd. 245
 There is another friar that set them on ;
 Let him be sent for.
- F. PETER. Would he were here, my lord ! For he indeed
 Hath set the women on to this complaint.
 Your provost knows the place where he abides, 250
 And he may fetch him.
- DUKE. Go, do it instantly. [exit PROVOST.
- And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
 Do with your injuries as seems you best
 In any chastisement. I for a while will leave you ; 255
 But stir not you till you have well determin'd
 Upon these slanderers.

ESCAL.

My lord, we'll do it throughly.

[*exit* DUKE.]

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to
be a dishonest person? 260

LUCIO. 'Cucullus non facit monachum': honest in nothing but in
his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches
of the Duke.

ESCAL. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce
them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

LUCIO. As any in Vienna, on my word.

ESCAL. Call that same Isabel here once again; I would speak with
her. [*Exit an ATTENDANT*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to
question; you shall see how I'll handle her. 271

LUCIO. Not better than he, by her own report.

ESCAL. Say you?

LUCIO. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would
sooner confess; perchance, publicly, she'll be asham'd. 276

*Re-enter OFFICERS with ISABELLA; and PROVOST with the
DUKE in his friar's habit.*

ESCAL. I will go darkly to work with her.

LUCIO. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

ESCAL. Come on, mistress; here's a gentlewoman denies all that you
have said. 280

LUCIO. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the
Provost.

ESCAL. In very good time. Speak not you to him till we call upon you.

LUCIO. Mum. 285

ESCAL. Come, sir; did you set these women on to slander Lord
Angelo? They have confess'd you did.

DUKE. 'Tis false.

ESCAL. How! Know you where you are?

DUKE. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne! 290

Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.

ESCAL. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak,
Look you speak justly.

DUKE. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, 295

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox,

Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,

And put your trial in the villain's mouth 300

Which here you come to accuse.

LUCIO. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

ESCAL. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallowed friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth, 305

And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain; and then to glance from him

To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?

Take him hence; to th' rack with him! We'll touze you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose. 310

What, 'unjust'!

- DUKE. Be not so hot ; the Duke
 Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
 Dare rack his own ; his subject am I not,
 Nor here provincial. My business in this state
 Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, 315
 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
 Till it o'errun the stew : laws for all faults,
 But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes
 Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
 As much in mock as mark. 320
- ESCAL. Slander to th' state ! Away with him to prison !
 ANG. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio ?
 Is this the man that you did tell us of ?
- LUCIO. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-man bald-pate. Do
 you know me ? 325
- DUKE. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice. I met you
 at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.
- LUCIO. O did you so ? And do you remember what you said of the
 Duke ?
- DUKE. Most notably, sir. 330
- LUCIO. Do you so, sir ? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and
 a coward, as you then reported him to be ?
- DUKE. You must, sir, change persons with me ere you make that my
 report ; you, indeed, spoke so of him ; and much more, much
 worse. 336
- LUCIO. O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck thee by the nose
 for thy speeches ?
- DUKE. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.
- ANG. Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable
 abuses ! 341
- ESCAL. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal. Away with him to
 prison ! Where is the Provost ? Away with him to prison !
 Lay bolts enough upon him ; let him speak no more. Away with
 those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion ! 346
[the PROVOST lays hands on the DUKE.]
- DUKE. Stay, sir ; stay awhile.
- ANG. What, resists he ? Help him, Lucio.
- LUCIO. Come, sir ; come, sir ; come, sir ; foh, sir ! Why, you
 bald-pated lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you ? Show
 your knave's visage, with a pox to you ! Show your sheep-biting
 face, and be hang'd an hour ! Will't not off ? 353
[pulls off the FRIAR's hood and discovers the DUKE.]
- DUKE. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.
 First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three. 355
[to LUCIO] Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and you
 Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.
- LUCIO. This may prove worse than hanging.
- DUKE. *[to ESCALUS]* What you have spoke I pardon : sit you down.
 We'll borrow place of him. *[to ANGELO]* Sir, by your leave. 360
 Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
 That yet can do thee office ? If thou hast,
 Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
 And hold no longer out.
- ANG. O my dread lord,

- I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, 365
 To think I can be undiscernible,
 When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
 Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good Prince,
 No longer session hold upon my shame,
 But let my trial be mine own confession ; 370
 Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
 Is all the grace I beg.
- DUKE. Come hither, Mariana.
 Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?
- ANG. I was, my lord.
- DUKE. Go, take her hence and marry her instantly. 375
 Do you the office, friar ; which consummate,
 Return him here again. Go with him, Provost.
- [*exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and PROVOST.*]
- ESCAL. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour
 Than at the strangeness of it
- DUKE. Come hither, Isabel.
 Your friar is now your prince. As I was then 380
 Advertising and holy to your business,
 Not changing heart with habit, I am still
 Attorney'd at your service.
- ISAB. O, give me pardon,
 That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
 Your unknown sovereignty.
- DUKE. You are pardon'd Isabel. 385
 And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
 Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;
 And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
 Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
 Make rash remonstrance of my hidden pow'r 390
 Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
 It was the swift celerity of his death,
 Which I did think with slower foot came on,
 That brain'd my purpose. But peace be with him !
 That life is better life, past fearing death, 395
 Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
 So happy is your brother.
- ISAB. I do, my lord.
- Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and PROVOST.*
- DUKE. For this new-married man approaching here,
 Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
 Your well-defended honour, you must pardon 400
 For Mariana's sake ; but as he adjudg'd your brother—
 Being criminal in double violation
 Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach,
 Thereon dependent, for your brother's life—
 The very mercy of the law cries out 405
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
 'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death !'
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
 Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
 Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested, 410
- S.C.—8 225

Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
 We do condemn thee to the very block
 Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
 Away with him !

MARI. O my most gracious lord,
 I hope you will not mock me with a husband. 415

DUKE. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
 Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
 I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
 And choke your good to come. For his possessions, 420
 Although by confiscation they are ours,
 We do instate and widow you withal,
 To buy you a better husband.

MARI. O my dear lord,

I crave no other, nor no better man.

DUKE. Never crave him ; we are definitive. 425

MARI. Gentle my liege— [kneeling.]

DUKE. You do but lose your labour.

Away with him to death ! [to LUCIO] Now, sir, to you.

MARI. O my good lord ! Sweet Isabel, take my part ;
 Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
 I'll lend you all my life to do you service. 430

DUKE. Against all sense you do importune her.
 Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
 And take her hence in horror.

MARI. Isabel,
 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ; 435
 Hold up your hands, say nothing ; I'll speak all.

They say best men are moulded out of faults ;
 And, for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad ; so may my husband.
 O Isabel, will you not lend a knee ? 440

DUKE. He dies for Claudio's death.

ISAB. [kneeling.] Most bounteous sir,
 Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
 As if my brother liv'd. I partly think
 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds
 Till he did look on me ; since it is so, 445
 Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
 In that he did the thing for which he died ;
 For Angelo,
 His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
 And must be buried but as an intent 450
 That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects ;
 Intents but merely thoughts.

MARI. Merely, my lord.

DUKE. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.
 I have bethought me of another fault.
 Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded 455
 At an unusual hour ?

PROV. It was commanded so.

DUKE. Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

PROV. No, my good lord ; it was by private message.

DUKE. For which I do discharge you of your office ;
Give up your keys.

PROV. Pardon me, noble lord ; 460
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me, after more advice ;
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

DUKE. What's he ?

PROV. His name is Barnardine. 465

DUKE. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.

Go fetch him hither ; let me look upon him. [exit PROVOST.

ESCAL. I am sorry one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood 470
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

ANG. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure ;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it. 475

*Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO (muffled)
and JULIET.*

DUKE. Which is that Barnardine ?

PROV. This, my lord.

DUKE. There was a friar told me of this man.

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd ; 480
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him ;
I leave him to your hand. What muffl'd fellow's that ?

PROV. This is another prisoner that I sav'd, 485
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head ;
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [unmuffles CLAUDIO.

DUKE. [to ISABELLA] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd ; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine, 490
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife ; her worth worth yours. 495
I find an apt remission in myself ;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
[to LUCIO] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman !
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you 500
That you extol me thus ?

LUCIO. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you
will hang me for it, you may ; but I had rather it would please
you I might be whipt.

- DUKE. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after. 505
 Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
 If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow—
 As I have heard him swear himself there's one
 Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
 And he shall marry her. The nuptial finish'd, 510
 Let him be whipt and hang'd.
- LUCIO. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your
 Highness said even now I made you a duke ; good my lord, do
 not recompense me in making me a cuckold. 515
- DUKE. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
 Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
 Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison ;
 And see our pleasure herein executed.
- LUCIO. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping,
 and hanging. 521
- DUKE. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*exeunt OFFICERS with LUCIO.*]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
 Joy to you, Mariana ! Love her, Angelo ;
 I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue. 525
 Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness ;
 There's more behind that is more gratulate.
 Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy ;
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
 Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home 530
 The head of Ragozine for Claudio's :
 Th' offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
 I have a motion much imports your good ;
 Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
 What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. 535
 So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show
 What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.

[*exeunt.*]

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS was performed on 28th December 1594 before the members of Gray's Inn. This was part of their elaborate Christmas celebrations for which they had elected a Lord of Misrule. According to the account that has survived of the proceedings the members of the Inner Temple were to join them to witness the performance. The details of accommodation however had been badly miscalculated and the Templars withdrew before the performance; their displeasure at what they regarded as uncivil treatment was however placated by a performance on 3rd January of a *Masque of Proteus* at which everything was carefully ordered for them by their hosts of Gray's Inn.

The Comedy of Errors was not of course written for this occasion. It must be one of Shakespeare's earliest plays, but it was no doubt regarded as specially suitable for performance before the lawyers at this season because of its classical affinities. Shakespeare had combined features from two plays by Plautus, the *Menaechmi* and the *Amphitruo*. In the *Amphitruo* a master and his servant are locked out by the lady of the house while she entertains in their stead and in all innocence Jupiter and his servant Mercury, disguised as her husband and his servant. Here are identical masters and identical servants. By adding to the *Menaechmi*, where the confusions are caused by a pair of twins, a second pair to act as their servants, Shakespeare was able to include in his mistakings a central scene (like that in the *Amphitruo*) where Adriana entertains Antipholus of Syracuse and his servant, while her husband and his man are fretting in the street.

It is absurd to say as some do that Shakespeare has made the plot more improbable. The probability of the premises is not here the first consideration. The question is, Does Shakespeare use his extra material skilfully and economically? Does he make his addition pay its way? Unfortunately the play is not performed nowadays, but even a reading acquaintance will show that this report of a performance by Charles Armitage Brown, a friend of Keats, is not exaggerated:

'Until I saw it on the stage, I had not imagined the extent of the mistakes, the drollery of them, their unabated continuance, till, at the end of the fourth act, they reach their climax, with the assistance of Dr. Pinch, when the audience in their laughter rolled about like waves.'

Shakespeare was obviously early a master in the dexterous contrivance of comic situations.

To the comedy of Plautus Shakespeare has added a touch of romance of his own: Adriana is given a sister Luciana; this adds at first to the confusion, for the wandering twin falls in love with her to the grief of Adriana who thinks her husband is unfaithful; in the end it makes for a neater solution and happy marriage.

In this play Shakespeare strictly observes the Unities of Time and

Place. In the first scene it is morning and Aegeon is being led to execution ; the last scene is on the evening of the same day, when Aegeon is pardoned and united to his long-lost wife and sons. In short the action takes place between sunrise and sunset. Nor does the place change. The houses are arranged round an open space like a square in Ephesus, the sign of the Phoenix indicating the house of Antipholus, that of the Porpentine the house of the courtesan, with the Priory near by. Those going to or coming from the harbour use one side of the stage for their exits and entrances, the other side is to and from the town—all according to classical convention.

It is unnecessary to wonder how Shakespeare came by the Latin required to read Plautus. A grammar school education would give him that. To suppose that he must have rewritten a play by someone who did know Plautus is to multiply versions without necessity. *The Comedy of Errors* goes naturally with the other 'classical' pieces of his early years, *Titus Andronicus* and *Venus and Adonis*. No one, except those who regard Shakespeare as the ghost of Bacon or Oxford, denies that *Venus and Adonis* is from the poet's own hand. If he could write that poem there seems no good reason why he should not have been able to write *The Comedy of Errors*. Of course it is different from the poem ; only here and there has Shakespeare allowed himself lyrical flights, although these, few as they may be, are characteristic of the poet. In the comedy Shakespeare is the dramatist, exploiting the opportunities his stage allowed and developing the possibilities in his plot. He is here the dramatic craftsman rather than the poet ; and *The Comedy of Errors* exhibits in a particularly clear way and almost in isolation one of his talents that he was not to neglect and that he was later to combine so profitably with others. Those who suppose that Shakespeare's masterpieces are a series of disconnected scenes rather than the highly organised unities they indeed are should turn back to such an earlier and simpler play as *The Comedy of Errors*, where the liaison between scene and scene is so obvious and essential, and then ask themselves if years of practice really deprived Shakespeare of this early skill. The unity of the later plays is of course subtler and more complicated but it includes the technical mastery already visible in *The Comedy of Errors*.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, <i>Duke of Ephesus.</i>	SECOND MERCHANT, <i>to whom Ægeon is a debtor.</i>
ÆGEON, <i>a merchant of Syracuse.</i>	PINCH, <i>a schoolmaster.</i>
ANTIPHOLUS [~] <i>twin brothers, and</i>	ÆMILIA, <i>wife to Ægeon; an</i>
OF EPHEBUS, <i>sons to Ægeon</i>	<i>abbess at Ephesus.</i>
ANTIPHOLUS <i>and Emilia.</i>	ADRIANA, <i>wife to Antipholus of</i>
OF SYRACUSE,	<i>Ephesus.</i>
DROMIO OF <i>twin brothers, and</i>	LUCIANA, <i>her sister.</i>
EPHEBUS, <i>attendants on the</i>	LUCE, <i>servant to Adriana.</i>
DROMIO OF <i>two</i>	A COURTEZAN.
SYRACUSE, <i>Antipholuses.</i>	GAOLER, OFFICERS, ATTENDANTS.
BALTHAZAR, <i>a merchant.</i>	
ANGELO, <i>a goldsmith.</i>	
FIRST MERCHANT, <i>friend to</i>	
<i>Antipholus of Syracuse.</i>	

THE SCENE : *Ephesus.*

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. *A hall in the Duke's palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF EPHEBUS, ÆGEON, THE MERCHANT OF SYRACUSA, GAOLER, OFFICERS, and other ATTENDANTS.

ÆGE. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
 And by the doom of death end woes and all.
 DUKE. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more ;
 I am not partial to infringe our laws.
 The enmity and discord which of late 5
 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
 To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
 Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
 Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks. 10
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
 To admit no traffic to our adverse towns ; 15
 Nay, more : if any born at Ephesus
 Be seen at any Syracusian marts and fairs;
 Again, if any Syracusian born
 Come to the bay of Ephesus—he dies,
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose, 20
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty and to ransom him.

- Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die. 25
- ÆGE. Yet this my comfort : when your words are done,
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun
- DUKE. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus. 30
- ÆGE. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable ;
 Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave. 35
- In Syracuse was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd
 By prosperous voyages I often made 40
- To Epidamnum ; till my factor's death,
 And the great care of goods at random left,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse
 From whom my absence was not six months old, 45
- Before herself, almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arrived where I was.
 There had she not been long but she became 50
- A joyful mother of two goodly sons .
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A mean woman was delivered 55
- Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return , 60
- Unwilling, I agreed. Alas ! too soon
 We came aboard.
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm 65
- But longer did we not retain much hope,
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death
 Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd. 70
- Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear.
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me. 75
- And this it was, for other means was none :
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,

- And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us ;
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fast'ned him unto a small spare mast, 80
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms .
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd, 85
 Fast'ned ourselves at either end the mast,
 And, floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us 90
 And, by the benefit of his wished light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us—
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.
 But ere they came—O, let me say no more ! 95
 Gather the sequel by that went before.
- DUKE. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so :
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
- ÆGE. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us ! 100
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encount'ed by a mighty rock,
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst
 So that, in this unjust divorce o' us. 105
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind . 110
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length another ship had seiz'd on us ;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthful welcome to their ship-wreck'd guests, 115
 And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail ;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, 120
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
- DUKE. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What have befall'n of them and thee till now.
- ÆGE. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care, 125
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother, and importun'd me
 That his attendant—so his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
 Might bear him company in the quest of him . 130
 Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,

- I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Grece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ; 135
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
 Or that or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life ;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live. 140
- DUKE. Hapless, Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul, 145
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can. 150
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
 To seek thy help by beneficial hap.
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live ; if no, then thou art doom'd to die. 155
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.
- GAOL. I will, my lord.
- ÆGE. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [exunt.]

SCENE II. *The mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *and* FIRST MERCHANT.

- FIRST MER. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here ;
 And, not being able to buy out his life, 5
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.
- ANT. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host.
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time ;
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn ;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary. 15
 Get thee away.
- DRO. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a mean. [exit DROMIOS.]
- ANT. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20

- Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn and dine with me ?
- FIRST MER. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit ; 25
 I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
 And afterward consort you till bed time.
 My present business calls me from you now.
- ANT. s. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself, 30
 And wander up and down to view the city.
- FIRST MER. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
 [exit FIRST MERCHANT.]
- ANT. s. He that commends me to mine own content
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
 I to the world am like a drop of water 35
 That in the ocean seeks another drop,
 Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
 So I, to find a mother and a brother,
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40
- Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.*
- Here comes the almanac of my true date.
 What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soon ?
- DRO. E. Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too late.
 The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;
 The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell— 45
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek ;
 She is so hot because the meat is cold,
 The meat is cold because you come not home,
 You come not home because you have no stomach,
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast ; 50
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.
- ANT. s. Stop in your wind, sir ; tell me this, I pray :
 Where have you left the money that I gave you ?
- DRO. E. O—sixpence that I had a Wednesday last 55
 To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ?
 The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.
- ANT. s. I am not in a sportive humour now ;
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust 60
 So great a charge from thine own custody ?
- DRO. E. I pray you jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
 I from my mistress come to you in post ;
 If I return, I shall be post indeed,
 For she will score your fault upon my pate. 65
 Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.
- ANT. s. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season ;
 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ? 70
- DRO. E. To me, sir ? Why, you gave no gold to me.

- ANT. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
- DRO. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner. 75
My mistress and her sister stays for you.
- ANT. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry scone of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd. 80
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?
- DRO. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again, 85
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
- ANT. S. Thy mistress' marks ! What mistress, slave, hast thou ?
- DRO. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix ;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 90
- ANT. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave. [beats him.
- DRO. E. What mean you, sir ? For God's sake hold your hands !
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [exit DROMIO E.
- ANT. S. Upon my life, by some device or other 95
The villain is o'erraught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage ;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin ;
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave.
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [exit.

ACT TWO

SCENE I. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

*Enter ADRIANA, wife to ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, with LUCIANA,
her sister.*

- ADR. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
- LUC. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner ; 5
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty ;
Time is their master, and when they see time,
They'll go or come. If so, be patient, sister.
- ADR. Why should their liberty than ours be more ? 10
- LUC. Because their business still lies out o' door.

- ADR. Look when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
 LUC. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
 ADR. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
 LUC. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe. 15
 There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
 But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
 Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
 Man, more divine, the master of all these, 20
 Lord of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
 Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
 Are masters to their females, and their lords
 Then let your will attend on their accords. 25
- ADR. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
 LUC. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
 ADR. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
 LUC. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
 ADR. How if your husband start some other where ? 30
 LUC. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
 ADR. Patience unmov'd ! no marvel though she pause :
 They can be meek that have no other cause.
 A wretched soul, bruise'd with adversity,
 We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ; 35
 But were we burd'ned with like weight of pain,
 As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
 With urging helpless patience would relieve me ;
 But if thou live to see like right bereft, 40
 This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
- LUC. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
 Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

- ADR. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?
 DRO. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can 46
 witness.
 ADR. Say, didst thou speak with him ? Know'st thou his mind ?
 DRO. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.
 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
 LUC. Spake he so doubtfully thou could'st not feel his meaning ? 51
 DRO. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows ; and
 withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.
 ADR. But say, I prithee, is he coming home ? 55
 It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
 DRO. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
 ADR. Horn-mad, thou villain !
 DRO. E. I mean not cuckold-mad ;
 But, sure, he is stark mad.
 When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, 60
 He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.
 'Tis dinner time ' quoth I ; ' My gold ! ' quoth he.
 ' Your meat doth burn ' quoth I ; ' My gold ! ' quoth he.
 ' Will you come home ? ' quoth I ; ' My gold ! ' quoth he

- 'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?' 65
 'The pig' quoth I 'is burn'd'; 'My gold!' quoth he.
 'My mistress, sir' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress;
 I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress.'
- LUC. Quoth who?
 DRO. E. Quoth my master. 70
 'I know' quoth he 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders,
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
- ADR. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home. 75
 DRO. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
 For God's sake, send some other messenger.
- ADR. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
 DRO. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating;
 Between you I shall have a holy head. 80
- ADR. Hence, prating peasant! Fetch thy master home.
 DRO. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
 That like a football you do spurn me thus?
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither;
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [exit. 86
- LUC. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!
 ADR. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
 Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it. 90
 Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault; he's master of my state. 95
 What ruins are in me that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair.
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale, 100
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.
- LUC. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence.
 ADR. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
 I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
 Or else what lets it but he would be here? 105
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;
 Would that alone a love he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see the jewel best enamelled
 Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still 110
 That others touch and, often touching, will
 Where gold; and no man that hath a name
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die. 115
- LUC. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [exeunt.

SCENE II. *The mart.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.*

ANT. s. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
 Is wand'ring forth in care to seek me out.
 By computation and mine host's report
 I could not speak with Dromio since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes. 5

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir, is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur! You receiv'd no gold!
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner! 10
 My house was at the Phoenix! Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
 DRO. s. What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?
 ANT. s. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
 DRO. s. I did not see you since you sent me hence, 15
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
 ANT. s. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
 And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.
 DRO. s. I am glad to see you in this merry vein. 20
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
 ANT. s. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
 Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*beating him.*]
 DRO. s. Hold, sir, for God's sake! Now your jest is earnest.
 Upon what bargain do you give it me? 25

ANT. s. Because that I familiarly sometimes
 Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
 Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
 And make a common of my serious hours.
 When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport, 30
 But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
 And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

DRO. s. Sconce, call you it? So you would leave battering, I had
 rather have it a head. An you use these blows long, I must get
 a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek
 my wit in my shoulders. But I pray, sir, why am I beaten? 40

ANT. s. Dost thou not know?

DRO. s. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

ANT. s. Shall I tell you why?

DRO. s. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a
 wherefore.

ANT. s. Why, first for flouting me; and then wherefore, 45
 For urging it the second time to me.

DRO. s. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
 When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
 Well, sir, I thank you.

- ANT. s. Thank me, sir ! for what ? 50
- DRO. s. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.
- ANT. s. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something.
But say, sir, is it dinner-time ?
- DRO. s. No, sir ; I think the meat wants that I have. 55
- ANT. s. In good time, sir, what's that ?
- DRO. s. Basting.
- ANT. s. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.
- DRO. s. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.
- ANT. s. Your reason ? 60
- DRO. s. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.
- ANT. s. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time ; there's a time for all things.
- DRO. s. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick. 66
- ANT. s. By what rule, sir ?
- DRO. s. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.
- ANT. s. Let's hear it. 70
- DRO. s. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.
- ANT. s. May he not do it by fine and recovery ?
- DRO. s. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man. 75
- ANT. s. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement ?
- DRO. s. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scantied men in hair he hath given them in wit. 80
- ANT. s. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.
- DRO. s. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.
- ANT. s. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.
- DRO. s. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost ; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.
- ANT. s. For what reason ?
- DRO. s. For two ; and sound ones too. 90
- ANT. s. Nay, not sound I pray you.
- DRO. s. Sure ones, then.
- ANT. s. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.
- DRO. s. Certain ones, then.
- ANT. s. Name them. 95
- DRO. s. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring ; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.
- ANT. s. You would all this time have prov'd there is no time for all things. 100
- DRO. s. Marry, and did, sir ; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.
- ANT. s. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.
- DRO. s. Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers. 106
- ANT. s. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But, soft, who wafts us yonder ?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

- ADR. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.
 Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects ; 110
 I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
 The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
 That never words were music to thine ear,
 That never object pleasing in thine eye,
 That never touch well welcome to thy hand, 115
 That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
 Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
 How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
 That thou art then estranged from thyself ?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me, 120
 That, undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me ;
 For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf, 125
 And take unmingled thence that drop again
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious, 130
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate !
 Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow, 135
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?
 I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust ; 140
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ;
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured. 145
- ANT. s. Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know you not :
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town as to your talk,
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Wants wit in all one word to understand. 150
- LUC. Fic, brother, how the world is chang'd with you
 When were you wont to use my sister thus ?
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
- ANT. s. By Dromio ?
 DRO. s. By me ? 155
- ADR. By thee ; and this thou didst return from him—
 That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
- ANT. s. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman ?
 What is the course and drift of your compact ? 160
- DRO. s. I, sir ? I never saw her till this time.
- ANT. s. Villain, thou liest ; for even her very words

- Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
 DRO. s. I never spake with her in all my life.
 ANT. s. How can she thus, then, call us by our names, 165
 Unless it be by inspiration ?
 ADR. How ill agrees it with your gravity
 To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
 Abetting him to thwart me in my mood !
 Be it my wrong you are from me exempt, 170
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine ;
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate. 175
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
 Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss ;
 Who all, for want of pruning, with intrusion
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
 ANT. s. To me she speaks ; she moves me for her theme. 180
 What, was I married to her in my dream ?
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy. 185
 LUC. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
 DRO. s. O, for my beads ! I cross me for a sinner.
 This is the fairy land. O spite of spites !
 We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites.
 If we obey them not, this will ensue : 190
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
 LUC. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not ?
 Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !
 DRO. s. I am transformed, master, am not I ?
 ANT. s. I think thou art in mind, and so am I. 195
 DRO. s. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
 ANT. s. Thou hast thine own form.
 DRO. s. No, I am an ape.
 LUC. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
 DRO. s. 'Tis true ; she rides me, and I long for grass.
 'Tis so, I am an ass ; else it could never be 200
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.
 ADR. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
 Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate. 205
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
 Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well. 210
 ANT. s. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell ?
 Sleeping or waking, mad or well-advis'd ?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd !
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
 And in this mist at all adventures go. 215

DRO. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate ?

ADR. Ay ; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

LUC. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [exeunt.

ACT THREE

SCENE I. *Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

ANT. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all ;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.

Say that I linger'd with you at your shop

To see the making of her carcanet,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home

But here's a villain that would face me down

He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,

And that I did deny my wife and house.

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

DRO. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know whar I know.

That you beat me at the mart I have your hand to show ;

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

ANT. E. I think thou art an ass.

DRO. E. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd ; and being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

ANT. E. Y'are sad, Signior Balthazar ; pray God our cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome here.

BAL. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

ANT. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

BAL. Good meat, sir, is common ; that every churl affords.

ANT. E. And welcome more common ; for that's nothing but words.

BAL. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

ANT. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest.

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part ;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft, my door is lock'd ; go bid them let us in.

DRO. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn !

DRO. S. [within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch !

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many ? Go get thee from the door.

DRO. E. What patch is made our porter ? My master stays in the street.

DRO. S. [within.] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

ANT. E. Who talks within there ? Ho, open the door !

DRO. S. [within.] Right, sir ; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

ANT. E. Wherefore ? For my dinner ; I have not din'd to-day.

DRO. S. [*within.*] Nor to-day here you must not ; come again when you may.

ANT. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe ?

DRO. S. [*within.*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

DRO. E. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name !
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame. 45
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Enter LUCE, within.

LUCE. [*within.*] What a coil is there, Dromio ? Who are those at the gate ?

DRO. E. Let my master in, Luce.

LUCE. [*within.*] Faith, no, he comes too late ;
And so tell your master.

DRO. E. O Lord, I must laugh ! 50
Have at you with a proverb : Shall I set in my staff ?

LUCE. [*within.*] Have at you with another : that's—when ? can you tell ?

DRO. S. [*within.*] If thy name be called Luce—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

ANT. E. Do you hear, you minion ? You'll let us in, I hope ?

LUCE. [*within.*] I thought to have ask'd you.

DRO. S. [*within.*] And you said no.

DRO. E. So, come, help : well struck ! there was blow for blow. 56
ANT. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

LUCE. [*within.*] Can you tell for whose sake ?

DRO. E. Master, knock the door hard.

LUCE. [*within.*] Let him knock till it ache.

ANT. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down. 59

LUCE. [*within.*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town ?

Enter ADRIANA, within.

ADR. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise ?

DRO. S. [*within.*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

ANT. E. Are you there, wife ? You might have come before.

ADR. [*within.*] Your wife, sir knave ! Go get you from the door.

DRO. E. If you went in pain, master, this ' knave ' would go sore.

ANG. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome ; we would fain have either. 66

BAL. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

DRO. E. They stand at the door, master ; bid them welcome hither.

ANT. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

DRO. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin. 70
Your cake here is warm within ; you stand here in the cold ;

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

ANT. E. Go fetch me something ; I'll break ope the gate.

DRO. S. [*within.*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

DRO. E. A man may break a word with you, sir ; and words are but wind ; 75

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

DRO. S. [*within.*] It seems thou want'st breaking ; out upon thee, hind !

DRO. E. Here's too much ' out upon thee ! ' I pray thee let me in.

DRO. S. [*within.*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

ANT. E. Well, I'll break in ; go borrow me a crow. 80

DRO. E. A crow without feather ? Master, mean you so ?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather ,

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

ANT. E. Go get thee gone ; fetch me an iron crow.

BAL. Have patience, sir ; O, let it not be so ! 85

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

'Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, 90

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me : depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner ; 95

And, about evening, come yourself alone

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it, 100

And that supposed by the common rout

Against your yet ungalled estimation

That may with foul intrusion enter in

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead ;

For slander lives upon succession, 105

For ever hous'd where it gets possession.

ANT. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,

And in despite of mirth mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,

Pretty and witty ; wild, and yet, too, gentle ; 110

There will we dine. ' This woman that I mean,

My wife—but, I protest, without desert—

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;

To her will we to dinner. [*to ANGELO.*] Get you home

And fetch the chain ; by this I know 'tis made. 115

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine ;

For there's the house. That chain will I bestow—

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—

Upon mine hostess there ; good sir, make haste.

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

ANG. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

ANT. E. Do so ; this jest shall cost me some expense. [*exunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter LUCIANA with ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

LUC. And may it be that you have quite forgot

A husband's office ? Shall, Antipholus,

- Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth, 5
 Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness ;
 Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ; 10
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
 Be secret-false. What need she be acquainted ? 15
 What simple thief brags of his own attaint ?
 'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed
 And let her read it in thy looks at board ;
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
 Ill deeds is doubled with an evil word. 20
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ; 25
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
- ANT. S. Sweet mistress—what your name is else, I know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine— 30
 Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
 Than our earth's wonder—more than earth, divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;
 Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
 Smoth'red in errors, feeble, shallow, weak, 35
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
 To make it wander in an unknown field ?
 Are you a god ? Would you create me new ?
 Transform me, then, and to your pow'r I'll yield. 40
 But if that I am I, then well I know
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note, 45
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote ;
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie ;
 And in that glorious supposition think 50
 He gains by death that hath such means to die.
 Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink.
- LUC. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?
- ANT. S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.
- LUC. It is a fault that springeth from your eye. 55
- ANT. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

LUC. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

ANT. s. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

LUC. Why call you me love? Call my sister so.

ANT. s. Thy sister's sister.

LUC. That's my sister.

ANT. s. No ; 60

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

LUC. All this my sister is, or else should be. 65

ANT. s. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee ;
 Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life ;
 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
 Give me thy hand.

LUC. O, soft, sir, hold you still ; 69
 I'll fetch my sister to get her good will. [exit LUCIANA.]

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

ANT. s. Why, how now, Dromio ! Where run'st thou so fast ?

DRO. s. Do you know me, sir ? Am I Dromio ? Am I your man ?
 Am I myself ?

ANT. s. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself. 76

DRO. s. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

ANT. s. What woman's man, and how besides thyself ?

DRO. s. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman—one that
 claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me. 82

ANT. s. What claim lays she to thee ?

DRO. s. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse ; and
 she would have me as a beast : not that, I being a beast, she
 would have me ; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays
 claim to me. 87

ANT. s. What is she ?

DRO. s. A very reverent body ; ay, such a one as a man may not
 speak of without he say ' Sir-reverence '. I have but lean luck
 in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage. 92

ANT. s. How dost thou mean a fat marriage ?

DRO. s. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease ; and I
 know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and
 run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the
 tallow in them will burn a Poland winter. If she lives till dooms-
 day, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANT. s. What complexion is she of ? 100

DRO. s. Swart, like my shoe ; but her face nothing like so clean
 kept ; for why she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime
 of it.

ANT. s. That's a fault that water will mend.

DRO. s. No, sir, 'tis in grain ; Noah's flood could not do it. 106

ANT. s. What's her name ?

DRO. s. Nell, sir ; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and
 three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANT. s. Then she bears some breadth ?

DRO. s. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip : she is
 spherical, like a globe ; I could find out countries in her.

ANT. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland? 115

DRO. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

ANT. S. Where Scotland?

DRO. S. I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand.

ANT. S. Where France? 121

DRO. S. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

ANT. S. Where England? 124

DRO. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANT. S. Where Spain?

DRO. S. Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath. 130

ANT. S. Where America, the Indies?

DRO. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose. 135

ANT. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

DRO. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude: this drudge or diviner laid claim to me; call'd Dromio; swore I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. 142

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

ANT. S. Go hie thee presently post to the road 145

An if the wind blow any way from shore,

I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart.

Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, and we know none. 150

'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

DRO. S. As from a bear a man would run for life.

So fly I from her that would be my wife. [exit. 155

ANT. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here,

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. 155

She that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,

Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath almost made me traitor to myself; 160

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,

I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

ANG. Master Antipholus!

ANT. S. Ay, that's my name.

ANG. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine; 165

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

ANT. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

- ANG. What please yourself, sir ; I have made it for you.
 ANT. s. Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.
 ANG. Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have. 170
 Go home with it, and please your wife withal :
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
 And then receive my money for the chain.
 ANT. s. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
 For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more. 175
 ANG. You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well. [exit.
 ANT. s. What I should think of this I cannot tell.
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
 I see a man here needs not live by shifts, 180
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay,
 If any ship put out, then straight away. [exit]

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, and an OFFICER.

- SEC. MER. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
 And since I have not much importun'd you ;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage.
 Therefore make present satisfaction, 5
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.
 ANG. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
 Is growing to me by Antipholus ;
 And in the instant that I met with you
 He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock 10
 I shall receive the money for the same.
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, from the courtesan's.

- OFF. That labour may you save, see where he comes.
 ANT. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou 15
 And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.
 But, soft, I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me. 20
 DRO. E. I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope. [exit DROMIO.
 ANT. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you !
 I promised your presence and the chain,
 But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
 Belike you thought our love would last too long, 25
 If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
 ANG. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,

- The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman. 30
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.
- ANT. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money ;
Besides, I have some business in the town. 35
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
- ANG. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself ? 40
ANT. E. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
- ANG. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you ?
ANT. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;
Or else you may return without your money. 45
ANG. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain ;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
- ANT. E. Good Lord ! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine ;
I should have chid you for not bringing it, 50
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
- SEC. MER. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, dispatch.
ANG. You hear how he importunes me—the chain !
ANT. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
ANG. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now. 55
Either send the chain or send by me some token.
- ANT. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath !
Come, where's the chain ? I pray you let me see it.
- SEC. MER. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no ; 60
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
- ANT. E. I answer you ! What should I answer you ?
ANG. The money that you owe me for the chain.
ANT. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
ANG. You know I gave it you half an hour since. 65
ANT. E. You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.
- ANG. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
- SEC. MER. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
OFF. I do ; and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.
ANG. This touches me in reputation. 72
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
- ANT. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had ! 75
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
- ANG. Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
- OFF. I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit. 80
ANT. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

ANG. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not. 85

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, from the bay.

DRO. S. Master, there's a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ. 90
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind
Blows fair from land ; they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

ANT. E. How now ! a madman ? Why, thou pceevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ? 95

DRO. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

ANT. E. Thou drunken slave ! I sent thee for a rope ;
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

DRO. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon—
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark. 100

ANT. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;
Give her this key, and tell her in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry 105
There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it.
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me ; hie thee, slave, be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come. [*exeunt all but DROMIO.*]

DRO. S. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband. 110
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*exit.*]

SCENE II. *The house of ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

ADR. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?
Mightst thou perceive austere in his eye
That he did plead in earnest ? Yea or no ?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily ?
What observation mad'st thou in this case 5
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

LUC. First he denied you had in him no right.

ADR. He meant he did me none—the more my spite.

LUC. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

ADR. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were. 10

LUC. Then p'leaded I for you.

ADR. And what said he ?

LUC. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

ADR. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

LUC. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech. 15

ADR. Didst speak him fair ?

LUC. Have patience, I beseech.

ADR. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still ;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere ;

20

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

LUC. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

ADR. Ah, but I think him better than I say,

25

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

DRO. S. Here go—the desk, the purse. Sweet now, make haste.

LUC. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

DRO. S. By running fast.

30

ADR. Where is thy master, Dromio ? Is he well ?

DRO. S. No, he's in 'Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him ;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;

35

A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff ;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well ;

One that, before the Judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

40

ADR. Why, man, what is the matter ?

DRO. S. I do not know the matter ; he is 'rested on the case

ADR. What, is he arrested ? Tell me, at whose suit ?

DRO. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well ;

But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.

45

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk ?

ADR. Go fetch it, sister. [*exit LUCIANA.*] This I wonder at :

Thus he unknown to me should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?

DRO. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing,

50

A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it ring ?

ADR. What, the chain ?

DRO. S. No, no, the bell ; 'tis time that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

ADR. The hours come back ! That did I never hear.

55

DRO. S. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

ADR. As if Time were in debt ! How fondly dost thou reason !

DRO. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : have you not heard men say

That Time comes stealing on by night and day ?

60

If 'a be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Re-enter LUCIANA with a purse.

ADR. Go, Dromio, there's the money ; bear it straight,
 And bring thy master home immediately.
 Come, sister ; I am press'd down with conceit—
 Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

65
[exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

ANT. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;
 And every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender money to me, some invite me,
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses, 5
 Some offer me commodities to buy ;
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And therewithal took measure of my body.
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, 10
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

DRO. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you
 got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd ?

ANT. S. What gold is this ? What Adam dost thou mean ?

DRO. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that
 keeps the prison ; he that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd
 for the Prodigal ; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
 and bid you forsake your liberty. 18

ANT. S. I understand thee not.

DRO. S. No ? Why, 'tis a plain case : he that went, like a bass-viol,
 in a case of leather : the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired,
 gives them a sob, and rests them ; he, sir, that takes pity on
 decayed men, and gives them suits of durance ; he that sets up
 his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

ANT. S. What, thou mean'st an officer ? 26

DRO. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ; he that brings any man
 to answer it that breaks his band ; one that thinks a man always
 going to bed, and says ' God give you good rest ! ' 30

ANT. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts
 forth to-night ? May we be gone ?

DRO. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark
 Expedition put forth to-night ; and then were you hind'ed by
 the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels
 that you sent for to deliver you. 36

ANT. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I ;
 And here we wander in illusions.
 Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

Enter a COURTEZAN.

COUR. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus. 40
 I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.

Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day ?

ANT. S. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not.

DRO. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan ?

- ANT. S. It is the devil. 45
- DRO. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes
in the habit of a light wench ; and thereof comes that the wenches
say ' God damn me ! ' That's as much to say ' God make me a
light wench ! ' It is written they appear to men like angels of
light ; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; ergo, light
wenches will burn. Come not near her. 52
- COUR. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me ? We'll mend our dinner here.
- DRO. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.
- ANT. S. Why, Dromio ?
- DRO. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the
devil.
- ANT. S. Avoid then, fiend ! What tell'st thou me of supping ? 60
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress ;
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.
- COUR. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 65
- DRO. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail.
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone ;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise ; an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it. 70
- COUR. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain ;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
- ANT. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let us go.
- DRO. ' Fly pride ' says the peacock. Mistress, that you know. 75
[*exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.]
- COUR. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain ;
Both one and other he denies me now. 80
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits, 85
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose. 90
[*exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A street.**Enter* ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS *with the* OFFICER.

- ANT. E. Fear me not, man ; I will not break away.
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger. 5
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money.

How now, sir ! Have you that I sent you for ?

DRO. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all. 10

ANT. E. But where's the money ?

DRO. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

ANT. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

DRO. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

ANT. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ? 15

DRO. E. To a rope's-end, sir ; and to that end am I return'd.

ANT. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*beating him.*]

OFF. Good sir, be patient.

DRO. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in adversity. 20

OFF. Good now, hold thy tongue.

DRO. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

ANT. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain !

DRO. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

ANT. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass. 27

DRO. E. I am an ass indeed ; you may prove it by my long 'ears.

I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant,
and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When
I am cold he heats me with beating ; when I am warm he cools
me with beating. I am wak'd with it when I sleep ; rais'd with
it when I sit ; driven out of doors with it when I go from home ;
welcom'd home with it when I return ; nay, I bear it on my
shoulders as a beggar wont her brat ; and I think, when he hath
lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door. 37

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the COURTEZAN, and a SCHOOLMASTER call'd PINCH.

ANT. E. Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

DRO. E. Mistress, 'respice finem', respect your end ; or rather, to
prophesy like the parrot, 'Beware the rope's-end'. 40

ANT. E. Wilt thou still talk ? [*beating him.*]

COUR. How say you now ? Is not your husband mad ?

ADR. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer :

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand. 45

LUC. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

COUR. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy.

PINCH. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

ANT. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*striking him.*]

PINCH. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man, 51

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

ANT. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace ! I am not mad. 55

ADR. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul !

ANT. E. You minion, you, are these your customers ?

- Did this companion with the saffron face
 Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
 Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
 And I denied to enter in my house ? 60
- ADR. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
 Where would you had remain'd until this time,
 Free from these slanders and this open shame !
- ANT. E. Din'd at home ! Thou villain, what sayest thou ? 65
- DRO. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
- ANT. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out ?
- DRO. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.
- ANT. E. And did not she herself revile me there ?
- DRO. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there. 70
- ANT. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me ?
- DRO. E. Certes, she did ; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.
- ANT. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence ?
- DRO. E. In verity, you did. My bones bear witness,
 That since have felt the vigour of his rage. 75
- ADR. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries ?
- PINCH. It is no shame ; the fellow finds his vein,
 And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
- ANT. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
- ADR. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, 80
 By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
- DRO. E. Money by me ! Heart and goodwill you might,
 But surely, master, not a rag of money.
- ANT. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats ?
- ADR. He came to me, and I deliver'd it. 85
- LUC. And I am witness with her that she did.
- DRO. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
 That I was sent for nothing but a rope !
- PINCH. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd ;
 I know it by their pale and deadly looks. 90
 They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
- ANT. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day ?
 And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?
- ADR. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
- DRO. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ; 95
 But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
- ADR. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
- ANT. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
 And art confederate with a damned pack
 To make a loathsome abject scorn of me ; 100
 But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes
 That would behold in me this shameful sport.
- ADR. O, bind him, bind him ; let him not come near me.
- PINCH. More company ! The fiend is strong within him.

Enter THREE or FOUR, and offer to bind him. He strives.

LUC. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks ! 105

ANT. E. What, will you murder me ? Thou gaoler, thou,
 I am thy prisoner. Wilt thou suffer them
 To make a rescue ?

OFF.

Masters, let him go ;

- He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
 PINCH. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too. [*they bind DROMIO.*
 ADR. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer? 111
 Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
 Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
 OFF. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
 The debt he owes will be requir'd of me. 115
 ADR. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee;
 Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
 And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
 Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd
 Home to my house. O most unhappy day! 120
 ANT. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
 DRO. E. Master, I am here ent'red in bond for you.
 ANT. E. Out on thee, villain! Wherefore dost thou mad me?
 DRO. E. Will you be bound for nothing?
 Be mad, good master; cry 'The devil!' 125
 LUC. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
 ADR. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
 [*exeunt all but ADRIANA, LUCIANA, OFFICER, and COURTEZAN.*
 Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
 OFF. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?
 ADR. I know the man. What is the sum he owes? 130
 OFF. Two hundred ducats.
 ADR. Say, how grows it due?
 OFF. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
 ADR. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
 COUR. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
 Came to my house, and took away my ring— 135
 The ring I saw upon his finger now—
 Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
 ADR. It may be so, but I did never see it.
 Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is;
 I long to know the truth hereof at large. 140
Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.
 LUC. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
 ADR. And come with naked swords.
 Let's call more help to have them bound again.
 OFF. Away, they'll kill us!
 [*exeunt all but ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE as fast as may be, frightened.*
 ANT. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords. 145
 DRO. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
 ANT. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence.
 I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
 DRO. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm;
 you saw they speak us fair, give us gold; methinks they are such
 a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims
 marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and
 turn witch. 153
 ANT. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
 Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*exeunt.*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. *A street before a priory.**Enter* SECOND MERCHANT *and* ANGELO.

ANG. I am sorry, sir, that I have hind'red you ;

But I protest he had the chain of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

SEC. MER. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

ANG. Of very reverend reputation, sir,

Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

Second to none that lives here in the city ;

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

SEC. MER. Speak softly ; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

ANG. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck

Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble .

And, not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly.

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend ,

Who, but for staying on our controversy,

Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.

This chain you had of me ; can you deny it ?

ANT. S. I think I had ; I never did deny it.

SEC. MER. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too

ANT. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it ?

SEC. MER. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.

ANT. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus ,

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

SEC. MER. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

*[they draw.]**Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* COURTEZAN, *and* OTHERS.

ADR. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ! He is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away ;

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

DRO. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake take a house

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd.

[exeunt ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF SYRACUSE *to the priory.**Enter the* LADY ABBESS.

ABB. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither ?

ADR. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

- ANG. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
- SEC. MER. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
- ABB. How long hath this possession held the man ?
- ADR. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad, 45
 And much different from the man he was ;
 But till this afternoon his passion
 Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
- ABB. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea ?
 Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye 50
 Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?
 A sin prevailing much in youthful men
 Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
 Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?
- ADR. To none of these, except it be the last ; 55
 Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
- ABB. You should for that have reprehended him.
- ADR. Why, so I did.
- ABB. Ay, but not rough enough.
- ADR. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
- ABB. Haply in private.
- ADR. And in assemblies too. 60
- ABB. Ay, but not enough.
- ADR. It was the copy of our conference.
 In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;
 At board, he fed not for my urging it ;
 Alone, it was the subject of my theme ; 65
 In company, I often glanced it ;
 Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
- ABB. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
 The venom clamours of a jealous woman
 Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70
 It seems his sleeps were hind'ed by thy railing,
 And thereof comes it that his head is light.
 Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :
 Unquiet meals make ill digestions ;
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ; 75
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?
 Thou say'st his sports were hind'ed by thy brawls.
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
 But moody and dull melancholy,
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, 80
 And at her heels a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life ?
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,
 To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast.
 The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits 85
 Hath scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
- LUC. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
 Why hear you these rebukes, and answer not ?
- ADR. She did betray me to my own reproof. 90
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
- ABB. No, not a creature enters in my house.
- ADR. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

- ABB. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands 95
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
- ADR. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself ; 100
And therefore let me have him home with me.
- ABB. Be patient ; for I will not let him stir
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again. 105
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order ;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
- ADR. I will not hence and leave my husband here ;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110
To separate the husband and the wife.
- ABB. Be quiet, and depart ; thou shalt not have him. [exit ABBESS.
- LUC. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
- ADR. Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers 115
Have won his Grace to come in person hither
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.
- SEC. MER. By this, I think, the dial points at five ;
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
- ANG. Upon what cause ?
- SEC. MER. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay 125
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
- ANG. See where they come ; we will behold his death.
- LUC. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.
- Enter the DUKE, attended ; ÆGEON, bareheaded ; with the HEADSMAN
and other OFFICERS.*
- DUKE. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, 130
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die ; so much we tender him.
- ADR. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess !
- DUKE. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong. 135
- ADR. May it please your Grace, Antipholus, my husband,
Who I made lord of me and all I had
At your important letters—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desp'rately he hurried through the street, 140
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound and sent him home, 145
 Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
 That here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
 He broke from those that had the guard of him,
 And with his mad attendant and himself, 150
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again and, madly bent on us,
 Chas'd us away ; till, raising of more aid,
 We came again to bind them. Then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them ; 155
 And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
 Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help. 160

DUKE. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
 And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate, 165
 And bid the Lady Abbess come to me,
 I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself !
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor, 170
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire ;
 And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissors nicks him like a fool ; 175
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADR. Peace, fool ! thy master and his man are here,
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

MESS. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ; 180
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
 To scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*cry within.*]
 Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress ; fly, be gone !

DUKE. Come, stand by me ; fear nothing. Guard with halberds.

ADR. Ay me, it is my husband ! Witness you 186
 That he is borne about invisible.
 Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
 And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS and DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

ANT. E. Justice, most gracious Duke ; O, grant me justice ! 190
 Even for the service that long since I did thee,
 When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
 Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

- ÆGE. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio. 195
- ANT. E. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman there !
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonoured me
Even in the strength and height of injury. 200
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
- DUKE. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
- ANT. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house. 205
- DUKE. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so ?
- ADR. No, my good lord. Myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal !
- LUC. Ne'er may I look on day nor sleep on night
But she tells to your Highness simple truth ! 210
- ANG. O perjur'd woman ! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
- ANT. E. My liege, I am advised what I say ;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner ;
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then ; 220
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman. 225
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not ; for the which
He did arrest me with an officer. 230
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats ; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more 235
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave, 240
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out I was possess'd. Then all together 245
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together ;

- Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your Grace ; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.
- ANG. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
- DUKE. But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?
- ANG. He had, my lord, and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.
- SEC. MER. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart ;
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence. I think, you are come by miracle.
- ANT. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me
 I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven
 And this is false you burden me withal.
- DUKE. Why, what an intricate impeach is this
 I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.
 You say he din'd at home : the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you ?
- DRO. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.
- COUR. He did ; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
- ANT. E. 'Tis true, my liege ; this ring I had of her.
- DUKE. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?
- COUR. As sure, my liege as I do see your Grace.
- DUKE. Why, this is strange. Go call the Abbess hither.
- I think you are all mated or stark mad *[exit one to the ABBESS.]*
- ÆGE. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word :
 Haply I see a friend will save my life
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.
- DUKE. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
- ÆGE. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus ?
 And is not that your bondman Dromio ?
- DRO. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
 But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords
 Now am I Dromio and his man unbound.
- ÆGE. I am sure you both of you remember me
- DRO. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you
 For lately we were bound as you are now.
 You are not Pinch's patient, are you sir ?
- ÆGE. Why look you strange on me ? You know me well.
- ANT. E. I never saw you in my life till now.
- ÆGE. O ! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last ;
 And careful hours with time's deformed hand
 Have written strange defeatures in my face.
 But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?
- ANT. E. Neither.
- ÆGE. Dromio, nor thou ?

- DRO. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
 ÆGE. I am sure thou dost.
 DRO. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man
 denies, you are now bound to believe him. 305
 ÆGE. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
 Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
 In seven short years that here my only son
 Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
 Though now this grained face of mine be hid 310
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,
 My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left.
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear; 315
 All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
 Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
 ANT. E. I never saw my father in my life.
 ÆGE. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
 Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son, 320
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
 ANT. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
 Can witness with me that it is not so:
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.
 DUKE. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years 325
 Have I been patron to Antipholus,
 During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
 I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter the ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

- ABB. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
 [all gather to see them.
 ADR. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me. 330
 DUKE. One of these men is genius to the other;
 And so of these. Which is the natural man,
 And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
 DRO. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
 DRO. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay. 335
 ANT. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
 DRO. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
 ABB. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
 And gain a husband by his liberty.
 Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man 340
 That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
 That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
 O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
 And speak unto the same Æmilia!
 ÆGE. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia. 345
 If thou art she, tell me where is that son
 That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
 ABB. By men of Epidamnum he and I
 And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
 But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth 350

- By force took Dromio and my son from them,
 And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
 What then became of them I cannot tell ;
 I to this fortune that you see me in.
- DUKE. Why, here begins his morning story right. 355
 These two Antipholus', these two so like,
 And these two Dromios, one in semblance—
 Besides her urging of her wreck at sea—
 These are the parents to these children,
 Which accidentally are met together. 360
 Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first ?
- ANT. s. No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.
- DUKE. Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is which.
- ANT. e. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
- DRO. e. And I with him. 365
- ANT. e. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
 Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
- ADR. Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?
- ANT. s. I, gentle mistress.
- ADR. And are not you my husband ?
- ANT. e. No ; I say nay to that. 370
- ANT. s. And so do I, yet did she call me so ;
 And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
 Did call me brother. [to LUCIANA.] What I told you then,
 I hope I shall have leisure to make good ;
 If this be not a dream I see and hear. 375
- ANG. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
- ANT. s. I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.
- ANT. e. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
- ANG. I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.
- ADR. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail, 380
 By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not.
- DRO. e. No, none by me.
- ANT. s. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
 And Dromio my man did bring them me.
 I see we still did meet each other's man, 385
 And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
 And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.
- ANT. e. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
- DUKE. It shall not need ; thy father hath his life.
- COUR. Sir, I must have that diamond from you. 390
- ANT. e. There, take it ; and much thanks for my good cheer.
- ABB. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
 To go with us into the abbey here,
 And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes ,
 And all that are assembled in this place 395
 That by this sympathized one day's error
 Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
 And we shall make full satisfaction.
 Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
 Of you, my sons ; and till this present hour 400
 My heavy burden ne'er delivered.
 The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me ,

After so long grief, such nativity !

405

DUKE. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[exeunt all but ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS,
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE *and* DROMIO OF EPHEBUS.

DRO. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard ?

ANT. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd ?

DRO. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

ANT. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio.

410

Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there ; rejoice with him.

[exeunt ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *and* ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

DRO. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

415

DRO. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

DRO. S. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

DRO. E. That's a question ; how shall we try it ?

420

DRO. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior ; till then, lead thou first.

DRO. E. Nay, then, thus :

We came into the world like brother and brother,

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another *[exeunt.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

HERE as in *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It*, the comedies that group themselves with *Much Ado*, Shakespeare has peopled an old story with a host of characters unknown to the earlier narrator. In Bandello's version of the story King Peter of Arragon having reduced Sicily holds his court at Messina. The daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of the town, attracts the attentions of one of the King's suite. The marriage that is in prospect is however delayed. An intimate friend of the future bridegroom jealous of his companion's happiness employs an unscrupulous fellow to slander the lady to her lover, and to offer to provide evidence of her infidelity. On the night fixed for the lady's conviction the accomplices show the deluded lover someone entering an upper window by a ladder as if to an assignation. The lover then causes her father to be informed of his daughter's treachery and breaks off the marriage. The lady all but dies of the accusation, recovers and is concealed by her father who gives out that she is dead, has funeral rites performed and a tomb erected to her memory. Here the false friend eventually confesses his guilt to his companion who spares his life but reveals all to the girl's father. The father is now to select a wife for the repentant lover and gives him his daughter. She has become even more beautiful in the interval and is unrecognised at first by her old lover. His recognition of her identity and a second marriage between the reformed friend and the wronged lady's sister complete the story.

From Bandello or from some version of the Italian story Shakespeare took the main elements in the Hero-Claudio episode. The maid disguising herself as her mistress is a feature in Ariosto's very different version of the story. Ariosto's version seems to have provided at least the groundwork of a play no longer extant but performed in 1583 before the Queen by the pupils of the Merchant Taylor's school under Richard Mulcaster.

It would have been difficult for Shakespeare to make his Claudio a sympathetic figure; Shakespeare did not try, but sacrificed him for the sake of Benedick and Beatrice, knowing that the audience would forgive him for Hero's sake. Claudio has to denounce Hero in public and at the altar so that the most may be made of the indignation of Beatrice and her appeal to Benedick to revenge the wrong on his friend. What was in the original the main figure becomes rather a subsidiary in the extension Shakespeare added. That is why Charles I in his *Shakespeare* added the alternative title 'Benedick and Beatrice' to that of *Much Ado*; and these are the characters mentioned by Leonard Digges as among the public's chief favourites.

Amongst Shakespeare's most successful additions to the company of characters that are drawn together in the plot are Dogberry and Verges. They are dovetailed into the scheme most economically. These charming blunderers discover the plot before it can be brought to a head, and would have made all clear to Leonato had he not been in such haste to the wedding that he could not spare the time to interpret their language. The audience however are consoled

in the scene of Hero's repudiation by the knowledge that the plot is already being unravelled by the constabulary.

Dogberry and Verges not only provide the clue to Don John's intrigue, they furnish the student of Shakespeare with most useful evidence about the date of *Much Ado* itself.

The first Quarto of *Much Ado* appeared in 1600. That the printer worked from Shakespeare's own manuscript seems clear from various irregularities in the text and stage-directions and above all from the presence of the names of actors standing in place of the characters they were to play. In a prompt-book the actor and the character he presented might stand coupled together for the information and convenience of the prompter; but in *Much Ado* Q1 we have the actor's name by itself, as if the author had actors in view for special parts. This would be natural for a dramatist in Shakespeare's position; he was writing for a closely-knit company and knew all their styles and roles, and he could no more ignore the resources of his company than could Gilbert and Sullivan when they were planning their diversions. When therefore we find the names of Kempe and Cowley in place of Dogberry and Verges we can be sure that Shakespeare as he wrote had these particular actors in his mind for the parts he was creating. We know from other sources that Kempe and Cowley were just the men for the constables.

Will Kempe was the leading clown of his day having fallen heir to Tarleton's popularity. He left the Chamberlain's men in 1599 about the time of the opening of the Globe theatre or shortly after, perhaps because he felt that Shakespeare was limiting more strictly, as his prestige with the public and his company grew, the part assigned to the clowns, requiring them, as Hamlet says when he speaks to the players, to 'speak no more than is set down for them'. Kempe unable to submit to such discipline in the interests of the play turned elsewhere to display his talent.

Shakespeare must have written *Much Ado* therefore before Kempe left the company. Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* makes no mention of it; had so popular a play been in the repertory of Shakespeare's company when Meres was writing he could hardly have omitted it. Meres, it is true, has on his list a play called *Love's Labour's Won*; to which of Shakespeare's pieces this refers we cannot be sure, but it does not seem a very likely alternative title for *Much Ado*.

The conjecture that *Much Ado* was written about 1598 or 1599 cannot be far wrong. It continues the sequence of Romantic comedies built round some love intrigue that story-tellers had already used or dramatists turned to account. Perhaps *Much Ado* stands out in the sequence as the play containing the pair of anti-Romantics that give the play its real Romantic interest. Benedick and Beatrice were certainly the characters that found favour with Shakespeare's contemporaries, and they are still the principal, though not the only, attractions of the comedy.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, <i>Prince of Arragon.</i>	DOGBERRY, <i>a constable.</i>
DON JOHN, <i>his bastard brother.</i>	VERGES, <i>a headborough.</i>
CLAUDIO, <i>a young lord of Florence.</i>	A SEXTON.
BENEDICK, <i>a young lord of Padua.</i>	A BOY.
LEONATO, <i>Governor of Messina.</i>	HERO, <i>daughter to Leonato.</i>
ANTONIO, <i>his brother.</i>	BEATRICE, <i>niece to Leonato.</i>
BALTHASAR, <i>attendant on Don Pedro.</i>	MARGARET, } <i>gentlewomen attend</i>
BORACHIO, } <i>followers of Don John.</i>	URSULA, } <i>ing on Hero.</i>
CONRADE, }	MESSENGERS, WATCH, ATTEND-
FRIAR FRANCIS.	ANTS.

THE SCENE : *Messina.*

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. *Before Leonato's house.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, with a MESSENGER.

LEON. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

MESS. He is very near by this ; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

LEON. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action ? 5

MESS. But few of any sort, and none of name.

LEON. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

MESS. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally rememb'ed by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion ; he hath, indeed, better bet'red expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how. 14

LEON. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

MESS. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him ; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

LEON. Did he break out into tears ? 20

MESS. In great measure.

LEON. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping !

BEAT. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the wars or no ?

MESS. I know none of that name, lady ; there was none such in the army of any sort.

LEON. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

HERO. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

30

MESS. O, he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

BEAT. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the flight ; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars ? But how many hath he kill'd ? For, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

LEON. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

MESS. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

40

BEAT. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it ; he is a very valiant trencherman ; he hath an excellent stomach.

MESS. And a good soldier too, lady.

BEAT. And a good soldier to a lady ; but what is he to a lord ?

MESS. A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

BEAT. It is so, indeed ; he is no less than a stuff'd man ; but for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal.

50

LEON. You must not, sir, mistake my niece : there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her ; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

BEAT. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one ; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

60

MESS. Is't possible ?

BEAT. Very easily possible : he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it ever changes with the next block.

MESS. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

BEAT. No ; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil ?

MESS. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

69

BEAT. O Lord ! he will hang upon him like a discase ; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere 'a be cured.

MESS. I will hold friends with you, lady.

75

BEAT. Do, good friend.

LEON. You will never run mad, niece.

BEAT. No, not till a hot January.

MESS. Don Pedro is approach'd.

79

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, and JOHN the Bastard.

D. PEDRO. Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble ? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

LEON. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace ; for trouble being gone comfort should remain ; but when you depart from me sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

86

D. PEDRO. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

LEON. Her mother hath many times told me so.

BENE. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her? 90

LEON. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. PEDRO. You have it full, Benedick; we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself! Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father. 95

BENE. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

BEAT. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; nobody marks you. 100

BENE. What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are you yet living?

BEAT. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

BENE. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for, truly, I love none. 108

BEAT. A dear happiness to women! They would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

BENE. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! So some gentleman or other shall scrape a predestinate scratch'd face.

BEAT. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were. 116

BENE. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEAT. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BENE. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way a God's name, I have done.

BEAT. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old. 124

D. PEDRO. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart. 130

LEON. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*to Don John.*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord—being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. JOHN. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

LEON. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. PEDRO. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

CLAUD. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

BENE. I noted her not, but I look'd on her. 140

CLAUD. Is she not a modest young lady?

BENE. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex? 145

CLAUD. No, I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

BENE. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is,

she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her. 151

CLAUD. Thou thinkest I am in sport ; I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

BENE. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her ?

CLAUD. Can the world buy such a jewel ? 155

BENE. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter ? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song ? 160

CLAUD. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on.

BENE. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter ; there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you ? 167

CLAUD. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

BENE. Is't come to this ? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion ? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again ? Go to, i' faith ; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you. 175

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. PEDRO. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's ?

BENE. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. PEDRO. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

BENE. You hear, Count Claudio ; I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so ; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance—he is in love. With who ? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is : with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

CLAUD. If this were so, so were it utt' red. 185

BENE. Like the old tale, my lord : ' It is not so, nor 'twas not so ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so ! '

CLAUD. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise !

D. PEDRO. Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy.

CLAUD. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord ? 192

D. PEDRO. By my troth, I speak my thought.

CLAUD. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BENE. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

CLAUD. That I love her, I feel.

D. PEDRO. That she is worthy, I know.

BENE. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake. 201

D. PEDRO. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

CLAUD. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

BENE. That a woman conceived me, I thank her ; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks ; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them

the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none ;
and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a
bachelor. 213

D. PEDRO. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

BENE. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord ; not with
love. Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get
again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's
pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of
blind Cupid. 219

D. PEDRO. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove
a notable argument.

BENE. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me ; and he
that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder and call'd Adam.

D. PEDRO. Well, as time shall try. 225
' In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

BENE. The savage bull may ; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it,
pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead, and let
me be vilely painted ; and in such great letters as they write ' Here
is good horse to hire ' let them signify under my sign ' Here you
may see Benedick the married man '. 232

CLAUD. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. PEDRO. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou
wilt quake for this shortly.

BENE. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. PEDRO. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime,
good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's ; commend me to him,
and tell him I will not fail him at supper ; for, indeed, he hath
made great preparation. 241

BENE. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy ;
and so I commit you—

CLAUD. To the tuition of God. From my house—if I had it—

D. PEDRO. The sixth of July. Your loving friend, Benedick. 247

BENE. No child but Hero ; she's his only heir.
sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly
basted on neither ; ere you flout old ends any further, examine
your conscience ; and so I leave you. [exit BENEDICK.

CLAUD. My liege, your Highness now may do me good.

D. PEDRO. My love is thine to teach ; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good. 255

CLAUD. Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

D. PEDRO. No child but Hero ; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio ?

CLAUD. O, my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 260

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand

Than to drive liking to the name of love ;

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

Have left their places vacant, id their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires, 265

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,

Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. PEDRO. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

- And tire the hearer with a book of words.
 If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ; 270
 And I will break with her, and with her father,
 And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
 That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?
- CLAUD. How sweetly you do minister to love,
 That know love's grief by his complexion ! 275
 But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
 I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.
- D. PEDRO. What need the bridge much broader than the flood ?
 The fairest grant is the necessity.
 Look what will serve is fit. 'Tis once, thou lovest ; 280
 And I will fit thee with the remedy.
 I know we shall have revelling to-night ;
 I will assume thy part in some disguise,
 And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
 And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart, 285
 And take her hearing prisoner with the force
 And strong encounter of my amorous tale.
 Then, after, to her father will I break ;
 And the conclusion is she shall be thine.
 In practice let us put it presently. [exunt.]

SCENE II. *Leonato's house.**Enter, severally, LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

- LEON. How now, brother ! Where is my cousin, your son ? Hath
 he provided this music ?
- ANT. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange
 news that you yet dreamt not of.
- LEON. Are they good ? 5
- ANT. As the event stamps them ; but they have a good cover ; they
 show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in
 a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard
 by a man of mine : the Prince discovered to Claudio that he loved
 my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night
 in a dance ; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the
 present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it. 13
- LEON. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this ?
- ANT. A good sharp fellow ; I will send for him, and question him
 yourself. 16
- LEON. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself ; but I
 will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better
 prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and
 tell her of it. [*several persons cross the stage*] Cousins, you know
 what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend ; go with me,
 and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time.
 [exunt.]

SCENE III. *Leonato's house.**Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.*

- CON. What the good-year, my lord ! Why are you thus out of
 measure sad ?

D. JOHN. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds ; therefore the sadness is without limit.

CON. You should hear reason.

5

D. JOHN. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it ?

CON. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. JOHN. I wonder that thou, being, as thou say'st thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am ; I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business ; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

15

CON. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace ; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself ; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

21

D. JOHN. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace ; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchis'd with a clog ; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking ; in the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

31

CON. Can you make no use of your discontent ?

D. JOHN. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here ?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio ?

35

BORA. I came yonder from a great supper. The Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato ; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. JOHN. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness ?

41

BORA. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. JOHN. Who ? The most exquisite Claudio ?

BORA. Even he.

D. JOHN. A proper squire ! And who, and who ? Which way looks he ?

46

BORA. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. JOHN. A very forward March-chick ! How came you to this ?

BORA. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo Hero for himself, and, having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

55

D. JOHN. Come, come, let us thither ; this may prove food to my displeasure ; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me ?

CON. To the death, my lord.

60

D. JOHN. Let us to the great supper ; their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were o' my mind ! Shall we go prove what's to be done ?

BORA. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*exeunt.*]

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. *A hall in Leonato's house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, and OTHERS.

LEON. Was not Count John here at supper ?

ANT. I saw him not.

BEAT. How tartly that gentleman looks ! I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

HERO. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

BEAT. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick : the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

LEON. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face—

BEAT. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if 'a could get her good-will.

LEON. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

ANT. In faith, she's too curst.

BEAT. Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way ; for it is said ' God sends a curst cow short horns ' ; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

LEON. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

BEAT. Just, if he send me no husband ! for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord ! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face ; I had rather lie in the woollen.

LEON. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

BEAT. What should I do with him ? Dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man ; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man I am not for him ; therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the berrord, and lead his apes into hell.

LEON. Well then, go you into hell ?

BEAT. No ; but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say ' Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids '. So deliver I up my apes and away to Saint Peter for the heavens ; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

ANT. [*to* HERO.] Well, niece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

BEAT. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say ' Father, as it please you '. But yet for all that, cousin, let him be

a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say ' Father, as it please me ' . 47

LEON. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

BEAT. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust, to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl ? No, uncle, I'll none : Adam's sons are my brethren ; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred. 55

LEON. Daughter, remember what I told you : if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

BEAT. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero ; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinquepace ; the first suit is hot and tasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical ; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry ; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave. 67

LEON. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

BEAT. I have a good eye uncle ; I can see a church by daylight. 70

LEON. The revellers are ent'ring, brother ; make good room.

[ANTONIO masks.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, and BORACHIO, as maskers, with a drum.

D. PEDRO. Lady, will you walk about with your friend ?

HERO. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and, especially, when I walk away. 76

D. PEDRO. With me in your company ?

HERO. I may say so, when I please.

D. PEDRO. And when please you to say so ?

HERO. When I like your favour ; for God defend the lute should be like the case ! 81

D. PEDRO. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.

HERO. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

D. PEDRO. Speak low, if you speak love. [takes her aside.

BALTH. Well, I would you did like me.

MARG. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

BALTH. Which is one ?

MARG. I say my prayers aloud. 90

BALTH. I love you the better ; the hearers may cry Amen.

MARG. God match me with a good dancer !

BALTH. Amen.

MARG. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done ! Answer, clerk. 95

BALTH. No more words ; the clerk is answered.

URS. I know you well enough ; you are Signior Antonio.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. I know you by the wagging of your head.

ANT. To tell you true, I counterfeit him. 100

URS. You could never do him so ill-well unless you were the very man.

Here's his dry hand up and down ; you are he, you are he.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. Come, come ; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? Can virtue hide itself ? Go to ; mum ; you are he ; graces will appear, and there's an end.

BEAT. Will you not tell me who told you so ?

BENE. No, you shall pardon me.

BEAT. Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

110

BENE. Not now.

BEAT. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales'—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

BENE. What's he ?

115

BEAT. I am sure you know him well enough.

BENE. Not I, believe me.

BEAT. Did he never make you laugh ?

BENE. I pray you, what is he ?

BEAT. Why, he is the Prince's jester, a very dull fool ; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders ; none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy ; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet ; I would he had boarded me.

125

BENE. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

BEAT. Do, do ; he'll but break a comparison or two on me ; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy ; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. *[music]* We must follow the leaders.

BENE. In ev'ry good thing.

133

BEAT. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. *[dance. Then exeunt all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.]*

D. JOHN. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

BORA. And that is Claudio ; I know him by his bearing.

D. JOHN. Are not you Signior Benedick ?

140

CLAUD. You know me well ; I am he.

D. JOHN. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love ; he is enamour'd on Hero ; I pray you dissuade him from her ; she is no equal for his birth. You may do the part of an honest man in it.

145

CLAUD. How know you he loves her ?

D. JOHN. I heard him swear his affection.

BORA. So did I too ; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. JOHN. Come, let us to the banquet.

150

[exeunt DON JOHN and BORACHIO.]

CLAUD. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

'Tis certain so ; the Prince woos for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love ;

155

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.

Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero. 160

Re-enter BENEDICK.

BENE. Count Claudio?

CLAUD. Yea, the same.

BENE. Come, will you go with me?

CLAUD. Whither? 165

BENE. Even to the next willow, about your own business, County.

What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck,
like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf?

You must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

CLAUD. I wish him joy of her. 171

BENE. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell
bullocks. But did you think the Prince would have served you
thus?

CLAUD. I pray you leave me. 175

BENE. Ho! now you strike like the blind man. 'twas the boy that
stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

CLAUD. If it will not be, I'll leave you. *[exit.]*

BENE. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But
that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The
Prince's fool! Ha! It may be I go under that title because I
am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not
so reputed; it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice
that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well,
I'll be revenged as I may. 186

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. PEDRO. Now, signior, where's the Count? Did you see him?

BENE. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found
him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and
I think I told him true, that your Grace had got the good will of
this young lady, and I off'ed him my company to a willow tree,
either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him
up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt. 195

D. PEDRO. To be whipt! What's his fault?

BENE. The flat transgression of a schoolboy, who, being overjoyed
with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. PEDRO. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression
is in the stealer. 201

BENE. Yet I had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the
garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and
the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have
stol'n his bird's nest. 205

D. PEDRO. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the
owner.

BENE. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say
honestly.

D. PEDRO. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman
that danc'd with her told her she is much wrong'd by you. 212

BENE. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block; an oak but
with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor
began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not

thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs ; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd ; she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her ; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation, follows her. 232

Re-enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE, LEONATO and HERO.

D. PEDRO. Look, here she comes.

BENE. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard ; do you any embassy to the Pigmies—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me ? 242

D. PEDRO. None, but to desire your good company.

BENE. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not ; I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. *[exit.]*

D. PEDRO. Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

BEAT. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one ; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it. 251

D. PEDRO. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

BEAT. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek. 256

D. PEDRO. Why, how now, Count ! Wherefore are you sad ?

CLAUD. Not sad, my lord.

D. PEDRO. How then, sick ?

CLAUD. Neither, my lord. 260

BEAT. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well ; but civil count—civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion. 264

D. PEDRO. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true, though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won. I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy ! 270

LEON. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes ; his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it !

BEAT. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue. 274

CLAUD. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy if

- I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours ;
I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.
- BEAT. Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss,
and let not him speak neither. 280
- D. PEDRO. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.
- BEAT. Yea, my lord ; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side
of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.
- CLAUD. And so she doth, cousin. 285
- BEAT. Good Lord, for alliance ! Thus goes every one to the world
but I, and I am sunburnt ; I may sit in a corner and cry ' Heigh-ho
for a husband ! '
- D. PEDRO. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.
- BEAT. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your
Grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent
husbands, if a maid could come by them. 292
- D. PEDRO. Will you have me, lady ?
- BEAT. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days ;
your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your
Grace, pardon me ; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.
- D. PEDRO. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best
becomes you ; for, out o' question, you were born in a merry hour.
- BEAT. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried ; but then there was a
star danc'd, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you
joy !
- LEON. Niece, you will look to those things I told you of ? 305
- BEAT. I cry your mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon.
[exit BEATRICE.
- D. PEDRO. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.
- LEON. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord ; she
is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then ; for I
have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness,
and wak'd herself with laughing. 313
- D. PEDRO. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.
- LEON. O, by no means ; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.
- D. PEDRO. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.
- LEON. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would
talk themselves mad.
- D. PEDRO. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church ? 321
- CLAUD. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have
all his rites.
- LEON. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-
night ; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my
mind. 326
- D. PEDRO. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing ; but I
warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in
the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours ; which is, to bring
Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affec-
tion th' one with th' other. I would fain have it a match ; and I
doubt not but to fashion it if you three will but minister such
assistance as I shall give you direction. 334
- LEON. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.
- CLAUD. And I, my lord.
- D. PEDRO. And you too, gentle Hero ?

HERO. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. 340

D. PEDRO. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him : he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin that she shall fall in love with Benedick ; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer . his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [exunt]

SCENE II. *Leonato's house.*

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. JOHN. It is so the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

BORA. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D. JOHN. Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be med'cinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him ; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

BORA. Not honestly, my lord , bu so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. JOHN. Show me briefly how. 10

BORA. I think I told your lordship a year since how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. JOHN. I remember.

BORA. I can at any unseasonable instant of the night appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window. 16

D. JOHN. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage ?

BORA. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince your brother ; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated sta'e, such a one as Hero. 23

D. JOHN. What proof shall I make of that ?

BORA. Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue ? 27

D. JOHN. Only to despite them I will endeavour anything.

BORA. Go, then ; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone ; tell them that you know that Hero loves me ; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio—as in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial ; offer them instances ; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window ; hear me call Margaret Hero ; hear Margaret term me Borachio ; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown. 45

D. JOHN. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

BORA. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me. 50

D. JOHN. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [exunt.]

SCENE III. *Leonato's orchard.*

Enter BENEDICK, alone.

BENE. Boy!

BOY. [*within.*] Signior?

BENE. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

BOY. [*above, at chamber window.*] I am here already, sir. 5

BENE. I know that; but I would have thee hence and here again. [*boy brings book; exit.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot to see a good armour, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier, and now is he turn'd orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [withdraws.]

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. PEDRO. Come, shall we hear this music?

CLAUD. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! 35

D. PEDRO. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

CLAUD. O, very well, my lord; the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR, with music.

D. PEDRO. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

BALTH. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice 40

To slander music any more than once.

D. PEDRO. It is the witness still of excellency

- To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.
- BALTH. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing, 45
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ;
Yet will he swear he loves.
- D. PEDRO. Nay, pray thee, come ;
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
- BALTH. Note this before my notes : 50
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
- D. PEDRO. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks ;
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing ! [music.]
- BENE. Now, divine air ! now is his soul ravish'd. Is it not strange
that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies ? Well,
a horn for my money, when all's done. 56
- BALTHASAR *sings*.
- Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
'T'one thing constant never. 60
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny nonny.
- Sing no more ditties, sing no moe 65
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.
- D. PEDRO. By my troth, a good song. 70
- BALTH. And an ill singer, my lord.
- CLAUD. Ha, no ; no, faith ; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.
- BENE. An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they
would have hang'd him ; and I pray God his bad voice bode no
mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what
plague could have come after it. 77
- D. PEDRO. Yea, marry ; dost thou hear, Balthasar ? I pray thee get
us some excellent music ; for to-morrow night we would have it
at the Lady Hero's chamber window. 80
- BALTH. The best I can, my lord.
- D. PEDRO. Do so ; farewell. [exit BALTHASAR.] Come hither, Leonato.
What was it you told me of to-day—that your niece Beatrice was
in love with Signior Benedick ? 85
- CLAUD. O ay ; stalk on, stalk on ; the fowl sits. I did never think
that lady would have loved any man.
- LEON. No, nor I neither ; but most wonderful that she should so dote
on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours
seem'd ever to abhor. 90
- BENE. Is't possible ? Sits the wind in that corner ?
- LEON. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it ; but

that she loves him with an enraged affection—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. PEDRO. May be she doth but counterfeit. 95

CLAUD. Faith, like enough.

LEON. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. PEDRO. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

CLAUD. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. 100

LEON. What effects, my lord? She will sit you—you heard my daughter tell you how.

CLAUD. She did, indeed.

D. PEDRO. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me; I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection. 106

LEON. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

BENF. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

CLAUD. He hath ta'en th' infection; hold it up. 112

D. PEDRO. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

LEON. No; and swears she never will; that's her torment.

CLAUD. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says. 'Shall I,' says she 'that have so oft encount'ed him with scorn, write to him that I love him?' 119

LEON. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all.

CLAUD. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of. 125

LEON. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found 'Benedick' and 'Beatrice' between the sheet!

CLAUD. That.

LEON. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; rail'd at herself that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. 'I measure him' says she 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

CLAUD. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses—'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!' 136

LEON. She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true. 140

D. PEDRO. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

CLAUD. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse. 144

D. PEDRO. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLAUD. And she is exceeding wise.

D. PEDRO. In everything but in loving Benedick. 149

LEON. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am

- sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian. 153
- D. PEDRO. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me ; I would have daff'd all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what 'a will say. 157
- LEON. Were it good, think you ?
- CLAUD. Hero thinks surely she will die ; for she says she will die if he love her not ; and she will die ere she make her love known ; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness. 163
- D. PEDRO. She doth well ; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it ; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit. 166
- CLAUD. He is a very proper man.
- D. PEDRO. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.
- CLAUD. Before God, and in my mind, very wise !
- D. PEDRO. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit. 171
- LEON. And I take him to be valiant.
- D. PEDRO. As Hector, I assure you ; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.
- LEON. If he do fear God, 'a must necessarily keep peace ; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.
- D. PEDRO. And so will he do ; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love ?
- CLAUD. Never tell him, my lord ; let her wear it out with good counsel. 185
- LEON. Nay, that's impossible ; she may wear her heart out first.
- D. PEDRO. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter ; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well ; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady. 191
- LEON. My lord, will you walk ? Dinner is ready.
- CLAUD. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. 194
- D. PEDRO. Let there be the same net spread for her ; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter ; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. 200
- [*exit DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.*]
- BENE. [*coming forward.*] This can be no trick : the conference was sadly borne ; they have the truth of this from Hero ; they seem to pity the lady ; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me ! Why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd : they say I will bear myself proudly if I perceive the love come from her ; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud ; happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair ; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness ; and virtuous ; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it ; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit ;

nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her. 223

Enter BEATRICE.

BEAT. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BENE. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

BEAT. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

BENE. You take pleasure, then, in the message? 230

BEAT. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. *[exit.]*

BENE. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner'—there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me'—that's as much as to say 'Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks'. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. *[exit.]*

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. *Leonato's orchard.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

HERO. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio.
Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse 5
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride 10
Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

MARG. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. *[exit.]*

HERO. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, 15
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit;
My talk to thee must be how Benedick 20
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin,

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference. 25
URS. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture. 30
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
HERO. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[they advance to the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild 35
As haggards of the rock.

URS. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?
HERO. So says the Prince and my new-trothed lord.
URS. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?
HERO. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it ; 40
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

URS. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed 45
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

HERO. O god of love ! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man ;
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice. 50
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection, 55
She is so self-endear'd.

URS. Sure, I think so ;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she'll make sport at it.

HERO. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd, 60
But she would spell him backward. If fair-fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vilely cut ; 65
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

URS. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

HERO. No ; not to be so odd and from all fashions,

- As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable ;
 But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
 She would mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me 75
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit !
 Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.
 It were a better death than die with mocks,
 Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80
- URS. Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.
- HERO. No ; rather I will go to Benedick
 And counsel him to fight against his passion ;
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
 To stain my cousin with. One doth not know 85
 How much an ill word may empoison liking.
- URS. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong !
 She cannot be so much without true judgment—
 Having so swift and excellent a wit
 As she is priz'd to have—as to refuse 90
 So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
- HERO. He is the only man of Italy,
 Always excepted my dear Claudio.
- URS. I pray you be not angry with me, madam,
 Speaking my fancy : Signior Benedick, 95
 For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
 Goes foremost in report through Italy.
- HERO. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
- URS. His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
 When are you married, madam ? 100
- HERO. Why, every day—to-morrow. Come, go in ;
 I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
 Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
- URS. She's lim'd, I warrant you ; we have caught her, madam.
- HERO. If it proves so, then loving goes by haps : 105
 Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
- [*exit* HERO and URSULA.]
- BEAT. [*coming forward.*] What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be
 true ?
 Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?
 Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !
 No glory lives behind the back of such. 110
 And, Benedick, love on ; I will requite thee,
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand ;
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
 To bind our loves up in a holy band ;
 For others say thou dost deserve, and I 115
 Believe it better than reportingly. [*exit.*]

SCENE II. *Leonato's house.**Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. PEDRO. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then
 go I toward Arragon.

CLAUD. I'll bring you thither, my lord, of you'll vouchsafe me.

D. PEDRO. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your

marriage as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth ; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him ; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper ; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks. 12

BENE. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

LEON. So say I ; methinks you are sadder.

CLAUD. I hope he be in love.

D. PEDRO. Hang him, truant ! There's no true drop of blood in him to be truly touch'd with love ; if he be sad, he wants money.

BENE. I have the toothache.

D. PEDRO. Draw it. 20

BENE. Hang it !

CLAUD. You must hang it first and draw it afterwards.

D. PEDRO. What ! sigh for the toothache ?

LEON. Where is but a humour or a worm.

BENE. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it. 26

CLAUD. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. PEDRO. There is no appearance of fancy in him, un'less it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises ; as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow ; or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is. 35

CLAUD. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs : 'a brushes his hat o' mornings ; what should that bode ?

D. PEDRO. Hath any man seen him at the barber's ?

CLAUD. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him ; and the old ornament of his check hath already stuff'd tennis-balls. 42

LEON. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. PEDRO. Nay, 'a rubs himself with civet. Can you smell him out by that ? 46

CLAUD. That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

D. PEDRO. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

CLAUD. And when was he wont to wash his face ? 50

D. PEDRO. Yea, or to paint himself ? For the which I hear what they say of him.

CLAUD. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

D. PEDRO. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him, conclude, conclude, he is in love. 56

CLAUD. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. PEDRO. That would I know too ; I warrant, one that knows him not.

CLAUD. Yes, and his ill conditions ; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. PEDRO. She shall be buried with her face upwards. 62

BENE. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me ; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.]

D. PEDRO. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

CLAUD. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their

parts with Beatrice ; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet. 70

Enter DON JOHN.

- D. JOHN. My lord and brother, God save you !
 D. PEDRO. Good den, brother.
 D. JOHN. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.
 D. PEDRO. In private ?
 D. JOHN. If it please you ; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him. 76
 D. PEDRO. What's the matter ?
 D. JOHN. [*to Claudio.*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow ?
 D. PEDRO. You know he does. 80
 D. JOHN. I know not that, when he knows what I know.
 CLAUD. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.
 D. JOHN. You may think I love you not ; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearthness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage—surely suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed. 88
 D. PEDRO. Why, what's the matter ?
 D. JOHN. I came hither to tell you ; and, circumstances short'ned, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal. 92
 CLAUD. Who ? Hero ?
 D. JOHN. Even she—Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.
 CLAUD. Disloyal ? 96
 D. JOHN. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness ; I could say she were worse ; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant ; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber window ent'red, even the night before her wedding day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.
 CLAUD. May this be so ?
 D. PEDRO. I will not think it. 105
 D. JOHN. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough ; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.
 CLAUD. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her, to-morrow in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her. 112
 D. PEDRO. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.
 D. JOHN. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses ; bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself. 117
 D. PEDRO. O day untowardly turned !
 CLAUD. O mischief strangely thwarting !
 D. JOHN. O plague right well prevented !
 So will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter DOGBERRY and his compartner VERGES, with the WATCH.

DOGB. Are you good men and true ?

VERG. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

DOGB. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch.

VERG. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry. 7

DOGB. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 WATCH. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

DOGB. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath bless'd you with a good name. To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 WATCH. Both which, Master Constable — 15

DOGB. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name. 23

2 WATCH. How if 'a will not stand?

DOGB. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. 27

VERG. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

DOGB. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 WATCH. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch. 35

DOGB. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stol'n. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed. 40

2 WATCH. How if they will not?

DOGB. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 WATCH. Well, sir. 45

DOGB. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 WATCH. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him? 51

DOGB. Truly, by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd; the most peaceable for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company. 55

VERG. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

DOGB. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VERG. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it. 61

2 WATCH. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us ?

DOGB. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats. 66

VERG. 'Tis very true.

DOGB. This is the end of the charge : you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person ; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him. 70

VERG. Nay, by'r lady, that I think 'a cannot.

DOGB. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him ; marry, not without the Prince be willing ; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will. 75

VERG. By'r lady, I think it be so.

DOGB. Ha, ah, ha ! Well, masters, good night ; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me ; keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour. 80

2 WATCH. Well, masters, we hear our charge ; let us go sit here upon the church bench till two, and then all to bed.

DOGB. One word more, honest neighbours : I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu ; be vigilant, I beseech you.
[*exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

BORA. What, Conrade !

2 WATCH [*aside.*] Peace, stir not.

BORA. Conrade, I say ! 90

CON. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

BORA. Mass, and my elbow itch'd ; I thought there would a scab follow.

CON. I will owe thee an answer for that ; and now forward with thy tale. 95

BORA. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain ; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

2 WATCH. [*aside.*] Some treason, masters ; yet stand close.

BORA. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

CON. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear ? 102

BORA. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich ; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will. 105

CON. I wonder at it.

BORA. That shows thou art unconfirm'd. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

CON. Yes, it is apparel. 110

BORA. I mean the fashion.

CON. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

BORA. Tush ! I may as well say the fool's the fool.* But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is ?

2 WATCH. [*aside.*] I know that Deformed ; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year ; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman ; I remember his name. 117

BORA. Didst thou not hear somebody ?

CON. No ; 'twas the vane on the house.

BORA. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club ? 126

CON. All this I see ; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion ? 130

BORA. Not so neither ; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero ; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely. I should first tell thee how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 138

CON. And thought they Margaret was Hero ?

BORA. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio ; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret ; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enrag'd ; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

2 WATCH. We charge you in the Prince's name, stand. 150

1 WATCH. Call up the right Master Constable ; we have here recover'd the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

2 WATCH. And one Deformed is one of them ; I know him, 'a wears a lock. 155

CON. Masters, masters !

2 WATCH. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

CON. Masters—

1 WATCH. Never speak, we charge you ; let us obey you to go with us. BORA. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills. 163

CON. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [exeunt. 163]

SCENE IV. • *Hero's apartment.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

HERO. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

URS. I will, lady.

HERO. And bid her come hither.

URS. Well. [exit URSULA. 6]

MARG. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

HERO. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

MARG. By my troth's not so good ; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

HERO. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another ; I'll wear none but this.

MARG. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner ; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so. 15

HERO. O, that exceeds, they say.

MARG. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect o' yours—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel ; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't. 21

HERO. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

MARG. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

HERO. Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed ?

MARG. O' what, lady, of speaking honourably ? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar ? Is not your lord honourable without marriage ? I think you would have me say ' saving your reverence, a husband ' ; an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in ' the heavier for a husband ' ? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife ; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else ; here she comes. 25

Enter BEATRICE.

HERO. Good morrow, coz.

BEAT. Good morrow, sweet Hero. 35

HERO. Why, how now ! do you speak in the sick tune ?

BEAT. I am out of all other tune, methinks

MARG. Clap's into ' Light o' love ' : that goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

BEAT. Ye light o' love with your heels ! Then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barnes. 42

MARG. O illegitimate construction ! I scorn that with my heels.

BEAT. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin ; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho !

MARG. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband ?

BEAT. For the letter that begins them all—H.

MARG. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more sailing by the star. 50

BEAT. What means the fool, trow ?

MARG. Nothing I ; but God send every one their heart's desire !

HERO. These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume. 55

BEAT. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

MARG. A maid and stuff'd ! There's goodly catching of cold.

BEAT. O, God help me ! God help me ! How long have you profess'd apprehension ? 60

MARG. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely ?

BEAT. It is not seen enough ; you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

MARG. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart ; it is the only thing for a qualm. 67

HERO. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

BEAT. Benedictus ! why Benedictus ? You have some moral in this ' Benedictus '. 70

MARG. Moral? No, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love. Nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging. And how you may be converted I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do. 82

BEAT. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MARG. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

URS. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church. 87

HERO. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Leonato's house.*

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES

LEON. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

DOGB. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

LEON. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

DOGB. Marry, this it is, sir.

VERG. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

LEON. What is it, my good friends?

DOGB. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter—an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows. 12

VERG. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honestier than I.

DOGB. Comparisons are odorous; palabras, neighbour Verges.

LEON. Neighbours, you are tedious.

DOGB. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

LEON. All thy tediousness on me, ah? 22

DOGB. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 26

VERG. And so am I.

LEON. I would fain know what you have to say.

VERG. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

DOGB. A good old man, sir, he will be talking; as they say 'When the age is in the wit is out'. God help us, it is a world to see! Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges; well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest

soul, i' faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread ; but God is to be worshipp'd ; all men are not alike ; alas, good neighbour !
 LEON. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you. 39
 DOGB. Gifts that God gives.
 LEON. I must leave you.
 DOGB. One word, sir ; our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.
 LEON. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me ; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you. 46
 DOGB. It shall be suffigance.
 LEON. Drink some wine ere you go ; fare you well.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.
 LEON. I'll wait upon them ; I am ready. 51
[exeunt LEONATO and MESSENGER.]
 DOGB. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal ; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol ; we are now to examination these men.
 VERG. And we must do it wisely. 55
 DOGB. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come ; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. *[exeunt.]*

ACT FOUR.

SCENE I. *A church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and ATTENDANTS.
 LEON. Come, Friar Francis, be brief ; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.
 FRIAR. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady ?
 CLAUD. No.
 LEON. To be married to her, friar ! You come to marry her.
 FRIAR. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count ?
 HERO. I do. 10
 FRIAR. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.
 CLAUD. Know you any, Hero ?
 HERO. None, my lord. 15
 FRIAR. Know you any, Count ?
 LEON. I dare make his answer, None.
 CLAUD. O, what men dare do ! What men may do ! What men daily do, not knowing what they do !
 BENE. How now ! Interjections ? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he ! 21
 CLAUD. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave : Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter ?
 LEON. As freely, son, as God did give her me, 25
 CLAUD. And what have I to give you back whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?

- D. PEDRO. Nothing, unless you render her again.
- CLAUD. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
 There, Leonato, take her back again ; 30
 Give not this rotten orange to your friend ;
 She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
 Behold how like a maid she blushes here.
 O, what authority and show of truth
 Can cunning sin cover itself withal ! 35
 Comes not that blood as modest evidence
 To witness simple virtue ? Would you not swear,
 All you that see her, that she were a maid
 By these exterior shows ? But she is none .
 She knows the heat of a luxurious bed ; 40
 Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
- LEON. What do you mean, my lord ?
- CLAUD. Not to be married,
 Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.
- LEON. Dear, my lord, if you, in your own proof,
 Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, 45
 And made defeat of her virginity—
- CLAUD. I know what you would say. If I have known her,
 You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
 And so extenuate the 'forchhand sin.
 No, Leonato, 50
 I never tempted her with word too large
 But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
 Bashful sincerity and comely love.
- HERO. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?
- CLAUD. Out on thee ! Seeming ! I will write against it. 55
 You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;
 But you are more intemperate in your blood
 Than Venus, or those pamp'ring animals
 That rage in savage sensuality. 60
- HERO. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide ?
- LEON. Sweet Prince, why speak not you ?
- D. PEDRO. What should I speak ?
 I stand dishonour'd that have gone about
 To link my dear friend to a common stale.
- LEON. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream ? 65
- D. JOHN. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
- BENE. This looks not like a nuptial.
- HERO. True ! O God
- CLAUD. Leonato, stand I here ?
 Is this the Prince ? Is this the Prince's brother ?
 Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ? 70
- LEON. All this is so, but what of this, my lord ?
- CLAUD. Let me but move one question to your daughter ,
 And, by that fatherly and kindly power
 That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
- LEON. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child. 75
- HERO. O, God defend me ! how am I beset !
 What kind of catechising call you this ?
- CLAUD. To make you answer truly to your name.

- HERO. Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach ?
- CLAUD. Marry, that can Hero ; 80
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one ?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
- HERO. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord. 85
- D. PEDRO. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear : upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this griev'd Count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window ; 90
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
- D. JOHN. Fie, fie ! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,
Not to be spoke of ; 95
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
- CLAUD. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed 100
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart !
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair ! Farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity !
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang, 105
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
- LEON. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ? [HERO swoons.
- BEAT. Why, how now, cousin ! Wherefore sink *you* down ?
- D. JOHN. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up. 111
[*exeunt* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, and CLAUDIO.]
- BENE. How doth the lady ?
- BEAT. Dead, I think. Help, uncle !
Hero ! why, Hero ! Uncle ! Signior Benedick ! Friar !
- LEON. O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand !
Death is the fairest cover for her shame 115
That may be wish'd for.
- BEAT. How now, cousin Hero !
- FRIAR. Have comfort, lady.
- LEON. Dost thou look up ?
- FRIAR. Yea ; wherefore should she not ?
- LEON. Wherefore ! Why, doth not every earthly thing 120
Cry shame upon her ? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood ?
Do not live, Hero ; do not ope thine eyes ;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames, 125
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I I had but one ?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame ?

- O, one too much by thee ! Why had I one ?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes ? 130
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
 Who smirched thus and mir'd with infamy,
 I might have said ' No part of it is mine ;
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins ' ? 135
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud on ; mine so much
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her—why, she, O, she is fall'n
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea 140
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
 And salt too little which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh !
- BENE. Sir, sir, be patient
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say. 145
- BEAT. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !
- BENE. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?
- BEAT. No, truly not ; although, until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
- LEON. Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger made 150
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !
 Would the two princes lie ; and Claudio lie,
 Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears ? Hence from her ! let her die.
- FRIAR. Hear me a little ; 155
 For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady : I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames 160
 In angel whiteness beat away those blushes ;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool ;
 Trust not my reading nor my observations, 165
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.
- LEON. Friar, it cannot be. 170
 Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
 Is that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury ; she not denies it.
 Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
 That which appears in proper nakedness ? 175
- FRIAR. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?
- HERO. They know that do accuse me ; I know none
 If I know more of any man alive
 Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
 Let all my sins lack mercy ! O my father, 180

- Prove you that any man with me convers'd
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
 Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
- FRIAR. There is some strange misprision in the princes. 185
- BENE. Two of them have the very bent of honour ;
 And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
 The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
 Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
- LEON. I know not. If they speak but truth of her, 190
 These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour,
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
 Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
 Nor age so eat up my invention,
 Nor fortune made such havoc of my means, 195
 Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
 But they shall find awak'd in such a kind
 Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
 Ability in means and choice of friends,
 To quit me of them thoroughly.
- FRIAR. Pause awhile, 200
 And let my counsel sway you in this case.
 Your daughter here the princes left for dead ;
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
 And publish it that she is dead indeed ;
 Maintain a mourning ostentation, 205
 And on your family's old monument
 Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
 That appertain unto a burial.
- LEON. What shall become of this ? What will this do ?
- FRIAR. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf 210
 Change slander to remorse ; that is some good.
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd, 215
 Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
 Of every hearer ; for it so falls out
 That what we have we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value, then we find 220
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio.
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination, 225
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn, 230
 If ever love had interest in his liver,
 And wish he had not so accused her—
 No, though he thought his accusation true.

- Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape 235
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her, 240
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
- BENE. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you ;
And though you know my inwardness and love 245
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.
- LEON. Being that I flow in grief
The smallest twine may lead me. 250
- FRIAR. 'Tis well consented. Presently away ;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live ; this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd ; have patience and endure.
[exeunt all but BENEDICK and BEATRICE.]
- BENE. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ? 255
- BEAT. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
- BENE. I will not desire that.
- BEAT. You have no reason ; I do it freely.
- BENE. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.
- BEAT. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right
her ! 261
- BENE. Is there any way to show such friendship ?
- BEAT. A very even way, but no such friend.
- BENE. May a man do it ?
- BEAT. It is a man's office, but not yours. 265
- BENE. I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that
strange ?
- BEAT. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me
to say I lov'd nothing so well as you ; but believe me not, and yet
I lie not ; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for
my cousin. 271
- BENE. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.
- BEAT. Do not swear, and eat it.
- BENE. I will swear by it that you love me ; and I will make him eat
it that says I love not you. 275
- BEAT. Will you not eat your word ?
- BENE. With no sauce that can be devised to it ; I protest I love thee.
- BEAT. Why, then, God forgive me !
- BENE. What offence, sweet Beatrice ? 280
- BEAT. You have stayed me in a happy hour ; I was about to protest I
loved you.
- BENE. And do it with all thy heart ?
- BEAT. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.
- BENE. Come, bid me do anything for thee. 286
- BEAT. Kill Claudio.

- BENE. Ha ! not for the wide world.
 BEAT. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.
 BENE. Tarry, sweet Beatrice. 290
 BEAT. I am gone though I am here ; there is no love in you ; nay,
 I pray you, let me go.
 BENE. Beatrice—
 BEAT. In faith, I will go.
 BENE. We'll be friends first. 295
 BEAT. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.
 BENE. Is Claudio thine enemy ?
 BEAT. Is 'a not approved in the height a villain that hath slandered,
 scorn'd, dishonour'd, my kinswoman ? O that I were a man !
 What ! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then
 with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour—
 O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-
 place.
 BENE. Hear me, Beatrice. 305
 BEAT. Talk with a man out at a window ' A proper saying !
 BENE. Nay, but, Beatrice—
 BEAT. Sweet Hero ! She is wrong'd, she is sland'red, she is undone.
 BENE. Beat— 311
 BEAT. Princes and Counties ! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly
 count, Count Cornetto ; a sweet gallant, surely ! O that I were
 a man for his sake ! or that I had any friend would be a man for
 my sake ! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into
 compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones
 too. He is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and
 swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die
 a woman with grieving. 320
 BENE. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.
 BEAT. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.
 BENE. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero ?
 BEAT. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul. 326
 BENE. Enough, I am engag'd ; I will challenge him ; I will kiss your
 hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me
 a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort
 your cousin ; I must say she is dead ; and so, farewell. [exunt.]

SCENE II. *A prison.*

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON, in gowns ; and the WATCH, with
 CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

- DOGB. Is our who'e dissembly appear'd ?
 VERG. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton !
 SEXTON. Which be the malefactors ?
 DOGB. Marry, that am I and my partner.
 VERG. Nay, that's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.
 SEXTON. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd ? Let
 them come before Master Constable.
 DOGB. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name,
 friend ? 10
 BORA. Borachio.
 DOGB. Pray write down Borachio. Yours, sirrah ?
 CON. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

DOGB. Write down Master Gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God ? 15

CON. }
BORA. } Yea, sir, we hope.

DOGB. Write down that they hope they serve God ; and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains ! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ? 21

CON. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

DOGB. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah ; a word in your ear : sir, I say to you it is thought you are false knaves. 26

BORA. Sir, I say to you we are none.

DOGB. Well, stand aside. Fore God, they are both in a tale. I have you writ down that they are none ?

SEXTON. Master Constable, you go not the way to examine ; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers. 31

DOGB. Yea, marry, that's the effest way. Let the watch come forth.

Masters, I charge you in the Prince's name, accuse these men.

1 WATCH. This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain. 36

DOGB. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

BORA. Master Constable—

DOGB. Pray thee, fellow, peace ; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEXTON. What heard you him say else ?

2 WATCH. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 45

DOGB. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

VERG. Yea, by mass, that it is.

SEXTON. What else, fellow ?

1 WATCH. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her. 51

DOGB. O villian ! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

SEXTON. What else ?

2 WATCH. This is all.

SEXTON. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stol'n away ; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to Leonato's ; I will go before and show him their examination. *[exit.]* 62

DOGB. Come, let them be opinion'd.

VERG. Let them be in the hands.

CON. Off, coxcomb.

DOGB. God's my life, where's the sexton ? Let him write down the Prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. 'Thou naughty varlet !

CON. Away ! you are an ass, you are an ass. 68

DOGB. Dost thou not suspect my place ? Dost thou not suspect my years ? O that he were here to write me down an ass ! But, masters, remember that I am an ass ; though it be not

written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow ; and, which is more, an officer ; and, which is more, a householder ; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina ; and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses ; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away O that I had been writ down an ass ! 80
[*exeunt.*]

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. *Before Leonato's house.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

ANT. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

LEON. I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel ; 5
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ; 10
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain ;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, 15
And sorrow wag, cry ' hcm ! ' when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters—bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man ; for, brother, men 20
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, 25
Charm ache with air and agony with words.
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure 30
The like himself. Therefore, give me no counsel ;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

ANT. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

LEON. I pray thee peace ; I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher 35
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

ANT. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;

- Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40
 LEON. There thou speak'st reason ; nay, I will do so.
 My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;
 And that shall Claudio know ; so shall the Prince,
 And all of them that thus dishonour her.
 ANT. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily. 45
- Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*
- D. PEDRO. Good den, good den.
 CLAUD. Good day to both of you.
 LEON. Hear you, my lords !
 D. PEDRO. We have some haste, Leonato.
 LEON. Some haste, my lord ! Well, fare you well, my lord.
 Are you so hasty now ? Well, all is one.
 D. PEDRO. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
 ANT. If he could right himself with quarrelling, 51
 Some of us would lie low.
 CLAUD. Who wrongs him ?
 LEON. Marry, thou dost wrong me ; thou dissembler, thou !
 Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword ;
 I fear thee not.
 CLAUD. Marry, beshrew my hand 55
 If it should give your age such cause of fear !
 In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
 LEON. Tush, tush, man ; never flect and jest at me ;
 I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
 As under privilege of age to brag 60
 What I have done being young, or what would do
 Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
 Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
 That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
 And with grey hairs and bruise of many days 65
 Do challenge thee to trial of a man
 I say thou hast belied mine innocent child ;
 Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
 And she lies buried with her ancestors—
 O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70
 Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.
 CLAUD. My villainy !
 LEON. Thine, Claudio ; thine, I say.
 D. PEDRO. You say not right, old man.
 LEON. My lord, my lord,
 I'll prove it on his body if he dare,
 Despite his nice fence and his active practice, 75
 His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.
 CLAUD. Away ! I will not have to do with you.
 LEON. Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast kill'd my child ;
 If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
 ANT. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed ; 80
 But that's no matter ; let him kill one first.
 Win me and wear me ; let him answer me.
 Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, come follow me,
 Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will. 85

LEON. Brother—

ANT. Content yourself. God knows I lov'd my niece ;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue. 90
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops !

LEON. Brother Antony—

ANT. Hold you content. What, man ! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander, 95
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;
And this is all.

LEON. But, brother Antony—

ANT. Come, 'tis no matter ; 100
Do not you meddle ; let me deal in this.

D. PEDRO. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof. 105

LEON. My lord, my lord—

D. PEDRO. I will not hear you.

LEON. No ?

Come, brother, away. I will be heard.

ANT. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

D. PEDRO. See, see ; here comes the man we went to seek. 110

Enter BENEDICK.

CLAUD. Now, signior, what news ?

BENE. Good day, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Welcome, signior ; you are almost come to part almost a
fray.

CLAUD. We had lik'd to have had our two noses snapp'd off with two
old men without teeth. 116

D. PEDRO. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou ? Had we
fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

BENE. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you
both.

CLAUD. We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we are high-
proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou
use thy wit ?

BENE. It is in my scabbard ; shall I draw it ? 125

D. PEDRO. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ?

CLAUD. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their
wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels—draw to
pleasure us.

D. PEDRO. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick or
angry ? 131

CLAUD. What, courage, man ! What though care kill'd a cat, thou
hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

BENE. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

CLAUD. Nay, then, give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. PEDRO. By this light, he changes more and more; I think he be angry indeed.

CLAUD. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

140

BENE. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLAUD. God bless me from a challenge!

BENE. [*aside to CLAUDIO.*] You are a villain; I jest not; I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

147

CLAUD. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. PEDRO. What, a feast? a feast?

CLAUD. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

BENE. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

154

D. PEDRO. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' said she 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with a sigh, thou wast the proper'st man in Italy.

166

CLAUD. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. PEDRO. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. 'The old man's daughter told us all.

171

CLAUD. All, all; and, moreover, 'God saw him when he was hid in the garden'.

D. PEDRO. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

175

CLAUD. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

BENE. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina. You have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[*exit* BENEDICK.]

D. PEDRO. He is in earnest.

186

CLAUD. In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice.

D. PEDRO. And hath challeng'd thee?

CLAUD. Most sincerely.

D. PEDRO. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit !

CLAUD. He is then a giant to an ape ; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. PEDRO. But, soft you, let me be ; pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say my brother was fled ? 196

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the WATCH, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

DOGB. Come you, sir ; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance ; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. PEDRO. How now ! two of my brother's men bound—Borachio one.

CLAUD. Harken after their offence, my lord. 202

D. PEDRO. Officers, what offence have these men done ?

DOGB. Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady ; thirdly, they have verified unjust things ; and to conclude, they are lying knaves. 208

D. PEDRO. First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge. 212

CLAUD. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. PEDRO. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence ? 217

BORA. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer ; do you hear me, and let this Count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes. What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light ; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero ; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments ; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record ; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. 230

D. PEDRO. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

CLAUD. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. PEDRO. But did my brother set thee on to this ?

BORA. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. PEDRO. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery, And fled he is upon this villainy. 236

CLAUD. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

DOGB. Come, bring away the plaintiffs ; by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. Alas, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

VERG. Here, here comes Master Signior Leonato and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the SEXTON.

LEON. Which is the villain ? Let me see his eyes, That when I note another man like him 245

- I may avoid him. Which of these is he ?
 BORA. If you would know your wronger, look on me.
 LEON. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
 Mine innocent child ?
 BORA. Yea, even I alone. 250
 LEON. No, not so, villain ; thou beliest thyself ;
 Here stand a pair of honourable men,
 A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
 I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death ;
 Record it with your high and worthy deeds ; 255
 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
 CLAUD. I know not how to pray your patience,
 Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself ;
 Impose me to what penance your invention
 Can lay upon my sin ; yet sinn'd I not 260
 But in mistaking.
 D. PEDRO. By my soul, nor I ;
 And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
 I would bend under any heavy weight
 That he'll enjoin me to.
 LEON. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live— 265
 That were impossible ; but, I pray you both
 Possess the people in Messina here
 How innocent she died ; and, if your love
 Can labour aught in sad invention,
 Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, 270
 And sing it to her bones ; sing it to-night.
 To-morrow morning come you to my house ,
 And since you could not be my son-in-law,
 Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
 Almost the copy of my child that's dead ; 275
 And she alone is heir to both of us.
 Give her the right you should have giv'n her cousin,
 And so dies my revenge.
 CLAUD. O noble sir !
 Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
 I do embrace your offer ; and dispose 280
 For henceforth of poor Claudio.
 LEON. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming ;
 To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
 Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
 Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong, 285
 Hir'd to it by your brother.
 BORA. No, by my soul, she was not ;
 Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me ;
 But always hath been just and virtuous
 In anything that I do know by her. 289
 DOGB. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black,
 this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass ; I beseech you,
 let it be rememb'ed in his punishment. And also, the watch
 heard them talk of one Deformed ; they say he wears a key in his
 ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name ;
 the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men

- grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray
you examine him upon that point. 298
- LEON. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.
- DOGB. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth,
and I praise God for you. 301
- LEON. There's for thy pains.
- DOGB. God save the foundation
- LEON. Go ; I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.
- DOGB. I leave an arrant knave with your worship ; which I beseech
your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God
keep your worship ! I wish your worship well ; God restore
you to health ! I humbly give you leave to depart ; and if a
merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it ! Come, neighbour.
[*exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]
- LEON. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell. 312
- ANT. Farewell, my lords ; we look for you to-morrow.
- D. PEDRO. We will not fail.
- CLAUD. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
[*exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]
- LEON. [*to the WATCH.*] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with
Margaret.
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*excunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Leonato's orchard.**Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.*

- BENE. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands
by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.
- MARG. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty ?
- BENE. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over
it ; for, in most comely truth, thou deserve it.
- MARG. To have no man come over me : Why, shall I always keep
below stairs ?
- BENE. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth : it catches. 11
- MARG. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.
- BENE. A most manly wit, Margaret ; it will not hurt a woman, and
so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.
- MARG. Give us the swords ; we have bucklers of our own.
- BENE. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a
vice ; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.
- MARG. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. 21
[*exit MARGARET.*]
- BENE. And therefore will come.

[*Sings*] The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me, . 25
How pitiful I deserve—

I mean in singing ; but in loving—Leander the good swimmer,
Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of
these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly
in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly
turn'd over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot

show it in rhyme ; I have tried ; I can find out no rhyme to ' lady ' but ' baby '—an innocent rhyme ; for ' scorn ' , ' horn '—a hard rhyme ; for ' school ' , ' fool '—a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. 37

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I call'd thee ?

BEAT. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

BENE. O, stay but till then ! 40

BEAT. ' Then ' is spoken ; fare you well now. And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

BENE. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEAT. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unkiss'd. 47

BENE. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ? 53

BEAT. For them all together ; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ? 57

BENE. Suffer love—a good epithet ! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

BEAT. In spite of your heart, I think ; alas, poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 62

BENE. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

BEAT. It appears not in this confession : there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself. 65

BENE. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours ; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

BEAT. And how long is that, think you ? 70

BENE. Question : why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum. Therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin ? 76

BEAT. Very ill.

BENE. And how do you ?

BEAT. Very ill too.

BENE. Serve God, love me, and mend ; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste. 81

Enter URSULA.

URS. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home. It is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently ? 86

BEAT. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

BENE. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ;
and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *[excunt.]*

SCENE III. *A churchyard.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and THREE or FOUR with tapers

CLAUD. Is this the monument of Leonato ?

A LORD. It is, my lord.

CLAUD. *[reads from a scroll]*

Epitaph.

'Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies ;
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs, 5
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.'

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb. 10
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn

Song.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go. 15
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered, 20
Heavily, heavily.

CLAUD. Now, unto thy bones good night.

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. PEDRO. Good morrow, masters ; put your torches out :
The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle day, 25
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us. Fare you well.

CLAUD. Good morrow, masters ; each his several way.

D. PEDRO. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ; 30
And then to Leonato's we will go.

CLAUD. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we rend'red up this woe. *[excunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Leonato's house.*

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA,
FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO.*

FRIAR. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

LEON. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

- Upon the error that you heard debated.
 But Margaret was in some fault for this,
 Although against her will, as it appears 5
 In the true course of all the question.
- ANT. Well, I am glad that all things sorts so well.
 BENE. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
 To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
- LEON. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, 10
 Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;
 And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
 The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
 To visit me. You know your office, brother :
 You must be father to your brother's daughter,
 And give her to young Claudio. 15
[exeunt ladies.]
- ANT. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
 BENE. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
- FRIAR. To do what, signior ?
- BENE. To bind me, or undo me—one of them, 20
 Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
 Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
- LEON. That eye my daughter lent her.
 'Tis most true.
- BENE. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
- LEON. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me, 25
 From Claudio, and the Prince. But what's your will ?
- BENE. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical.
 But, for my will, my will is your good will
 May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
 In the state of honourable marriage : 30
 In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
- LEON. My heart is with your liking.
- FRIAR. And my help.
 Here comes the Prince and Claudio.
- Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with ATTENDANTS.*
- D. PEDRO. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
- LEON. Good morrow, Prince ; good morrow, Claudio : 35
 We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
 To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?
- CLAUD. I'll hold my mind were she an Ethiope.
- LEON. Call her forth, brother ; here's the friar ready. *[exit ANTONIO.]*
- D. PEDRO. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter 40
 That you have such a February face,
 So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?
- CLAUD. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
 Tush, fear not, man ; we'll tip thy horns with gold,
 And all Europa shall rejoice at thee, 45
 As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
 When we would play the noble beast in love.
- BENE. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
 And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
 And got a calf in that same noble feat 50
 Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the LADIES masked.

- CLAUD. For this I owe you. Here comes other reck'nings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon ?
- ANT. This same is she, and I do give you her
- CLAUD. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face. 55
- LEON. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
- CLAUD. Give me your hand ; before this holy friar
I am your husband, if you like of me.
- HERO. And when I liv'd I was your other wife ; [unmasking.
And when you lov'd you were my other husband. 61
- CLAUD. Another Hero !
- HERO. Nothing certainer.
One Hero died defil'd ; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
- D. PEDRO. The former Hero ! Hero that is dead ! 65
- LEON. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
- FRIAR. All this amazement can I qualify,
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death.
Meantime let wonder seem familiar. 70
And to the chapel let us presently.
- BENE. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice ?
- BEAT. I answer to that name. [unmasking.
What is your will ?
- BENE. Do not you love me ?
- BEAT. Why no, no more than reason.
- BENE. Why, then your uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio, 75
Have been deceived : they swore you did.
- BEAT. Do not you love me ?
- BENE. Troth no, no more than reason.
- BEAT. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear you did.
- BENE. They swore that you were almost sick for me. 80
- BEAT. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
- BENE. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me ?
- BEAT. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
- LEON. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
- CLAUD. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her ; 85
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
- HERO. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90
- BENE. A miracle ! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come,
I will have thee ; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
- BEAT. I would not deny you ; but, by this good day, I yield upon great
persuasion ; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were
in a consumption. 96
- BENE. Peace ; I will stop your mouth. [kissing her.
- D. PEDRO. How dost thou, Benedick the married man ?
- BENE. I'll tell thee what, Prince : a college of wit crackers cannot
flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire
or an epigram ? No. If a man will be beaten with brains, 'a

shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it ; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it ; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee ; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin. 108

CLAUD. I had well hop'd thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer ; which out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceedingly narrowly to thee.

BENE. Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels. 115

LEON. We'll have dancing afterward.

BENE. First, of my word ; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife. There is no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, 120
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

BENE. Think not on him till tomorrow. I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. [*dance. exeunt.*]

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

IN EARLIER days when verse tests were interpreted more mechanically than now it was customary to regard *Love's Labour's Lost* as Shakespeare's first play—it contained more rhyming lines than any other, and rhyme was regarded as the mark of immaturity. How Shakespeare's first attempt happened to be in so sophisticated a manner as this comedy and to exhibit so easy a familiarity not merely with the literary feuds and personalities of the town but with an aristocratic circle to which the dramatist could hardly have had direct and immediate access from the provinces—all this was left unexplained. All these features however become immediately intelligible if we suppose that Shakespeare's earlier success on the stage had gained for him the attention of an aristocratic following and that with his dedication of *Venus and Adonis* to the Earl of Southampton the dramatist entered a courtly circle in which his lordship was a prominent and popular figure.

The question set by the situation in the play to the King and his associates is 'Love or Learning?'. And in the debate that follows Shakespeare finds occasion to glance at some of his well-known contemporaries who were carrying on not without acrimony an actual dispute on this and allied topics. The quarrel between Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe which Whitgift, the Archbishop of Canterbury, brought to an end by ordering the pamphlets they printed against each other to be burnt by the common hangman, touches one aspect of the question. Gabriel Harvey, the Cambridge scholar, stood for Learning, and also, Nashe declared, for pedantry and conceit: Nashe, the Cambridge graduate and satirist, regarded himself as the man of worldly experience as opposed to the mere plodder in books. The opposing parties fought under names that now require some translating: those who stood for scholarship were known as the Artists; those who preferred experience as their teacher called themselves Villainists, Nashe the protagonist of the Villainists professing to regard the debtors' prison, which he had known, as a more instructive centre for an author than a college. Worldly experience was of course incomplete without love. Although Moth in the play is not to be regarded as a portrait of Nashe, the quips against the learned given to the stage-character do echo the thrusts of Nashe at Harvey. Nashe and Harvey however stand not only for two opposed attitudes to life, their styles are naturally as different, and *Love's Labour's Lost* is much concerned with the exhibition and criticism of style and expression. Nashe and Harvey are however only one pair of many such opposites.

Florio, known to-day as the translator of Montaigne, stands like Harvey among the Artists, and although Holofernes is not to be taken as a deliberate portrait, there can be little doubt that the dramatist meant his audience to think of the scholar and his writings as they listened to the character whose name is almost an anagram on John Florio. Florio, born in London of Italian parents, made his reputation as a teacher of Italian by publishing two manuals designed to provide instruction in that language. These known from their

titles as his *First Fruits* and his *Second Fruits* provided an Englishman, who regarded foreigners teaching their own languages in England in no very friendly light, with the title of his satirical counter-blast *Eliot's Fruits for the French*. This was part of the title of *Ortho-epia Gallica*, a manual for teaching French, but providing as part of its material a running satirical commentary on the ways of the foreigners. Eliot plays the villainist to Florio's artist, and is reported as observing of the Nashe-Harvey controversy:

The Book-woorme was never but a pick-goose; it is the Multiplying spirit, not of the Alchimist, but of the villainist, that knocketh the naile one the head, and spurreth cutt farther in a day, than the quickest Artist in a wecke.

Shakespeare knew the manuals of both Florio and Eliot and uses this knowledge to season the dialogue of his disputants.

The dispute between Love and Learning Florio had carried back half a generation in the last of his *Second Fruits*, a discourse on the subject of love and women, by recalling the views on this subject of the celebrated Italian philosopher Giordano Bruno. During his wanderings Bruno stayed some years in England, where he found leisure to write his best-known works. Dedicating one of these to Sir Philip Sidney, with whom he was on intimate terms, Bruno exhorts his friend to forsake the love of women for pursuits worthy of his intellect—the implication being that Sidney should give up writing sonnets to Stella and study instead the stars and their motions as explained by Copernicus; for Bruno was an enthusiastic propagator of the new astronomical theories, and it was these and other unfamiliar speculations that were to lead to his being burned to death in Rome by the Inquisition in 1600. Shakespeare turned this opposition between the astronomer and the lover to account in his play; for the King and his courtiers, as Berowne suggests, begin as students of astronomy, although they are attracted from their studies by the starry eyes of the Princess and her ladies. All these references and allusions would of course be obvious to any courtly audience that would be found gathered round Essex, for Sidney's Stella was Penelope Devereux the sister of Essex himself.

One final aspect of the opposition between lovers and astronomers may be mentioned, although Shakespeare does not stress it in his play. In opposition to Essex and his party there stood a rival political group with Raleigh as a central figure—a rivalry that was to bring both Essex and Raleigh to the block. Raleigh and his friends were students of the new astronomy and had as their teacher Thomas Hariot, a scientist of original genius, himself a student of Bruno. Hariot was particularly interested in optics and devised an early form of telescope for observing the heavens, and it may have been this astronomical bent that fastened on Raleigh and his coterie the nickname 'School of Night'. Such at least is the explanation that has been given of the cryptic reference in the play at 4.iii.250 to 'the School of Night'.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, <i>King of Navarre.</i>	COSTARD, <i>a clown.</i>
BEROWNE,	MOTH, <i>page to Armado.</i>
LONGAVILLE, } <i>lords attending on</i>	A FORESTER.
DUMAIN, } <i>the King.</i>	
BOYET, } <i>lords attending on the</i>	THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE.
MARCADE, } <i>Princess of France.</i>	ROSALINE, }
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, <i>a</i>	MARIA, } <i>ladies attending on</i>
<i>fantastical Spaniard.</i>	KATHARINE, } <i>the Princess</i>
SIR NATHANIEL, <i>a curate.</i>	JAQUENETTA, <i>a country wench.</i>
HOLOFERNES, <i>a schoolmaster.</i>	
DULL, <i>a constable.</i>	LORDS ATTENDANTS, ETC.

THE SCENE : *Navarre.*

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. *Navarre.* THE KING'S PARK.

Enter the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

KING. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
 Live regist'ed upon our brazen tombs,
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death,
 When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
 Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
 That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
 And make us heirs of all eternity. 5
 Therefore, brave conquerors—for so you are
 That war against your own affections
 And the huge army of the world's desires—
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force : 10
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world
 Our court shall be a little Academe,
 Still and contemplative in living art.
 You three, Berowne, Dumain, and Longaville, 15
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
 My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
 That are recorded in this schedule here.
 Your oaths are pass'd ; and now subscribe your names,
 That his own hand may strike his honour down 20
 That violates the smallest branch herein.
 If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.
 LONG. I am resolv'd ; 'tis but a three years' fast.
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine. 25

- Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.
- DUM. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
 The grosser manner of these world's delights
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves ; 30
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
 With all these living in philosophy.
- BER. I can but say their protestation over ;
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
 That is, to live and study here three years. 35
 But there are other strict observances,
 As : not to see a woman in that term,
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there ;
 And one day in a week to touch no food,
 And but one meal on every day beside, 40
 The which I hope is not enrolled there ;
 And then to sleep but three hours in the night
 And not be seen to wink of all the day—
 When I was wont to think no harm all night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day — 45
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
 Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep !
- KING. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
- BER. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please : 50
 I only swore to study with your Grace,
 And stay here in your court for three years' space.
- LONG. You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.
- BER. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
 What is the end of study, let me know. 55
- KING. Why, that to know which else we should not know.
- BER. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense ?
- KING. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
- BER. Come on, then ; I will swear to study so, 60
 To know the thing I am forbid to know,
 As thus : to study where I well may dine,
 When I to feast expressly am forbid ;
 Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
 When mistresses from common sense are hid ;
 Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath, 65
 Study to break it, and not break my troth.
 If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
 Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
 Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
- KING. These be the stops that hinder study quite, 70
 And train our intellects to vain delight.
- BER. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain
 Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain,
 As painfully to pore upon a book
 To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while 75
 Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.
 Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile ;
 So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

- Study me how to please the eye indeed, 80
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that it was blinded by.
 Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks 85
 Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from others' books.
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
 That give a name to every fixed star
 Have no more profit of their shining nights 90
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know is to know nought but fame ;
 And every godfather can give a name.
- KING. How well he's read, to reason against reading !
 DUM. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding ! 95
 LONG. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
 BER. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.
 DUM. How follows that ?
 BER. Fit in his place and time.
 DUM. In reason nothing.
 BER. Something then in rhyme.
 LONG. Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost 100
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
 BER. Well, say I am ; why should proud summer boast
 Before the birds have any cause to sing ?
 Why should I joy in any abortive birth ?
 At Christmas I no more desire a rose 105
 Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;
 But like of each thing that in season grows ;
 So you, to study now it is too late,
 Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
- KING. Well, sit you out ; go home, Berowne ; adieu. 110
 BER. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with you ;
 And though I have for barbarism spoke more
 Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
 Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
 And bide the penance of each three years' day. 115
 Give me the paper ; let me read the same ;
 And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.
- KING. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !
 BER. [*reads.*] 'Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of
 my court'—
 Hath this been proclaimed ? 120
- LONG. Four days ago.
 BER. Let's see the penalty. [*reads.*] '—on pain of losing her tongue.'
 Who devis'd this penalty ?
 LONG. Marry, that did I. •
 BER. Sweet lord, and why ? 125
- LONG. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
 BER. A dangerous law against gentility.
 [*reads.*] 'Item. If any man be seen to talk with a woman
 within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame
 as the rest of the court can possibly devise.' 130

- This article, my liege, yourself must break ;
 For well you know here comes in embassy
 The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak—
 A maid of grace and complete majesty—
 About surrender up of Aquitaine 135
 To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father ;
 Therefore this article is made in vain,
 Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.
- KING. What say you, lords ? Why, this was quite forgot.
- BER. So study evermore is over-shot. 140
 While it doth study to have what it would,
 It doth forget to do the thing it should ;
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
 'Tis won as towns with fire—so won, so lost.
- KING. We must of force dispense with this decree ; 145
 She must lie here on mere necessity.
- BER. Necessity will make us all forsworn
 Three thousand times within this three years' space ;
 For every man with his affects is born,
 Not by might mast'rd, but by special grace. 150
 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me :
 I am forsworn on mere necessity.
 So to the laws at large I write my name ; [subscribes
 And he that breaks them in the least degree
 Stands in attainder of eternal shame. 155
 Suggestions are to other as to me ;
 But I believe, although I seem so loath,
 I am the last that will last keep his oath.
 But is there no quick recreation granted ?
- KING. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted 160
 With a refined traveller of Spain,
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;
 One who the music of his own vain tongue
 Doth ravish like enchanting harmony ; 165
 A man of complements, whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
 This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
 For interim to our studies shall relate,
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight 170
 From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
 But I protest I love to hear him lie,
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
- BER. Armado is a most illustrious wight, 175
 A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
- LONG. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport ;
 And so to study three years is but short.

Enter DULL, a constable, with a letter, and COSTARD.

DULL. Which is the Duke's own person ?

BER. This, fellow. What wouldst ? 180

DULL. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's farborough ; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood

BER. This is he.

DULL. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad ; this letter will tell you more. 186

COST. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

KING. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

BER. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

LONG. A high hope for a low heaven. God grant us patience !

BER. To hear, or forbear hearing ?

LONG. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or, to forbear both. 195

BER. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

COST. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

BER. In what manner ? 200

COST. In manner and form following, sir ; all those three : I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park ; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman. For the form—in some form. 206

BER. For the following, sir ?

COST. As it shall follow in my correction ; and God defend the right !

KING. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

BER. As we would hear an oracle.

COST. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

KING. [*reads.*] 'Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god and body's fost'ring patron'— 216

COST. Not a word of Costard yet.

KING. [*reads.*] 'So it is'—

COST. It may be so ; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

KING. Peace !

COST. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight !

KING. No words !

COST. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you. 224

KING. [*reads.*] 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time When ? About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which ? which, I mean, I walk'd upon ; it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place Where ? where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most prepost'rous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place Where ? It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,' 237

COST. Me ?

KING. ' that unlettered small-knowing soul,'

COST. Me ?

KING. ' that shallow vassal,'

COST. Still me ?

KING. ' which, as I remember, hight Costard,'

COST. O, me !

244

KING. ' sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon ; which, with, O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith—'

COST. With a wench.

248

KING. ' with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

253

DULL. Me, an't shall please you ; I am Antony Dull.

KING. ' For Jaquenetta—so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury ; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

BER. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

KING. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this ?

COST. Sir, I confess the wench.

KING. Did you hear the proclamation ?

265

COST. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

KING. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

COST. I was taken with none, sir ; I was taken with a damsel.

KING. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

COST. This was no damsel neither, sir ; she was a virgin.

KING. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

COST. If it were, I deny her virginity ; I was taken with a maid.

276

KING. This ' maid ' will not serve your turn, sir.

COST. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

KING. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence : you shall fast a week with bran and water.

280

COST. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

KING. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berowne, see him delivered o'er ;

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

285

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.]

BER. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

289

COST. I suffer for the truth, sir ; for true it is I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl ; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity ! Affliction may one day smile again ; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow.

[*exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The park.**Enter ARMADO and MOTH, his page.*

ARM. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARM. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

MOTH. No, no ; O Lord, sir, no !

ARM. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal ?

MOTH. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.

ARM. Why tough signior ? Why tough signior ? 11

MOTH. Why tender juvenal ? Why tender juvenal ?

ARM. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

MOTH. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

ARM. Pretty and apt.

MOTH. How mean you, sir ? I pretty, and my saying apt ? or I apt, and my saying pretty ? 20

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt ?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH. Speak you this in my praise, master ?

ARM. In thy condign praise. 25

MOTH. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARM. What, that an eel is ingenious ?

MOTH. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do say thou art quick in answers ; thou heat'st my blood.

MOTH. I am answer'd, sir. 31

ARM. I love not to be cross'd.

MOTH. [*aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary : crosses love not him.

ARM. I have promised to study three years with the Duke. 36

MOTH. You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARM. Impossible.

MOTH. How many is one thrice told ?

ARM. I am ill at reck'ning ; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster. 41

MOTH. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

ARM. I confess both ; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

MOTH. Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARM. It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH. Which the base vulgar do call three.

ARM. True. 49

MOTH. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study ? Now here is three studied ere ye'll thrice wink ; and how easy it is to put ' years ' to the word ' three ', and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

ARM. A most fine figure !

MOTH. [*aside.*] To prove you a cipher. 55

ARM. I will hereupon confess I am in love. And as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devis'd curtsy. I think

scorn to sigh ; methinks I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me,
boy ; what great men have been in love ? 63

MOTH. Hercules, master.

ARM. Most sweet Hercules ! More authority, dear boy, name more ;
and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and
carriage.

MOTH. Samson, master ; he was a man of good carriage, great
carriage, for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter ;
and he was in love. 70

ARM. O well-knit Samson ! strong-jointed Samson ! I do excel thee
in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am
in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth ?

MOTH. A woman, master. 75

ARM. Of what complexion ?

MOTH. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

ARM. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

MOTH. Of the sea-water green, sir. 80

ARM. Is that one of the four complexions ?

MOTH. As I have read, sir ; and the best of them too.

ARM. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers ; but to have a love of
that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely
affected her for her wit. 85

MOTH. It was so, sir ; for she had a green wit.

ARM. My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOTH. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such
colours.

ARM. Define, define, well-educated infant. 90

MOTH. My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me !

ARM. Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty, and pathetic !

MOTH. If she be made of white and red, 95

Her faults will ne'er be known ;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shown.

Then if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know ; 100

For still her cheeks possess the same

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

ARM. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar ? 106

MOTH. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages
since ; but I think now 'tis not to be found ; or if it were, it
would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

ARM. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my
digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that
country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard ;
she deserves well. 114

MOTH. [*aside.*] To be whipt ; and yet a better love than my master.

ARM. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

MOTH. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

ARM. I say, sing.

MOTH. Forbear till this company be past. 120

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

DULL. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe ; and

you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance ; but 'a must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well. 125

ARM. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid !

JAQ. Man !

ARM. I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQ. That's hereby.

ARM. I know where it is situate. 130

JAQ. Lord, how wise you are !

ARM. I will tell thee wonders.

JAQ. With that face ?

ARM. I love thee.

JAQ. So I heard you say. 135

ARM. And so, farewell.

JAQ. Fair weather after you !

DULL. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*exeunt* DULL and JAQUENETTA.

ARM. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

COST. Well, sir, I hope when I do it I shall do it on a full stomach.

ARM. Thou shalt be heavily punished. 143

COST. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARM. Take away this villain ; shut him up.

MOTH. Come, you transgressing slave, away.

COST. Let me not be pent up, sir ; I will fast, being loose.

MOTH. No, sir ; that were fast, and loose. Thou shalt to prison.

COST. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see. 152

MOTH. What shall some see ?

COST. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing. I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.

ARM. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn—which is a great argument of falsehood—if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ; Love is a devil. There is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength ; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not ; his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour ; rust, rapier ; be still, drum ; for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*exit.*

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. *The park.*

*Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, with three attending ladies,
ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, and two other LORDS.*

- BOYET. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.
 Consider who the King your father sends,
 To whom he sends, and what's his embassy :
 Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
 To parley with the sole inheritor 5
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
 Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
 As Nature was in making graces dear, 10
 When she did starve the general world beside
 And prodigally gave them all to you.
- PRIN. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, 15
 Not utt'red by base sale of chapmen's tongues ;
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
 Than you much willing to be counted wise
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
 But now to task the tasker : good Boyet, 20
 You are not ignorant all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall outwear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court.
 Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course, 25
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor.
 Tell him the daughter of the King of France, 30
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.
- BOYET. Proud of employment, willingly I go. 35
- PRIN. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. [*exit BOYET.*]
- Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?
- 1 LORD. Lord Longaville is one.
- PRIN. Know you the man ?
- MAR. I know him, madam ; at a marriage feast, 40
 Between Lord Perigort and the beautiful heir
 Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
 In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
 A man of sovereign parts, peerless esteem'd,
 Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms ; 45
 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

- The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
 If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will,
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills 50
 It should none spare that come within his power.
- PRIN. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?
- MAR. They say so most that most his humours know.
- PRIN. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
 Who are the rest ? 55
- KATH. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
 Of all that virtue love for virtue loved ;
 Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ,
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
 And shape to win grace though he had no wit. 60
 I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once ;
 And much too little of that good I saw
 Is my report to his great worthiness.
- ROS. Another of these students at that time
 Was there with him, if I have heard a truth. 65
 Berowne they call him ; but a merrier man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit,
 For every object that the one doth catch 70
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
 Which his fair tongue, concert's expositor,
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished ; 75
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
- PRIN. God bless my ladies ! Are they all in love,
 That every one her own hath garnished
 With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?
- I LORD. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

- PRIN. Now, what admittance, lord ? 80
- BOYET. Navarre had notice of your fair approach,
 And he and his competitors in oath
 Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
 Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt :
 He rather means to lodge you in the field, 85
 Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
 Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
 To let you enter his unpeopled house.

[*the LADIES-IN-WAITING mask.*]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BEROWNE, and ATTENDANTS.

Here comes Navarre.

- KING. Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. 90

PRIN. 'Fair' I give you back again ; and 'welcome' I have not yet.
 The roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the
 wide fields too base to be mine.

KING. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

- PRIN. I will be welcome then ; conduct me thither. 95
- KING. Hear me, dear lady : I have sworn an oath—
- PRIN. Our Lady help my lord ! He'll be forsworn.
- KING. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
- PRIN. Why, will shall break it ; will, and nothing else.
- KING. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is. 100
- PRIN. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping.
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it. 105
- But pardon me, I am too sudden bold ;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*giving a paper.*
- KING. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. 110
- PRIN. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjurd if you make me stay.
- BER. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?
- KATH. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?
- BER. I know you did. 115
- KATH. How needless was it then to ask the question !
- BER. You must not be so quick.
- KATH. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.
- BER. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
- KATH. Not till it leave the rider in the mire. 120
- BER. What time o' day ?
- KATH. The hour that fools should ask.
- BER. Now fair befall your mask !
- KATH. Fair fall the face it covers !
- BER. And send you many lovers ! 125
- KATH. Amen, so you be none.
- BER. Nay, then will I be gone.
- KING. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one half of an entire sum 130
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us, 135
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty. 140
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine ; 145
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.

- Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make 150
 A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
 And go well satisfied to France again.
- PRIN. You do the King my father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseemingly to confess receipt 155
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
- KING. I do protest I never heard of it ;
 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back
 Or yield up Aquitaine.
- PRIN. We arrest your word.
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances 160
 For such a sum from special officers
 Of Charles his father.
- KING. Satisfy me so.
- BOYET. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
 Where that and other specialties are bound ;
 To-morrow you shall have a sight of them. 165
- KING. It shall suffice me ; at which interview
 All liberal reason I will yield unto.
 Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
 As honour, without breach of honour, may
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness. 170
 You may not come, fair Princess, within my gates ;
 But here without you shall be so receiv'd
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
 Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell. 175
 To-morrow shall we visit you again.
- PRIN. Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace !
- KING. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place.
- [*exit with ATTENDANTS.*]
- BER. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.
- ROS. Pray you, do my commendations ;
 I would be glad to see it. 181
- BER. I would you heard it groan.
- ROS. Is the fool sick ?
- BER. Sick at the heart.
- ROS. Alack, let it blood. 185
- BER. Would that do it good ?
- ROS. My physic says ' ay '.
- BER. Will you prick't with your eye ?
- ROS. No point, with my knife.
- BER. Now. God save thy life ! 190
- ROS. And yours from long living !
- BER. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*retiring.*]
- DUM. Sir, I pray you, a word : what lady is that same ?
- BOYET. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.
- DUM. A gallant lady ! Monsieur, fare you well. [*exit.*]
- LONG. I beseech you a word : what is she in the white ?
- BOYET. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
- LONG. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.
- BOYET. She hath but one for herself ; to desire that were a shame.

LONG. Pray you, sir, whose daughter ? 200
 BOYET. Her mother's, I have heard.
 LONG. God's blessing on your beard !
 BOYET. Good sir, be not offended ;
 She is an heir of Falconbridge.
 LONG. Nay, my choler is ended. 205
 She is a most sweet lady.
 BOYET. Not unlike, sir ; that may be. [exit LONGAVILLE.
 BER. What's her name in the cap ?
 BOYET. Rosaline, by good hap.
 BER. Is she wedded or no ? 210
 BOYET. To her will, sir, or so.
 BER. You are welcome, sir ; adieu !
 BOYET. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you
 [exit BEROWNE. Ladies unmask.
 MAR. That last is Berowne, the merry mad-cap lord ;
 Not a word with him but a jest.
 BOYET. And every jest but a word. 215
 PRIN. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
 BOYET. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
 KATH. Two hot sheeps, marry !
 BOYET. And wherefore not ships ?
 No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
 KATH. You sheep and I pasture—shall that finish the jest ? 220
 BOYET. So you grant pasture for me. [offering to kiss her.
 KATH. Not so, gentle beast ;
 My lips are no common, though several they be.
 BOYET. Belonging to whom ?
 KATH. To my fortunes and me.
 PRIN. Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles, agree ;
 This civil war of wits were much better used 225
 On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abused.
 BOYET. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
 By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
 Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
 PRIN. With what ? 230
 BOYET. With that which we lovers entitle ' affected ' .
 PRIN. Your reason ?
 BOYET. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
 His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed. 235
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed ;
 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be ;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair. 240
 Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;
 Who, tend'ring their own worth from where they were glass'd,
 Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes 245
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
 I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRIN. Come, to our pavilion. Boyet is dispos'd.

BOYET. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd ; 250

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

MAR. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

KATH. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him. 254

ROS. Then was Venus like her mother ; for her father is but grim.

BOYET. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

MAR.

No.

BOYET.

What, then ; do you see ?

MAR. Ay, our way to be gone.

BOYET. You are too hard for me. [exeunt.

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. *The park.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

ARM. Warble, child ; make passionate my sense of hearing.

ARM. Sweet air ! Go, tenderness of years, take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither ; I must employ him in a letter to my love. 6

MOTH. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl ?

ARM. How meanest thou ? Brawling in French ?

MOTH. No, my complete master ; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love, with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes, with your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting ; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours ; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these ; and make them men of note—do you note me ?—that most are affected to these.

ARM. How hast thou purchased this experience ?

MOTH. By my penny of observation.

ARM. But O—but O—

25

MOTH. The hobby-horse is forgot.

ARM. Call'st thou my love 'hobby-horse' ?

MOTH. No, master ; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love ?

ARM. Almost I had.

MOTH. Negligent student ! learn her by heart.

ARM. By heart and in heart, boy.

MOTH. And out of heart, master ; all those three I will prove. 35

ARM. What wilt thou prove ?

MOTH. A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant. By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her ; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her. 41

ARM. I am all these three.

MOTH. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

ARM. Fetch hither the swain ; he must carry me a letter.

MOTH. A message well sympathiz'd—a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

ARM. Ha, ha, what sayest thou ?

MOTH. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go. 50

ARM. The way is but short ; away.

MOTH. As swift as lead, sir.

ARM. The meaning, pretty ingenious ?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

MOTH. Minime, honest master ; or rather, master, no. 55

ARM. I say lead is slow.

MOTH. You are too swift, sir, to say so .

Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun ?

ARM. Sweet smoke of rhetoric !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he ;

I shoot thee at the swain.

MOTH. Thump, then, and I flee. [exit. 61

ARM. A most acute juvenal ; volable and free of grace !

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face ;

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD.

MOTH. A wonder, master ! here's a costard broken in a shin. 65

ARM. Some enigma, some riddle ; come, thy l'envoy ; begin.

COST. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy ; no salve in the mail, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain ; no l'envoy, no l'envoy ; no salve, sir, but a plantain !

ARM. By virtue thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly thought, my spleen, the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars ! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word ' l'envoy ' for a salve ?

MOTH. Do the wise think them other ? Is not l'envoy a salve ? 75

ARM. No, page ; it is an epilogue or discourse to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three. 80

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

MOTH. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

ARM. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

MOTH. Until the goose came out of door, 85

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three. 90

ARM. Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

MOTH. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose ; would you desire more ?

COST. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat. 95

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose ;

Let me see : a fat l'envoy ; ay, that's a fat goose.

ARM. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin ?

MOTH. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin. 100

Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

COST. True, and I for a plantain. Thus came your argument in ;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose tha. you bought ;

And he ended the market.

ARM. But tell me : how was there a costard broken in a shin ?

MOTH. I will tell you sensibly.

COST. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth ; I will speak that l'envoy.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within, 110

Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

ARM. We will talk no more of this matter.

COST. Till there be more matter in the shin.

ARM. Sirrah Costard. I will enfranchise thee.

COST. O, marry me to one Frances ! I smell some l'envoy, some
goose, in this. 116

ARM. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, cnfreedoming
thy person ; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

COST. True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me
loose. 121

ARM. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance ; and, in lieu
thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : bear this significant
[*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta ; there is remunera-
tion, for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents.
Moth, follow. [*exit.*]

MOTH. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu. 127

COST. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my incony Jew ! [*exit* MOTH.
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O, that's
the Latin word for three farthings. Three farthings—remunera-
tion. 'What's the price of this inkle ? '---'One penny.'---'No,
I'll give you a remuneration.' Why, it carries it. Remuneration !
Why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and
sell out of this word. 134

Enter BEROWNE.

BER. My good knave Costard, exceedingly well met !

COST. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a
remuneration ? 137

BER. What is a remuneration ?

COST. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

BER. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

COST. I thank your worship. God be wi' you !

BER. Stay, slave ; I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COST. When would you have it done, sir ? 145

BER. This afternoon.

COST. Well, I will do it, sir ; fare you well.

BER. Thou knowest not what it is.

COST. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

BER. Why, villain, thou must know first. 150

COST. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

BER. It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this :

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady ; 155
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go. 159

[giving him a shilling.

COST. Gardon, O sweet gardon ! better than remuneration ; a
'leven-pence farthing better ; most sweet gardon ! I will do it,
sir, in print. Gardon—remuneration ! [exit.

BER. And I, forsooth, in love ; I, that have been love's whip ;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh ; 165
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable ;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent !
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ; 170
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Lige of all loitcrers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general 175
Of trotting paritors. O my little heart !
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !
What ! I love, I sue, I seek a wife—
A woman, that is like a German clock, 180
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right !
Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all ;
And, among three, to love the worst of all, 185
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed.
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard.
And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her ! 190
To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan :
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [exit.

ACT FOUR.

SCENE I. *The park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET,
LORDS, ATTENDANTS, *and a* FORESTER.

PRIN. Was that the King that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep-up rising of the hill ?

BOYET. I know not ; but I think it was not he.

PRIN. Whoe'er 'a was, 'a show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch
On Saturday we will return to France. 5

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in ?

FOR. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice ;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 10

PRIN. I thank my beauty I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

FOR. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

PRIN. What, what ? First praise me, and again say no ?
O short-liv'd pride ! Not fair ? Alack for woe ! 15

FOR. Yes, madam, fair.

PRIN. Nay, never paint me now ;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true :
[giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

FOR. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit. 20

PRIN. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days !

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow. Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill ; 25

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't ;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes : 30

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart ;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood that my heart means no ill. 35

BOYET. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords ? 40

PRIN. Only for praise ; and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

BOYET. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

COST. God dig-you-den all ! Pray you, which is the head lady ?

PRIN. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

COST. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

PRIN. The thickest and the tallest.

COST. The thickest and the tallest ! It is so ; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit, 49

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman ? You are the thickest here.

PRIN. What's your will, sir ? What's your will ?

COST. I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to one Lady Rosaline.

PRIN. O, thy letter, thy letter ! ' He's a good friend of mine.
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve. 55
Break up this capon.

BOYET. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook ; it importeth none here.
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

PRIN. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear. 59

BOYET. [*reads.*] ' By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible ; true
that thou art beauteous ; truth itself that thou art lovely. More
fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself,
have commiseration on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous
and most illustre king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and
indubitate beggar Zenelophon ; and he it was that might rightly
say, ' Veni, vidi, vici ' ; which to annothanize in the vulgar,
—O base and obscure vulgar !—videlicet, He came, saw, and
overcame. He came, one ; saw, two ; overcame, three. Who
came ?—the king. Why did he come ?—to see. Why did he
see ?—to overcome. To whom came he ?—to the beggar. What
saw he ?—the beggar. Who overcame he ?—the beggar. The
conclusion is victory ; on whose side ?—the king's. The captive
is enrich'd ; on whose side ?—the beggar's. The catastrophe is
a nuptial ; on whose side ?—the king's. No, on both in one, or
one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison ; thou
the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command
thy love ? I may. Shall I enforce thy love ? I could. Shall I
entreat thy love ? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags ?
—robes, for tittles ?—titles, for thyself ?—me. Thus expecting
thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture,
and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.' 80

' Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
' Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey ;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then ? 85
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.'

PRIN. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter ?
What vane ? What weathercock ? Did you ever hear better ?

BOYET. I am much deceived but I remember the style.
PRIN. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile. 90

BOYET. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court ;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his book-mates.

PRIN. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter ?

COST. I told you : my lord.

PRIN. To whom shouldst thou give it ?

COST. From my lord to my lady. 95

PRIN. From which lord to which lady ?

COST. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

PRIN. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

[to ROSALINE.] Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*exeunt* PRINCESS and TRAIN.]

BOYET. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

ROS. Shall I teach you to know?

BOYET. Ay, my continent of beauty.

ROS. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

BOYET. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

105

Finely put on!

ROS. Well then, I am the shooter.

BOYET. And who is your deer?

ROS. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.

Finely put on indeed!

MAR. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

BOYET. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

111

ROS. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when

King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

BOYET. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

ROS. [*singing.*]

'Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,

'Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

BOYET. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

120

An I cannot, another can.

[*exeunt* ROSALINE and KATHARINE.]

COST. By my troth, most pleasant! How both did fit it!

MAR. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

BOYET. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

125

MAR. Wide o' the bow-hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

COST. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

BOYET. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

COST. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

MAR. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

130

COST. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

BOYET. I fear too much rubbing; good-night, my good owl.

[*exeunt* BOYET and MARIA.]

COST. By my soul, a swain, a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit!

135

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado a th' t'one side—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly 'a will swear!

And his page a t' other side, that handful of wit!

140

Ah, heavens, it is a most patheticall nit!

Sola, sola!

[*exit* COSTARD.]

SCENE II. *The Park.*

From the shooting within, enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

NATH. Very reverent sport, truly ; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

HOL. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood ; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven ; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth. 6

NATH. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least ; but, sir, I assure ye it was a buck of the first head.

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo. 10

DULL. 'Twas not a haud credo ; 'twas a pricket.

HOL. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication ; facere, as it were, replication, or rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer. 17

DULL. I said the deer was not a haud credo ; 'twas a pricket.

HOL. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus !

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look !

NATH. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book ; He hath not cat paper, as it were ; he hath not drunk ink ; his intellect is not replenished ; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts ; 25

And such barren plants are set before us that we thankful should be —

Which we of taste and feeling are—for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.

But, omne bene, say I, being of an old father's mind : 30

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

DULL. You two are book-men : can you tell me by your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth that's not five weeks old as yet ?

HOL. Dictynna, goodman Dull ; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

DULL. What is Dictynna ? 35

NATH. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOL. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL. 'Tis true, indeed ; the collusion holds in the exchange.

HOL. God comfort thy capacity ! I say th' allusion holds in the exchange. 41

DULL. And I say the polusion holds in the exchange ; for the moon is never but a month old ; and I say, beside, that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd. 46

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer ? And, to humour the ignorant, call the deer the Princess kill'd a pricket.

NATH. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge, so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility. 51

HOL. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preful Princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket.
Some say a sore ; but not a sore till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell ; put el to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket—
Or pricket sore, or else sorel ; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores o' sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

NATH. A rare talent! 60

DULL. [*aside.*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

HOL. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it. 69

NATH. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you. You are a good member of the commonwealth. 73

HOL. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction ; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them ; but, vir sapit qui pauca loquitur. A soul feminine saluteth us. 77

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

JAQ. God give you good morrow, Master Person.

HOL. Master Person, quasi pers-one. And if one should be pierc'd which is the one ? 80

COST. Marry, Master Schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

HOL. Piercing a hogshead ! A good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine ; 'tis pretty it is well. 85

JAQ. Good Master Parson, be so good as read me this letter ; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado. I beseech you read it.

HOL. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra

Ruminat—

and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan ! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice : 91

Venetia, Venetia,

Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not—

Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.

Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or rather as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses ?

NATH. Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOL. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse ; lege, domine.

NATH. [*reads*] ' If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed ! 101

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend. 105
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend ;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire. 111
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
'That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.'

HOL. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent : let me supervise the canonet. Here are only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man. And why, indeed, 'Naso' but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention ? Imitari is nothing : so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you ? 122

JAQ. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the strange queen's lords.

HOL. I will overglance the superscript : 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline'. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto : 'Your Ladyship's in all desired employment, Berowne'. Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the King ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet ; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the King ; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty. Adieu.

JAQ. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life ! 136

COST. Have with thee, my girl. [exiunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.]

NATH. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and, as a certain father saith —

HOL. Sir, tell not me of the father ; I do fear colourable colours.

But to return to the verses : did they please you, Sir Nathaniel ?

NATH. Marvellous well for the pen. 143

HOL. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine ; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto ; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society. 150

NATH. And thank you too ; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

HOL. And certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [to DULL.]

Sir, I do invite you too ; you shall not say me nay : pauca verba.

Away ; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[exiunt.]

SCENE III. The Park.

Enter BEROWNE, with a paper in his hand, alone

BER. The King he is hunting the deer : I am coursing myself. They

have pitch'd a toil : I am toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile ! a foul word. Well, 'set thee down, sorrow !' for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I am the fool. Well proved, wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax : it kills sheep ; it kills me—I a sheep. Well proved again o' my side. I will not love ; if I do, hang me. I' faith, I will not. O, but her eye ! By this light, but for her eye, I would not love her—yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love ; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already ; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper ; God give him grace to groan ! *[climbs into a tree.]*

Enter the KING, with a paper.

KING. Ay me ! 18

BER. Shot, by heaven ! Proceed, sweet Cupid ; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets !

KING. *[reads.]*

' So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows ; 25
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep ;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ; 30
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show.
But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep. 35
O queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel
No thought can think nor tongue of mortal tell.'

How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the paper —
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ? *[steps aside.]*

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville, and reading ! Listen, ear. 40

BER. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear !

LONG. Ay me, I am forsworn !

BER. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

KING. In love, I hope ; sweet fellowship in shame ! 45

BER. One drunkard loves another of the name.

LONG. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so ?

BER. I could put thee in comfort : not by two that I know ;

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity. 50

LONG. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love !

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BER. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose :

Disfigure not his slop.

LONG. This same shall go. 55
[*he reads the sonnet.*]

'Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore ; but I will prove, 60
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is ;
'Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine, 65
Exhal'st this vapour-vow ; in thee it is.
If broken, then it is no fault of mine ;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise ?'

BER. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity, 70
A green goose a goddess—pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend ! We are much out o' th' way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

LONG. By whom shall I send this ?—Company ! Stay. [*steps aside.*]

BER. 'All hid, all hid'—an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky, 75
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eyc.
More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish !
Dumain transformed ! Four woodcocks in a dish !

DUM. O most divine Kate !

BER. O most profane coxcomb ! 80

DUM. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye !

BER. By earth, she is not, corporal : there you lie.

DUM. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

BER. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

DUM. As upright as the cedar.

BER. Stoop, I say ; 85
Her shoulder is with child.

DUM. As fair as day.

BER. Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must shine.

DUM. O that I had my wish !

LONG. And I had mine !

KING. And I mine too, good Lord !

BER. Amen, so I had mine ! Is not that a good word ? 90

DUM. I would forget her ; but a fever she

Reigns in my blood, and will rememb' red be.

BER. A fever in your blood ? Why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers. Sweet misprision !

DUM. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ. 95

BER. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

DUM. [*reads.*]

'On a day—alack the day !—

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair

- Playing in the wanton air. 100
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, can passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 " Air," quoth he " thy cheeks may blow ; 105
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alack, my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn ,
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet. 110
 Do not call it sin in me
 That I am forsworn for thee ;
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiopie were ;
 And deny himself for Jove, 115
 Turning mortal for thy love." ' '
- This will I send ; and something else more plain
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain
 O, would the King, Berowne and Longaville,
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill, 120
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;
 For none offend where all alike do dote.
- LONG. [*advancing.*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
 That in love's grief desir'st society ;
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know, 125
 To be o'erheard and taken napping so.
- KING. [*advancing.*] Come, sir, you blush ; as his, your case is such.
 You chide at him, offending twice as much ;
 You do not love Maria ! Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile ; 130
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion, 135
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
 ' Ay me ! ' says one. ' O Jove ! ' the other cries.
 One, her hairs were gold ; crystal the other's eyes.
 [*to LONG.*] You would for paradise break faith and troth ;
 [*to DUM.*] And Jove for your love would infringe an oath. 140
 What will Berowne say when that he shall hear
 Faith infringed which such zeal did swear ?
 How will he scorn, how will he spend his wit !
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it !
 For all the wealth that ever I did see, 145
 I would not have him know so much by me.
- BER. [*descending.*] Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.
 Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love ? 150
 Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears
 There is no certain princess that appears ;
 You'll not be perjur'd ; 'tis a hateful thing ;

- Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
 But are you not ashamed? Nay, are you not, 155
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
 You found his mote; the King your mote did see,
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen! 160
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys, 165
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? All about the breast.
 A caudle, ho!
- KING. Too bitter is thy jest. 170
 Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?
- BER. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
 I that am honest, I that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in;
 I am betrayed by keeping company 175
 With men like you, men of inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye, 180
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb—
- KING. Soft! whither away so fast?
 A true man or a thief that gallops so?
- BER. I post from love; good lover, let me go.
- Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*
- JAQ. God bless the King!
- KING. What present hast thou there? 185
- COST. Some certain treason.
- KING. What makes treason here?
- COST. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
- KING. If it mar nothing neither,
 The treason and you go in peace away together.
- JAQ. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read;
 Our person misdoubts it: 'twas treason he said. 190
- KING. Berowne, read it over. [BEROWNE reads the letter.
- Where hadst thou it?
- JAQ. Of Costard.
- KING. Where hadst thou it?
- COST. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio. 195
- [BEROWNE tears the letter.
- KING. How now! What is in you? Why dost thou tear it?
- BER. A toy, my liege, a toy! Your Grace needs not fear it.
- LONG. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

DUM. It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name.

BER. *[to COSTARD.]* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do me shame. 200

Guilty, my lord, guilty ! I confess, I confess.

KING. What ?

BER. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess ;

He, he, and you—and you, my liege !—and I
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die. 205

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

DUM. Now the number is even.

BER. True, true, we are four.

Will these turtles be gone ?

KING. Hence, sirs, away.

COST. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[exit COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.]
BER. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace ! 210

As true we are as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born,

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn. 215

KING. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine ?

BER. ' Did they ? ' quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde

At the first op'ning of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head and, stricken blind, 220

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

KING. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now ? 225

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

BER. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne.

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek, 230

Where several worthies make one dignity,

Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—

Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not ! 235

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs :

She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born, 240

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine !

KING. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

BER. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !

A wife of such wood were felicity. 245

O, who can give an oath ? Where is a book ?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

- If that she learn not of her eye to look.
No face is fair that is not full so black.
- KING. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell, 250
The hue of dungeons, and the school of night ;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
- BER. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair 255
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;
For native blood is counted painting now ;
And therefore red that would avoid dispraise 260
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
- DUM. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
- LONG. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
- KING. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.
- DUM. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light. 265
- BER. Your mistresses dare never come in rain
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
- KING. 'Twere good yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
- BER. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here. 270
- KING. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
- DUM. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
- LONG. Look, here's thy love : my foot and her face see.
[showing his shoe.]
- BER. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread ! 275
- DUM. O vile ! Then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
- KING. But what of this ? Are we not all in love ?
- BER. Nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsworn.
- KING. Then leave this chat ; and, good Berowne, now prove 280
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
- DUM. Ay, marry, there ; some flattery for this evil.
- LONG. O, some authority how to proceed ;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil !
- DUM. Some salve for perjury.
- BER. 'Tis more than need. 285
Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto :
To fast, to study, and to see no woman—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast ? Your stomachs are too young. 290
And abstinence engenders maladies.
*And where that you have vow'd to study, lords.
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face ?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They are the ground, the books, the academes,*

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire. 300
Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face, 305
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow ;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself, 310
And where we are our learning likewise is ;
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves.
Do we not likewise see our learning there ;
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books. 315
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with ?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ; 320
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil ;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But with the motion of all elements 325
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye :
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind. 330
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd.
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails :
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste. 335
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods 340
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temp'red with Love's sighs ;
O, then his lines would ravish savage cars,
And plant in tyrants mild humility. 345
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish, all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent. 350
Then fools you were these women to forswear ;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
349

- For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
 Or for Love's sake, a word that loves all men ;
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ; 355
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men—
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn ;
 For charity itself fulfils the law, 360
 And who can sever love from charity ?
- KING. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !
 BER. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;
 Pell-mell, down with them ! But be first advis'd,
 In conflict, that you get the sun of them. 365
- LONG. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by.
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?
- KING. And win them too ; therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.
- BER. First, from the park let us conduct them thither ; 370
 Then homeward every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours, 375
 Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
- KING. Away, away ! No time shall be omitted
 That will betime, and may by us be fitted.
- BER. Allons ! allons ! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn,
 And justice always whirls in equal measure. 380
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [exeunt.]

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. *The Park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

- HOL. Satis quod sufficit.
- NATH. I praise God for you, sir. Your reasons at dinner have been
 sharp and sententious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without
 affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion,
 and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day
 with a companion of the King's who is intituled, nominated, or
 called, Don Adriano de Armado. 7
- HOL. Novi hominem tanquam te. His humour is lofty, his discourse
 peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical
 and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He
 is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too
 peregrinate, as I may call it.
- NATH. A most singular and choice epithet. 13
 [draws out his table-book.]
- HOL. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple
 of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such
 insociable and point-devise companions ; such rackers of ortho-
 graphy, as to speak 'dout' fine, when he should say 'doubt' ;

'det' when he should pronounce 'debt'—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t. He clepeth a calf 'cauf', half 'hauf'; neighbour vocatur 'nebour'; 'neigh' abbreviated 'ne'. This is abhominable—which he would call 'abominable'. It insinuateth me of insanie: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic. 23

NATH. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

HOL. 'Bone'?—'bone' for 'bene'. Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

NATH. Videsne quis venit?

HOL. Video, et gaudeo.

ARM. [*to* MOTH.] Chirrah!

HOL. Quare 'chirrah', not 'sirrah'? 30

ARM. Men of peace, well encount'ed.

HOL. Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH. [*aside to* COSTARD.] They have been at a great feast of languages and stol'n the scraps.

COST. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus; thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

MOTH. Peace! the peal begins.

ARM. [*to* HOL.] Monsieur, are you not lett'ed?

MOTH. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook. What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head? 40

HOL. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

MOTH. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

HOL. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

MOTH. The third of the five vowels, if You repeat them, or the fifth, if I.

HOL. I will repeat them: a, e, I—

MOTH. The sheep; the other two concludes it: o, U. 50

ARM. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit—snip, snap, quick and home. It rejoiceth my intellect. True wit!

MOTH. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

HOL. What is the figure? What is the figure? 55

MOTH. Horns.

HOL. Thou disputes like an infant; go whip thy gig.

MOTH. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa—a gig of a cuckold's horn. 59

COST. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say. 66

HOL. O, I smell false Latin; 'dunghill' for unguem.

ARM. Arts-man, preambulate; we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you no. educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain? 70

HOL. Or mons, the hill.

ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOL. I do, sans question.

ARM. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day ; which the rude multitude call the afternoon. 77

HOL. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable, for the afternoon. The word is well cull'd, chose, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure. 81

ARM. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend. For what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy. I beseech thee, apparel thy head. And among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too—but let that pass, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio ; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable : some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world ; but let that pass. The very all of all is— but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy—that the King would have me present the Princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking-out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance. 101

HOL. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rend'ed by our assistance, the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the Princess—I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 107

NATH. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

HOL. Joshua, yourself ; myself, Alexander ; this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus ; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great ; the page, Hercules. 112

ARM. Pardon, sir ; error : he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb ; he is not so big as the end of his club.

HOL. Shall I have audience ? He shall present Hercules in minority : his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake ; and I will have an apology for that purpose. 117

MOTH. An excellent device ! So, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry ' Well done, Hercules ; now thou crushest the snake ! ' That is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it. 121

ARM. For the rest of the Worthies ?

HOL. I will play three myself.

MOTH. Thrice-worthy gentleman !

ARM. Shall I tell you a thing ? 125

HOL. We attend.

ARM. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

HOL. Via, Goodman Dull ! Thou hast spoken no word all this while.

DULL. Nor understood none neither, sir.

HOL. Allons ! we will employ thee.

DULL. I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay. 134
 HOL. Most dull, honest Dull ! To our sport, away. [exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, MARIA, KATHARINE, and ROSALINE.

- PRIN. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
 If fairings come thus plentifully in.
 A lady wall'd about with diamonds !
 Look you what I have from the loving King.
- ROS. Madam, came nothing else along with that ? 5
- PRIN. Nothing but this ! Yes, as much love in rhyme
 As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper
 Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
 That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
- ROS. That was the way to make his godhead wax ; 10
 For he hath been five thousand year a boy.
- KATH. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
- ROS. You'll ne'er be friends with him : 'a kill'd your sister.
- KATH. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
 And so she died. Had she been light, like you, 15
 Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
 She might 'a been a grandam ere she died.
 And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.
- ROS. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word ?
- KATH. A light condition in a beauty dark. 20
- ROS. We need more light to find your meaning out.
- KATH. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff ;
 Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
- ROS. Look what you do, you do it still i' th' dark.
- KATH. So do not you ; for you are a light wench. 25
- ROS. Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light.
- KATH. You weigh me not ? O, that's you care not for me.
- ROS. Great reason ; for ' past cure is still past care '.
- PRIN. Well bandied both ; a set of wit well play'd.
 But, Rosaline, you have a favour too ? 30
 Who sent it ? and what is it ?
- ROS. I would you knew.
 An if my face were but as fair as yours,
 My favour were as great : be witness this.
 Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne ;
 The numbers true, and, were the numb'ring too, 35
 I were the fairest goddess on the ground.
 I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
 O' he hath drawn my picture in his letter !
- PRIN. Anything like ?
- ROS. Much in the letters ; nothing in the praise. 40
- PRIN. Beauteous as ink— a good conclusion.
- KATH. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
- ROS. Ware pencils, ho ! Let me not die your debtor,
 My red dominical, my golden letter :
 O that your face were not so full of O's ! 45
- KATH. A pox of that jest ! and I beshrew all shrows !

PRIN. But, Katherine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain ?

KATH. Madam, this glove.

PRIN. Did he not send you twain ?

KATH. Yes, madam ; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover ; 50
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilcely compil'd, profound simplicity.

MAR. This, and these pearl, to me sent Longaville ;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

PRIN. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart 55
The chain were longer and the letter short ?

MAR. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

PRIN. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

ROS. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so. 60
That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go.

O that I knew he were but in by th' week !
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests, 65
And make him proud to make me proud that jests !
So pertaunt-like would I o'ersway his state
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

PRIN. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd, 70
As wit turn'd fool ; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

ROS. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

MAR. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note 75
As fool'ry in the wise when wit doth dote,
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

PRIN. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face. 79

BOYET. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where's her Grace ?

PRIN. Thy news, Boyet ?

BOYET. Prepare, madam, prepare !
Arm, wenches, arm ! Encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments ; you'll be surpris'd.
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ; 85
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

PRIN. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid ! What are they
That charge their breath against us ? Say, scout, say.

BOYET. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour ; 90
When, lo, to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The King and his companions ; warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear— 95
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

- Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage.
 Action and accent did they teach him there :
 ' Thus must thou speak ' and ' thus thy body bear ', 100
 And ever and anon they made a doubt
 Presence majestical would put him out ;
 ' For ' quoth the King ' an angel shalt thou see ;
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously ' .
 The boy replied ' An angel is not evil ; 105
 I should have fear'd her had she been a devil ' .
 With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore
 A better speech was never spoke before. 110
 Another with his finger and his thumb
 Cried ' Via ! we will do't, come what will come ' .
 The third he caper'd, and cried ' All goes well ' .
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that they all did tumble on the ground, 115
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
 PRIN. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?
 BOYET. They do, they do, and are apparell'd thus, 120
 Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
 Their purpose is to parley, court, and dance ;
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
 By favours several which they did bestow. 125
 PRIN. And will they so ? The gallants shall be task'd,
 For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
 And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
 Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear, 130
 And then the King will court thee for his dear ;
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.
 And change you favours too ; so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes. 135
 ROS. Come on, then, wear the favours most in sight.
 KATH. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?
 PRIN. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs.
 They do it but in mocking merriment,
 And mock for mock is only my intent. 140
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
 Upon the next occasion that we meet
 With visages display'd to talk and greet.
 ROS. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ? 145
 PRIN. No, to the death, we will not move a foot,
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
 But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.
 BOYET. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
 And quite divorce his memory from his part. 150

PRIN. Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
 There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own ;
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game, 155
 And they well mock'd depart away with shame.

[trumpet sounds within.
 BOYET. The trumpet sounds ; be mask'd ; the maskers come.
 [the ladies mask.

*Enter BLACKAMOORS with music, MOTH as Prologue, the KING
 and his LORDS as maskers, in the guise of Russians.*

MOTH. *All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !*

BOYET. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

MOTH. *A holy parcel of the fairest dames* 160
 [the ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views !

BER. *Their eyes, villain, their eyes.*

MOTH. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views !*

Out—

BOYET. True ; out indeed.

MOTH. *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe* 165
Not to behold—

BER. *Once to behold, rogue.*

MOTH. *Once to behold with your sunbeamed eyes—with your sun-beamed*
eyes—

BOYET. They will not answer to that epithet ; 170
 You were best call it ' daughter-beamed eyes '.

MOTH. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

BER. Is this your perfectness ? Be gone, you rogue. [exit MOTH.

ROS. What would these strangers ? Know their minds, Boyet.
 If they do speak our language, 'tis our will 175
 That some plain man recount their purposes.

Know what they would.

BOYET. What would you with the Princess ?

BER. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROS. What would they, say they ? 180

BOYET. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROS. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be gone.

BOYET. She says you have it, and you may be gone.

KING. Say to her we have measur'd many miles
 To tread a measure with her on this grass. 185

BOYET. They say that they have measur'd many a mile

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

ROS. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
 Is in one mile ? If they have measured many,
 The measure, then, of one is eas'ly told. 190

BOYET. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
 And many miles, the Princess bids you tell
 How many inches doth fill up one mile.

BER. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

BOYET. She hears herself.

ROS. How many weary steps 195
 Of many weary miles you have o'ergone

- Are numb'ed in the travel of one mile ?
 BER. We number nothing that we spend for you ;
 Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
 That we may do it still without accompt. 200
 Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
 That we, like savages, may worship it.
 ROS. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
 KING. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.
 Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine, 205
 Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.
 ROS. O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;
 Thou now requests but moonshine in the water.
 KING. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
 Thou bid'st me beg ; this begging is not strange. 210
 ROS. Play, music, then. Nay, you must do it soon.
 Not yet ? No dance ! Thus change I like the moon.
 KING. Will you not dance ? How come you thus estranged ?
 ROS. You took the moon at full ; but now she's changed.
 KING. Yet still she is the Moon, and I the Man. 215
 The music plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.
 ROS. Our ears vouchsafe it.
 KING. But your legs should do it.
 ROS. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
 We'll not be nice ; take hands. We will not dance.
 KING. Why take we hands then ?
 ROS. Only to part friends. 220
 Curtsy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.
 KING. More measure of this measure ; be not nice.
 ROS. We can afford no more at such a price.
 KING. Price you yourselves. What buys your company ?
 ROS. Your absence only.
 KING. That can never be. 225
 ROS. Then cannot we be bought ; and so adieu—
 Twice to your visor and half once to you.
 KING. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
 ROS. In private then.
 KING. I am best pleas'd with that.
 [they converse apart.
 BER. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. 230
 PRIN. Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.
 BER. Nay, then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
 Metheglin, wort, and malmsey ; well run dice !
 There's half a dozen sweets.
 PRIN. Seventh sweet, adieu !
 Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you. 235
 BER. One word in secret.
 PRIN. Let it not be sweet.
 BER. Thou grievest my gall.
 PRIN. Gall ! bitter.
 BER. Therefore meet. [they converse apart.
 DUM. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?
 MAR. Name it.
 DUM. Fair lady—
 MAR. Say you so ? Fair lord—

- Take that for your fair lady.
- DUM. Please it you, 240
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*they converse apart.*]
- KATH. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
- LONG. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
- KATH. O for your reason! Quickly, sir; I long.
- LONG. You have a double tongue within your mask, 245
And would afford my speechless vizard half.
- KATH. 'Veal' quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?
- LONG. A calf, fair lady!
- KATH. No, a fair lord calf.
- LONG. Let's part the word.
- KATH. No, I'll not be your half.
Take all and wean it; it may prove an ox. 250
- LONG. Look how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks
Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not so.
- KATH. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
- LONG. One word in private with you ere I die.
- KATH. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry. 255
[*they converse apart.*]
- BOYET. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings, 260
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
- ROS. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
- BER. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
- KING. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
[*exeunt KING, LORDS, and BLACKAMOORS.*]
- PRIN. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits. 265
Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?
- BOYET. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
- ROS. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
- PRIN. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night? 270
Or ever but in vizards show their faces?
This pert Berowne was out of count'nance quite.
- ROS. They were all in lamentable cases!
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.
- PRIN. Berowne did swear himself out of all suit. 275
- MAR. Dumain was at my service, and his sword.
'No point' quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
- KATH. Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
- PRIN. Qualm, perhaps.
- KATH. Yes, in' good faith.
- PRIN. Go, sickness as thou art! 280
- ROS. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? The King is my love sworn.
- PRIN. And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.
- KATH. And Longaville was for my service born.
- MAR. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree. 285
- BOYET. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

- Immediately they will again be here
 In their own shapes ; for it can never be
 They will digest this harsh indignity.
- PRIN. Will they return ?
- BOYET. They will, they will, God knows, 290
 And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows ;
 Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,
 Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
- PRIN. How blow ? how blow ? Speak to be understood.
- BOYET. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud : 295
 Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
 Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
- PRIN. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do
 If they return in their own shapes to woo ?
- ROS. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd, 300
 Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd.
 Let us complain to them what fools were here,
 Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;
 And wonder what they were, and to what end
 Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd, 305
 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
 Should be presented at our tent to us.
- BOYET. Ladies, withdraw ; the gallants are at hand.
- PRIN. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

[*exiunt* PRINCESS, ROSALINE, KATHARINE, and MARIA.

*Re-enter the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
 in their proper habits.*

- KING. Fair sir, God save you ! Where's the Princess ? 310
- BOYET. Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty
 Command me any service to her thither ?
- KING. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
- BOYET. I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*exit.* 315
- BER. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
 And utters it again when God doth please.
 He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
 At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs ;
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show. 320
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
 'A can carve too, and lisp ; why this is he
 That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy ;
 This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice, 325
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing
 A mean most meanly ; and in ushering,
 Mend him who can. The ladies call him sweet ;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet. 330
 This is the flow'r that smiles on every one,
 To show his teeth as white as whales-bone ;
 And consciences that will not die in debt
 Pay him the due of ' honey-tongued Boyet '.

KING. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part ! 335

*Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET ; ROSALINE, MARIA,
and KATHARINE.*

BER. See where it comes ! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this man show'd thee ? And what art thou now ?

KING. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day !

PRIN. ' Fair ' in ' all hail ' is foul, as I conceive. 340

KING. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

PRIN. Then wish me better ; I will give you leave.

KING. We came to visit you, and purpose now

To lead you to our court ; vouchsafe it then.

PRIN. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow : 345

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

KING. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke.

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

PRIN. You nickname virtue : vice you should have spoke ;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth. 350

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest ;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be 355

Of heavenly oaths, vowed with integrity.

KING. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

PRIN. Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game ; 360

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

KING. How, madam ! Russians !

PRIN. Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

ROS. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord.

My lady, to the manner of the days, 365

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four

In Russian habit ; here they stayed an hour

And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word. 370

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

BER. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye, 375

By light we lose light ; your capacity

Is of that nature that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

ROS. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye—

BER. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 380

ROS. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

BER. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

ROS. All the fool mine ?

- BER. I cannot give you less.
- ROS. Which of the vizards was it that you wore ? 385
- BER. Where ? when ? what vizard ? Why demand you this ?
- ROS. There, then, that vizard ; that superfluous case
That hid the worse and show'd the better face.
- KING. We were descried ; they'll mock us now downright.
- DUM. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest. 390
- PRIN. Amaz'd, my lord ? Why looks your Highness sad ?
- ROS. Help, hold his brows ! he'll swoon ! Why look you pale ?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
- BER. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out ? 395
Here stand I, lady—dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,
'Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance,
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;
And I will wish thee never more to dance, 400
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song. 405
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical—these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them ; and I here protest, 410
By this white glove—how white the hand, God knows !—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.
And, to begin, wench—so God help me, law !—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw. 415
- ROS. Sans 'sans', I pray you.
- BER. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage ; bear with me, I am sick ;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see—
Write ' Lord have mercy on us ' on those three ;
They are infected ; in their hearts it lies ; 420
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes.
These lords are visited ; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
- PRIN. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
- BER. Our states are forfeit ; seek not to undo us. 425
- ROS. It is not so ; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?
- BER. Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.
- ROS. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
- BER. Speak for yourselves ; my wit is at an end. 430
- KING. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
- PRIN. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now, disguis'd ?
- KING. Madam, I was.
- PRIN. And were you well advis'd ?

- KING. I was, fair madam.
- PRIN. When you then were here, 435
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?
- KING. That more than all the world I did respect her.
- PRIN. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
- KING. Upon mine honour, no.
- PRIN. Peace, peace, forbear ;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear. 440
- KING. Despise me when I break this oath of mine.
- PRIN. I will ; and therefore keep it.
Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?
- ROS. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me 445
Above this world ; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
- PRIN. God give thee joy of him ! The noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
- KING. What mean you, madam ? By my life, my troth, 450
I never swore this lady such an oath.
- ROS. By heaven, you did ; and, to confirm it plain,
You gave me this ; but take it, sir, again.
- KING. My faith and this the Princess I did give ;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve. 455
- PRIN. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;
And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again ?
- BER. Neither of either ; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't : here was a consent, 460
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick 465
To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,
Told our intents before ; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours ; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror, 470
We are again forsworn in will and error.
Much upon this it is ; [to BOYET] and might not you
Foretell our sport, to make us thus untrue ?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye ? 475
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?
You put our page out. Go, you are allow'd ;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you ? There's an eye 480
Wounds like a leaden sword.
- BOYET. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
- BER. Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace ; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit ! Thou part'st a fair fray.

COST. O Lord, sir, they would know

485

Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no ?

BER. What, are there but three ?

COST. No, sir ; but it is vara fine,

For cvery one pursents three.

BER. And three times thrice is nine.

COST. Not so, sir ; under correction, sir,

I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir ; we know what we know ;

490

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir—

BER. Is not nine.

COST. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

BER. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

495

COST. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reck'ning, sir.

BER. How much is it ?

COST. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount. For mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

502

BER. Art thou one of the Worthies ?

COST. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the Great ; for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy ; but I am to stand for him.

506

BER. Go, bid them prepare.

COST. We will turn it finely off, sir ; we will take some care.

[exit COSTARD.]

KING. Berowne, they will shame us ; let them not approach.

BER. We are shame-proof, my lord, and 'tis some policy

510

To have one show worse than the King's and his company.

KING. I say they shall not come.

PRIN. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now.

That sport best pleases that doth least know how ;

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

515

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents.

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

BER. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

ARM. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

521

[converses apart with the KING, and delivers a paper.]

PRIN. Doth this man serve God ?

BER. Why ask you ?

PRIN. 'A speaks not like a man of God his making.

524

ARM. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch ; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical ; too too vain, too too vain ; but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement !

[exit ARMADO.]

KING. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus.

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits and present the other five.

BER. There is five in the first show. 536

KING. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

BER. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy :

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again 540

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

KING. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, armed for POMPEY.

COST. *I Pompey am—*

BER. You lie, you are not he.

COST. *I Pompey am—*

BOYET. With libbard's head on knee.

BER. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee. 545

COST. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big—*

DUM. *The Great.*

COST. It is *Great*, sir.

*Pompey surnam'd the Great,
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat;
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,* 550
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say 'Thanks, Pompey', I had done.

PRIN. Great thanks, great Pompey.

COST. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in *Great*. 555

BER. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for ALEXANDER.

NATH. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might.

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander— 560

BOYET. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

BER. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

PRIN. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

NATH. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander—*

BOYET. Most true, 'tis right, you were so, Alisander. 565

BER. Pompey the Great!

COST. Your servant, and Costard.

BER. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

COST. [to SIR NATH.] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this. Your lion, that holds his poleaxe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror and afraid to speak! Run away for shame, Alisander. [SIR NATH. *retires*.] There, an't shall please you, a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but for Alisander—alas! you see

how 'tis—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming
will speak their mind in some other sort.
PRIN. Stand aside, good Pompey. 580

Enter HOLOFERNES, for JUDAS ; and MOTH, for HERCULES.

HOL. *Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus ;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.* 585

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [MOTH retires.

Judas I am—

DUM. A Judas !

HOL. Not Iscariot, sir. 590

Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

DUM. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

BER. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas ?

HOL. *Judas I am—*

DUM. The more shame for you, Judas ! 595

HOL. What mean you, sir ?

BOYET. To make Judas hang himself.

HOL. Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

BER. Well followed : Judas was hanged on an elder.

HOL. I will not be put out of countenance. 600

BER. Because thou hast no face.

HOL. What is this ?

BOYET. A cittern-head.

DUM. The head of a bodkin.

BER. A death's face in a ring. 605

LONG. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

BOYET. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

DUM. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

BER. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

DUM. Ay, and in a brooch of lead. 610

BER. Ay, and worn in the cap of a toothdrawer. And now, forward ;
for we have put thee in countenance.

HOL. You have put me out of countenance

BER. False : we have given thee faces.

HOL. But you have outfaced them all. 615

BER. An thou wert a lion we would do so.

BOYET. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude ! Nay, why dost thou stay ?

DUM. For the latter end of his name.

BER. For the ass to the Jude ; give it him—Jud-as, away. 620

HOL. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble. •

BOYET. A light for Monsieur Judas ! It grows dark, he may stumble.
[HOLOFERNES retires.

PRIN. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited !

Enter ARMADO, for Hector.

BER. Hide thy head, Achilles ; here comes Hector in arms. 625

DUM. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

KING. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
 BOYET. But is this Hector ?
 DUM. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd. 630
 LONG. His leg is too big for Hector's.
 DUM. More calf, certain.
 BOYET. No ; he is best indued in the small.
 BER. This cannot be Hector.
 DUM. He's a god or a painter, for he makes faces. 635
 ARM. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift—
 DUM. A gilt nutmeg.
 BER. A lemon.
 LONG. Stuck with cloves. 640
 DUM. No, cloven.
 ARM. Peace !
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion ;
A man so breathed that certain he would fight ye, 645
From morn till night out of his pavilion.
I am that flower—
 DUM. That mint.
 LONG. That columbine.
 ARM. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
 LONG. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector. 650
 DUM. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
 ARM. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet chucks, beat not
 the bones of the buried ; when he breathed, he was a man. But
 I will forward with my device. [*to the PRINCESS.*] Sweet royalty,
 bestow on me the sense of hearing. 655
 [*BEROWNE steps forth, and speaks to COSTARD.*]
 PRIN. Speak, brave Hector ; we are much delighted.
 ARM. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.
 BOYET. [*aside to DUMAIN.*] Loves her by the foot.
 DUM. [*aside to BOYET.*] He may not by the yard.
 ARM. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal—* 660
 COST. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone ; she is two
 months on her way.
 ARM. What meanest thou ?
 COST. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is
 cast away. She's quick ; the child brags in her belly already ;
 'tis yours. 666
 ARM. Dost thou infamozize me among potentates ? Thou shalt die.
 COST. Then shall Hector be whipt for Jaquenetta that is quick by him
 and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him. 670
 DUM. Most rare Pompey !
 BOYET. Renowned Pompey !
 BER. Greater than Great ! Great, great, great Pompey ! Pompey
 the Huge !
 DUM. Hector trembles. 675
 BER. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates ! Stir them on !
 stir them on !
 DUM. Hector will challenge him.
 BER. Ay, if 'a have no more man's blood in his belly than will sup
 a flea. 680

ARM. By the North Pole, I do challenge thee.

COST. I will not fight with a pole, like a Northern man ; I'll slash ;
I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms
again.

DUM. Room for the incensed Worthies ! 685

COST. I'll do it in my shirt.

DUM. Most resolute Pompey !

MOTH. Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower. Do you not see
Pompey is uncasing for the combat ? What mean you ? You
will lose your reputation. 690

ARM. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me ; I will not combat in my
shirt.

DUM. You may not deny it : Pompey hath made the challenge.

ARM. Sweet bloods, I both may and will. 695

BER. What reason have you for 't ?

ARM. The naked truth of it is : I have no shirt ; I go woolward for
penance.

BOYET. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen ;
since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of
Jaquenetta's, and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter as messenger, MONSIEUR MARCADE.

MAR. God save you, madam !

PRIN. Welcome, Marcade ;

But that thou interruptest our merriment. 705

MAR. I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring

Is heavy in my tongue. 'The King your father—

PRIN. Dead, for my life !

MAR. Even so ; my tale is told.

BER. Worthies away ; the scene begins to cloud. 710

ARM. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day
of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right
myself like a soldier. [*exunt WORTHIES.*]

KING. How fares your Majesty ?

PRIN. Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night. 715

KING. Madam, not so ; I do beseech you stay.

PRIN. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours, and entreat,

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide

The liberal opposition of our spirits, 720

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath—your gentleness

Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord.

A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue. 725

Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

KING. The extreme parts of time extremely forms

All causes to the purpose of his speed ;

And often at his very loose decides

That which long process could not arbitrate. 730

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love

The holy suit which fain it would convince,

- Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, 735
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
 From what it purpos'd ; since to wail friends lost
 Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
- PRIN. I understand you not ; my griefs are double. 740
- BER. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief ;
 And by these badges understand the King.
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths ; your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours 745
 Even to the opposed end of our intents ;
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
 As love is full of unbefitting strains,
 All wanton as a child, skipping and vain ;
 Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye, 750
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance ;
 Which parti-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if in your heavenly eyes 755
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults
 Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false, 760
 By being once false for ever to be true
 To those that make us both—fair ladies, you ;
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.
- PRIN. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love ; 765
 Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
 And, in our maiden council, rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
 As bombast and as lining to the time ;
 But more devout than this in our respects 770
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.
- DUM. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.
- LONG. So did our looks.
- ROS. We did not quote them so.
- KING. Now, at the latest minute of the hour, 775
 Grant us your loves.
- PRIN. A time, methinks, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargain in.
 No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
 Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore this, 780
 If for my love, as there is no such cause,
 You will do aught—this shall you do for me :
 Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
 There stay until the twelve celestial signs 785
 Have brought about the annual reckoning.

- If this austere insociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood,
 If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love, 790
 But that it bear this trial, and last love,
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come, challenge me, challenge me by these deserts ;
 And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
 I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut 795
 My woeful self up in a mournful house,
 Raining the tears of lamentation
 For the remembrance of my father's death.
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
 Neither intitled in the other's heart. 800
- KING. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !
 Hence hermit then, my heart is in thy breast.
- BER. (*And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?*) 805
- ROS. *You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd ;*
You are attaint with faults and perjury ;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.) 810
- DUM. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?
 A wife ?
- KATH. A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
 With threefold love I wish you all these three.
- DUM. O, shall I say I thank you, gentle wife ?
- KATH. Not so, my lord ; a twelvemonth and a day 815
 I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.
 Come when the King doth to my lady come ;
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
- DUM. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
- KATH. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again. 820
- LONG. What says Maria ?
- MAR. At the twelvemonth's end
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
- LONG. I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.
- MAR. The liker you ; few taller are so young.
- BER. Studies my lady ? Mistress, look on me ; 825
 Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
 What humble suit attends thy answer there.
 Impose some service on me for thy love.
- ROS. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,
 Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue 830
 Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
 Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
 Which you on all estates will execute
 That lie within the mercy of your wit.
 To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain, 835
 And therewithal to win me, if you please,
 Without the which I am not to be won,
 You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day

- Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
 With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be, 840
 With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
 BER. To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?
 It cannot be ; it is impossible ;
 Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. 845
 ROS. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue 850
 Of him that makes it ; then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
 And I will have you and that fault withal.
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit, 855
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.
 BER. A twelvemonth ? Well, befall what will befall,
 I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
 PRIN. [*to the KING.*] Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.
 KING. No, madam ; we will bring you on your way. 861
 BER. Our wooing doth not end like an old play :
 Jack hath not Jill. These ladies' courtesy
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.
 KING. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth an' a day, 865
 And then 'twill end.
 BER. That's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO.

- ARM. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me—
 PRIN. Was not that Hector ?
 DUM. The worthy knight of Troy. 869
 ARM. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary :
 I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love
 three year. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the
 dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the
 Owl and the Cuckoo ? It should have followed in the end of
 our show. 875
 KING. Call them forth quickly ; we will do so.
 ARM. Holla ! approach.

Enter All.

This side is Hiems, Winter ; this Ver, the Spring—the one
 maintained by the Owl, th' other by the Cuckoo. Ver, begin.

Spring. 881

When daisies pied and violets blue
 And lady-smocks all silver-white
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then on every tree 885
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
 ' Cuckoo ;

Cuckoo, cuckoo '— O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws, 890
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks ;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he : 895
 ' Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo '—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail, 900
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl : 905
 ' Tu-who ;
Tu-whit, Tu-who '—A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow, 910
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl :
 ' Tu-who ;
Tu-whit, To-who '—A merry note, 915
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

ARM. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.

You that way : we this way. [*exunt.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

IN AN EARLY play like *The Comedy of Errors* the ingenuity in the management of the plot is so obvious that we must recognise that from the beginning of his career Shakespeare revealed exceptional gifts as a dramatic craftsman. In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* however the poetry invests it all with a charm like the enchantment that moonlight casts over a familiar scene ; yet the lines on which the action is constructed are as firm and carefully designed as ever, though less obtrusive now in a drama with a more developed body of character and greater variety of interest.

So natural does it all seem that it is only on reflection that we wonder how we can without a sense of incongruity see characters from Greek mythology consorting with craftsmen from Elizabethan England, and find a wood outside Athens alive with English fairies. Titania, it is true, has a classical pedigree, her name having been used by Ovid as an alternative for Diana, and it is clear from 5.1.372

And we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's team

that Shakespeare had in mind the threefold name of the moon goddess, who is Diana, Phoebe, Hecate, in earth, heaven, and hell, respectively. Oberon however has a more northern ancestry than his queen, and Robin Goodfellow or Puck had no doubt long enjoyed an English domicile. Shakespeare's fairy world, like the play as a whole, is of diverse strands yet completely naturalised and English.

It has been surmised that the scheme which links all the diversity together may have been suggested to Shakespeare by the occasion of some marriage for which the dramatist was expected to devise an entertainment. And certainly *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* would have been ideal for such a celebration. Still it is difficult to insist without further evidence that there may have been three marriages celebrated in some great house and that the Queen herself graced the occasion. The Queen's presence would explain the famous reference to her as 'the fair vestal throned in the west'. Yet the entrance, at the end, of the fairy band seems to provide an unnecessarily elaborate finale if Oberon and his troupe are directing the attention of the audience only to marriages in a play and not to ceremonies that had just been celebrated in the house they were now to bless. The other play that introduces a fairy spectacle, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, was almost certainly written at the request of the Lord Chamberlain, the company's patron. The choir boys of his chapel would provide the fairy band. That *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* was first designed for some private occasion when boys would be available as fairies seems at least a reasonable conjecture.

Quite independently of such speculations, the marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta provides the hub on which the action turns. In a few touches Shakespeare puts the aristocratic pair before us, with their

easy and gracious acceptance of the position of authority that they have the power, if necessary, to maintain ; they provide the centre of repose in which the often bewildering and fantastic lines of the composition are anchored. The Duke is not at all disturbed by the reports of what has been happening in the wood near Athens ; the business whatever it was does not call for action on his part. He has more to do than disturb himself, as he explains, with the imaginings of lunatics, lovers and poets. He is equally at ease in the Interlude presented by Bottom and his colleagues. Hippolyta feels she may have to blush for the performers

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd
And duty in his service perishing

and she has to be reassured by the Duke that she will see no such thing. Several times during the performance he reminds her that she need not distress herself ; all one has to do is to receive such service courteously ; what does it matter as long as simpleness and duty tender it, since the best in this kind—dramatic entertainment, the poet's frenzy—are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

It is impossible to suppose that Shakespeare had not met the type of man he embodies in Theseus, or that the dramatist had not himself played before great personages who regarded his art with the condescension the Duke extended to Bottom and his fellow enthusiasts. Shakespeare was of course far too much a humorist to resent such an attitude and his sketch of Theseus, though slight compared with his great portraits, is attractive and free from malice.

In contrast to the indifference to artistic nuance shown by the Duke is the solicitude for theatric detail revealed by Bottom. Bottom has been called Shakespeare's first outstanding dramatic creation, and Dr. Johnson thought that into this character Shakespeare had distilled much of his own observation of actors :

Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal Actor, declares his inclination to be a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man wants to perform when he first steps upon the Stage.

Whatever detail one examines in the play seems admirably in keeping with the total effect, not least the poetry of the piece which such masters as the youthful Milton and after him Keats were moved to admire and imitate.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, <i>Duke of Athens.</i>	OBERON, <i>King of the Fairies.</i>
EGEUS, <i>father to Hermia.</i>	TITANIA, <i>Queen of the Fairies.</i>
LYSANDER, } <i>in love with</i>	PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW.
DEMETRIUS, } <i>Hermia.</i>	PEASEBLOSSOM, }
PHILOSTRATE, <i>Master of the</i>	COBWEB, }
<i>Revels to Theseus.</i>	MOTH, }
QUINCE, <i>a carpenter.</i>	MUSTARDSEED, }
SNUG, <i>a joiner.</i>	PROLOGUE, }
BOTTOM, <i>a weaver.</i>	PYRAMUS, }
FLUTE, <i>a bellows-mender.</i>	THISBY, }
SNOUT, <i>a tinker.</i>	WALL, }
STARVELING, <i>a tailor.</i>	MOONSHINE, }
HIPPOLYTA, <i>Queen of the</i>	LION, }
<i>Amazons, betrothed to</i>	
<i>Theseus.</i>	
HERMIA, <i>daughter to Egeus, in</i>	OTHER FAIRIES <i>attending their King</i>
<i>love with Lysander.</i>	<i>and Queen.</i>
HELENA, <i>in love with</i>	ATTENDANTS <i>on Theseus and</i>
<i>Demetrius.</i>	<i>Hippolyta.</i>

THE SCENE : *Athens and a wood near it.*

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and ATTENDANTS.

- THE. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace ; four happy days bring in
 Another moon ; but, O, methinks, how slow
 This old moon wanes ! She lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame or a dowager, 5
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.
- HIP. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night ;
 Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
 New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night 10
 Of our solemnities.
- THE. Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments ;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth ;
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals ; 14
 The pale companion is not for our pomp. *[exit PHILOSTRATE.*
 Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,

And won thy love doing thee injuries ;
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, and *h's daughter* HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

EGE. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke ! 20

THE. Thanks, good Egeus ; what's the news with thee ?

EGE. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
 Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her. 25

Stand forth, Lysander. And, my gracious Duke,
 This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child ;

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love, 30
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats—messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth ; 35
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious Duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your Grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens :
 As she is mine I may dispose of her ;
 Which shall be either to this gentleman
 Or to her death, according to our law
 Immediately provided in that case. 45

THE. What say you, Hermia ? Be advis'd, fair maid.
 To you your father should be as a god ;
 One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power 50
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HER. So is Lysander.

THE. In himself he is ;
 But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier. 55

HER. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

THE. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HER. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold,
 Nor how it may concern my modesty 60
 In such a presence here to plead my thoughts
 But I beseech your Grace that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THE. Either to die the death, or to abjure 65
 For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires

- Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
 You can endure the livery of a nun, 70
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
 'Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ; 75
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
 Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
- HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 80
 Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
- THE. Take time to pause ; and by the next new moon—
 The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
 For everlasting bond of fellowship-- 85
 Upon that day either prepare to die
 For disobedience to your father's will,
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
 Or on Diana's altar to protest
 For aye austerity and single life. 90
- DEM. Relent, sweet Hermia ; and, Lysander, yield
 Thy crazed title to my certain right.
- LYS. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
 Let me have Hermia's ; do you marry him.
- EGE. Scornful Lysander, true, he hath my love ; 95
 And what is mine my love shall render him ;
 And she is mine ; and all my right of her
 I do estate unto Demetrius.
- LYS. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
 As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ; 100
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
 If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
 I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
 Why should not I then prosecute my right ? 105
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
 And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
 Upon this spotted and inconstant man. 110
- THE. I must confess that I have heard so much,
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;
 But, being over-full of self-affairs,
 My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come ;
 And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me ; 115
 I have some private schooling for you both.
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will,
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
 Which by no means we may extenuate— 120
 To death, or to a vow of single life.

- Come, my Hippolyta ; what cheer, my love ?
 Demetrius, and Egeus, go along ;
 I must employ you in some business
 Against our nuptial, and confer with you 125
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
- EGE. With duty and desire we follow you.
[Exeunt all but LYSANDER and HERMIA.]
- LYS. How now, my love ! Why is your cheek so pale ?
 How chance the roses there do fade so fast ?
- HER. Belike for want of rain, which I could well 130
 Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.
- LYS. Ay me ! for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth ;
 But either it was different in blood— — 135
- HER. O cross ! too high to be enthral'd to low.
- LYS. Or else misgraffed in respect of years—
- HER. O spite ! too old to be engag'd to young.
- LYS. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—
- HER. O hell ! to choose love by another's eyes. 140
- LYS. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night 145
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say ' Behold ! '
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up ;
 So quick bright things come to confusion.
- HER. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd, 150
 It stands as an edict in destiny.
 Then let us teach our trial patience,
 Because it is a customary cross,
 As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
 Wishes and tears, poor Fancy's followers. 155
- LYS. A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me, Hermia :
 I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child—
 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues—
 And she respects me as her only son. 160
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee ;
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night ;
 And in the wood, a league without the town, 165
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena
 To do observance to a morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.
- HER. My good Lysander !
 I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
 By his best arrow, with the golden head, 170
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
 By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queen,

- When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
 By all the vows that ever men have broke, 175
 In number more than ever women spoke,
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
- LYS. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.
Enter HELENA.
- HER. God speed fair Helena ! Whither away ? 180
 HEL. Call you me fair ? That fair again unsay.
 Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair !
 Your eyes are lode-stars and your tongue's sweet air
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear. 185
 Sickness is catching ; O, were favour so,
 Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go !
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, 190
 The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
 O, teach me how you look, and with what art
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart !
- HER. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
 HEL. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill ! 195
 HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
 HEL. O that my prayers could such affection move !
 HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
 HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
 HER. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. 200
 HEL. None, but your beauty ; would that fault were mine !
 HER. Take comfort : he no more shall see my face ;
 Lysander and myself will fly this place.
 Before the time I did Lysander see,
 Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me. 205
 O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
 That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell !
- LYS. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold :
 To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
 Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass, 210
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
 A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
 Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
- HER. And in the wood where often you and I
 Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie, 215
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
 There my Lysander and myself shall meet ;
 And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
 To seek new friends and stranger companies.
 Farewell, sweet playfellow ; pray thou for us, 220
 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius !
 Keep word, Lysander ; we must starve our sight
 From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.
- LYS. I will, my Hermia. *[exit HERMIA.]*
 Helena adieu ;
 As you on him Demetrius dote on you. *[exit LYSANDER.]*

HEL. How happy some o'er other some can be ! 226
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
 He will not know what all but he do know.
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 230
 So I, admiring of his qualities.
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind. 235
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste ;
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste ;
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, 240
 So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere ;
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine ;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and show'rs of oaths did melt. 245
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight ;
 Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
 Pursue her ; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 250
 To have his sight thither and back again. [exit.]

SCENE II. *Athens. Quince's house.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT and STARVELING.

QUIN. Is all our company here ?

BOT. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUIN. Here is the scroll of every man's name which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and the Duchess on his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and so grow to a point.

QUIN. Marry, our play is 'The most Lamentable Comedy and most Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby.' 11

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUIN. Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUIN. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT. What is Pyramus ? A lover, or a tyrant ? 18

QUIN. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes ; I will move storms ; I will condole in some measure. To the rest—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

‘The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates ;
And Phibbus’ car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.’

25

This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is
Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein : a lover is more condoling.

QUIN. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender. 35
FLU. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLU. What is Thisby ? A wand’ring knight ?

QUIN. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLU. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman ; I have a beard coming.

QUIN. That’s all one ; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak
as small as you will. 43

BOT. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I’ll speak in
a monstrous little voice : ‘ Thisne, Thisne ! ’ [*then speaking
small.*] ‘ Ah Pyramus, my lover dear ! Thy Thisby dear, and
lady dear ! ’

QUIN. No, no, you must play Pyramus ; and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOT. Well, proceed.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, the tailor. 50

STAR. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby’s mother. Tom
Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You, Pyramus’ father ; myself, Thisby’s father ; Snug, the
joiner, you, the lion’s part. And, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion’s part written ? Pray you, if it be, give it
me, for I am slow of study. 59

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. Let me play the lion too. I will roar that I will do any man’s
heart good to hear me ; I will roar that I will make the Duke
say ‘ Let him roar again, let him roar again.’ 65

QUIN. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess
and the ladies, that they would shriek ; and that were enough to
hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us, every mother’s son. 69

BOT. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their
wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us ; but
I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any
sucking dove ; I will roar you an ’twere any nightingale. 74

QUIN. You can play no part but Pyramus ; for Pyramus is a sweet-
fac’d man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer’s day ;
a most lovely gentleman-like man ; therefore you must needs
play Pyramus. 78

BOT. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in ?

QUIN. Why, what you will.

BOT. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your
orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-
crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow. 85

QUIN. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, masters, here are your parts ; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight ; there will we rehearse ; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not. 94

BOT. We will meet ; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains ; be perfect ; adieu.

QUIN. At the Duke's oak we meet.

BOT. Enough ; hold, or cut bow-strings.

[*exeunt.*]

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. *A wood near Athens.*

Enter a FAIRY at one door, and PUCK at another.

PUCK. How now, spirit ! whither wander you ?

FAI. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire, 5
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be 10
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.

I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. 15
Farewell, thou lob of spirits ; I'll be gone.
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK. The King doth keep his revels here to-night ;
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight ;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 20
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king.
She never had so sweet a changeling ;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ; 25
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear 30
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

FAI. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he 35
That frights the maidens of the villagery,

Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
 Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
 Are not you he ? 40

PUCK. Thou speakest aright :
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile, 45
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal ;
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dewlap pour the ale. 50
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And ' tailor ' cries, and falls into a cough ;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh, 55
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.
 But room, fairy, here comes Oberon.

FAL. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone !

Enter OBERON at one door, with his TRAIN, and TITANIA, at another, with hers.

OBE. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 60

TITA. What, jealous Oberon ! Fairies, skip hence ;

I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBE. Tarry, rash wanton ; am not I thy lord ?

TITA. Then I must be thy lady ; but I know 65
 When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,

And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love

To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,

Come from the farthest steep of India,

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, 70

Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,

To Theseus must be wedded, and you come

To give their bed joy and prosperity ?

OBE. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania, 75
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,

Knowing I know thy love to Theseus ?

Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night

From Perigouna, whom he ravished ?

And make him with fair Ægles break his faith,

With Ariadne and Antiopa ? 80

TITA. These are the forgeries of jealousy ;

And never, since the middle summer's spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,

Or in the beached margent of the sea, 85

- To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land, 90
 Hath every pelted river made so proud
 That they have overborne their continents.
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
 Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard ; 95
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flock ;
 The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable. 100
 The human mortals want their winter here ;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest ;
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound. 105
 And thorough this distemperature we see
 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
 And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds 110
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The childing autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries ; and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which.
 And this same progeny of evils comes 115
 From our debate, from our dissension ,
 We are their parents and original.
- OBE. Do you amend it, then ; it lies in you.
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy 120
 To be my henchman.
- TITA. Set your heart at rest ;
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order ;
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ; 125
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind ;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait 130
 Following—her womb then rich with my young squire—
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ; 135
 And for her sake do I rear up her boy ;
 And for her sake I will not part with him.
- OBE. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

- TITA. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round, 140
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
 OBE. Give me that boy and I will go with thee.
 TITA. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away.
 We shall chide downright if I longer stay. 145
[exit TITANIA with her TRAIN.]
- OBE. Well, go thy way ; thou shalt not from this grove
 Till I torment thee for this injury.
 My gentle Puck, come hither. 'Thou rememb'rest
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back 150
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 To hear the sea-maid's music.
- PUCK. I remember.
- OBE. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth 155
 Cupid, all arm'd ; a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west,
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ; 160
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell. 165
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flow'r, the herb I showed thee once.
 The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid 170
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
- PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth 175
 In forty minutes. *[exit PUCK.]*
- OBE. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in'her eyes ;
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,
 Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
 And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
 As I can take it with another herb,
 I'll make her render up her page to me. 185
 But who comes here ? I am invisible ;
 And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

- DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lysander and fair Hermia ?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190
 Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood,
 And here am I, and wood within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
- HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant ; 195
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
 Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.
- DEM. Do I entice you ? Do I speak you fair ?
 Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 200
 Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you ?
- HEL. And even for that do I love you the more.
 I am your spaniel ; and, Demetrius,
 The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
 Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me, 205
 Neglect me, lose me ; only give me leave,
 Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
 What worser place can I beg in your love,
 And yet a place of high respect with me,
 Than to be used as you use your dog ? 210
- DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit ;
 For I am sick when I do look on thee.
- HEL. And I am sick when I look not on you.
- DEM. You do impach your modesty too much
 To leave the city and commut yourself 215
 Into the hands of one that loves you not ;
 To trust the opportunity of night,
 And the ill counsel of a desert place,
 With the rich worth of your virginity.
- HEL. Your virtue is my privilege for that : 220
 It is not night when I do see your face,
 Therefore I think I am not in the night ;
 Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
 For you, in my respect, are all the world.
 Then how can it be said I am alone 225
 When all the world is here to look on me ?
- DEM. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
 And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
- HEL. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
 Run when you will ; the story shall be chang'd : 230
 Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase ;
 The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind
 Makes speed to catch the tiger—bootless speed,
 When cowardice pursues and valour flies.
- DEM. I will not stay thy questions ; let me go ; 235
 Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
 But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
- HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
 You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius !
 Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex. 240
 We cannot fight for love as men may do ;

We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

[*exit* DEMETRIUS.

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,

To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*exit* HELENA.

OBE. Fare thee well, nymph ; ere he do leave this grove, 245

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBE. I pray thee give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, 250

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine ;

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,

Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;

And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin, 255

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in ;

And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :

A sweet Athenian lady is in love 260

With a disdainful youth ; anoint his eyes ;

But do it when the next thing he espies

May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man

By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care, that he may prove 265

More fond on her than she upon her love.

And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK. Fear not, my lord ; your servant shall do so. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her TRAIN.

TITA. Come now, a roundel and a fairy song ;

Then, for the third part of a minute, hence :

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;

Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,

To make my small elves coats ; and some keep back 5

The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep ;

Then to your offices, and let me rest.

The FAIRIES sing.

I FAIRY. You spotted snakes with double tongue,

Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ; 10

Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,

Come not near our fairy Queen.

CHORUS. Philomel with melody

Sing in our sweet lullaby.

Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby. 15

Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

2 FAIRY. Weaving spiders, come not here ; 20
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence.
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm nor snail do no offence.

CHORUS. Philomel with melody, etc. [TITANIA sleeps.

1 FAIRY. Hence away ; now all is well. 25
One aloof stand sentinel. [exeunt FAIRIES.

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eyelids.

OBE. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take ;
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, 30
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [exit.

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

LYS. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood ; 35
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way ;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HER. Be it so, Lysander : find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head. 40

LYS. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both ;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

HER. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet ; do not lie so near.

LYS. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ! 45
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it ;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath,
So then two bosoms and a single troth. 50
Then by your side no bed-room me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

HER. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied ! 55
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off, in human modesty ;
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant ; and good night, sweet friend. 60
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end !

LYS. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer say I ;
And then end life when I end loyalty !
Here is my bed ; sleep give thee all his rest ! 64

HER. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd [they sleep.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence—Who is here ? 70
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear :
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid ;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground. 75
 Pretty soul ! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe :
 When thou wak'st let love forbid 80
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
 So awake when I am gone ;
 For I must now to Oberon. [exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

HEL. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
 DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus. 85
 HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me ? Do not so.
 DEM. Stay on thy peril ; I alone will go. [exit DEMETRIUS.
 HEL. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase !
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies, 90
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright ? Not with salt tears ;
 If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
 For beasts that meet me run away for fear ; 95
 Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne ?
 But who is here ? Lysander ! on the ground ! 100
 Dead, or asleep ? I see no blood, no wound.
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
 LYS. [waking.] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
 Transparent Helena ! Nature shows art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart. 105
 Where is Demetrius ? O, how fit a word
 Is that vile name to perish on my sword !
 HEL. Do not say so, Lysander ; say not so.
 What thought he love your Hermia ? Lord, what though ?
 Yet Hermia still loves you ; then be content. 110
 LYS. Content with Hermia ! No : I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 Not Hermia but Helena I love :
 Who will not change a raven for a dove ?
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd, 115

- And reason says you are the worthier maid.
 Things growing are not ripe until their season ;
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;
 And touching now the point of human skill,
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will, 120
 And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
 Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.
- HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born ?
 When at your hands did I deserve this scorn ?
 Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man, 125
 That I did never, no, nor never can,
 Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
 But you must flout my insufficiency ?
 Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
 In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130
 But fare you well ; perforce I must confess
 I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
 O, that a lady of one man refus'd
 Should of another therefore be abus'd ! [exit. 135]
- LYS. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there ;
 And never mayst thou come Lysander near !
 For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
 Or as the heresies that men do leave
 Are hated most of those they did deceive, 140
 So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
 Of all be hated, but the most of me !
 And, all my powers, address your love and might
 To honour Helen, and to be her knight ! [exit. 145]
- HER. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me ; do thy best
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
 Ay me, for pity ! What a dream was here !
 Lysander, look how I do quake with fear,
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. 150
 Lysander ! What, remov'd ? Lysander ! lord !
 What, out of hearing gone ? No sound, no word ?
 Alack, where are you ? Speak, an if you hear ;
 Speak, of all loves ! I swoon almost with fear.
 No ? Then I well perceive you are not nigh. 155
 Either death or you I'll find immediately. [exit.]

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. *The wood.* TITANIA lying asleep.*Enter* QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

BOT. Are we all met ?

QUIN. Pat, pat ; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house ; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke. 5

BOT. Peter Quince !

QUIN. What sayest thou, bully Bottom ?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?
 SNOUT. By'r lakin, a parlous fear. 12

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six. 22

BOT. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourself to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to't. 30

SNOUT. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: 'Ladies,' or 'Fair ladies, I would wish you' or 'I would request you' or 'I would entreat you not to fear, not to tremble. My life for yours! If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are.' And there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight. 44

SNOUT. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUIN. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement. 51

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall. 57

SNOUT. You can never bring in a wall.

What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper. 63

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue. 67

Enter PUCK behind.

PUCK. What hempen homespuns have we swagg'ring here,
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?

What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause. 70

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

BOT. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet—*

QUIN. 'Odious'—odorous!

BOT.——*odours savours sweet;* 75

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [exit. 76

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here!

FLU. Must I speak now? 80

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but
to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLU. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,*

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew, 85

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUIN. 'Ninus' tomb,' man! Why, you must not speak that yet;
that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once,
cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire.'

FLU. O—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.* 91

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

BOT. *If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.*

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray, masters!
fly, masters! Help! 95

[*exeunt all but BOTTOM and PUCK.*]

PUCK. I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, 100

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [exit. 101

BOT. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make
me afraid.

Re-enter SNOOT.

SNOOT. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! What do I see on thee?

BOT. What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you?
[exit SNOOT. 102

Re-enter QUINCE.

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! Thou art translated. [exit. 103

BOT. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright
me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what
they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that
they shall hear I am not afraid. [sings. 104

- The ousel cock, so black of hue,
 With orange-tawny bill, 115
 The throstle with his note so true,
 The wren with little quill.
- TITA. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed ?
 BOT. [*sings.*] The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
 The plain-song cuckoo grey, 120
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,
 And dares not answer nay—
 for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ? Who
 would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so ?
- TITA. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again. 125
 Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note ;
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
 And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
 On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.
- BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that.
 And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company
 together now-a-days. The more the pity that some honest
 neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon
 occasion.
- TITA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful. 135
 BOT. Not so, neither ; but if I had wit enough to get out of this
 wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.
- TITA. Out of this wood do not desire to go ;
 Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit of no common rate ; 140
 The summer still doth tend upon my state ;
 And I do love thee ; therefore, go with me.
 I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep ; 145
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
 Peaseblossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustardseed !

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED.

- PEAS. Ready.
 COB. And I.
 MOTH. And I.
 MUS. And I.
 ALL. Where shall we go ?
- TITA. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ; 150
 Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes ;
 Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;
 The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs, 155
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed and to arise ;
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies. 160
- PEAS. Hail, mortal !

COB. Hail !

MOTH. Hail !

MUS. Hail !

BOT. I cry your worships mercy, heartily ; I beseech your worship's name.

COB. Cobweb.

BOT. I shall desire you of more acquaintancc, good Master Cobweb.
If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name,
honest gentleman ? 170

PEAS. Peaseblossom.

BOT. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and
to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I
shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech
you, sir ? 175

MUS. Mustardseed.

BOT. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That
same cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentle-
man of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my
eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good
Master Mustardseed. 181

TITA. Come, wait upon him ; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye ;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

185
[*exunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter OBERON.

OBE. I wonder if Titania be awak'd ;

Then, what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dotc on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit !

What night-rule now about this haunted grove ?

PUCK. My mistress with a monster is in love. 5

Near to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play 10

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.

The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,

Who Pyramus presented, in their sport

Forsook his scene and ent'red in a brake ;

When I did him at this advantage take, 15

An ass's ncle I fixed on his head.

Anon his Thisby must be answered,

And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,

Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort, 20

Rising and cawing at the gun's report,

- Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
 So at his sight away his fellows fly ;
 And at our stamp here, o'er and o'er one falls ; 25
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;
 Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch. 30
 I led them on in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there ;
 When in that moment, so it came to pass,
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
 OBE. This falls out better than I could devise. 35
 But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?
 PUCK. I took him sleeping—that is finish'd too—
 And the Athenian woman by his side ;
 That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd. 40

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

- OBE. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.
 PUCK. This is the woman, but not this the man.
 DEM. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
 HER. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse, 45
 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
 And kill me too.
 The sun was not so true unto the day 50
 As he to me. Would he have stolen away
 From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon
 This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
 May through the centre creep and so displease
 Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes. 55
 It cannot be but thou hast murd' red him ;
 So should a murderer look—so dead, so grim.
 DEM. So should the murdered look ; and so should I,
 Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty ;
 Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, 60
 As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
 HER. What's this to my Lysander ? Where is he ?
 Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me ?
 DEM. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
 HER. Out, dog ! out, cur ! Thou driv'st me past the bounds 65
 Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then ?
 Henceforth be never numb' red among men !
 O, once tell true ; tell true, even for my sake !
 Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch ! 70
 Could not a worm, an adder, do so much ?
 An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
 DEM. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood :

- I am not guilty of Lysander's blood ; 75
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
 HER. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
 DEM. An if I could, what should I get therefore ?
 HER. A privilege never to see me more.
 And from thy hated presence part I so ; 80
 See me no more whether he be dead or no. [exit.
 DEM. There is no following her in this fierce vein ;
 Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
 So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
 For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe ; 85
 Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
 If for his tender here I make some stay. [lies down.
 OBE. What hast thou done ? Thou hast mistaken quite,
 And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.
 Of thy misprision must perforce ensue 90
 Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
 PUCK. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
 A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
 OBE. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
 And Helena of Athens look thou find ; 95
 All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
 With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear.
 By some illusion see thou bring her here ;
 I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
 PUCK. I go, I go ; look how I go, 100
 Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [exit.
 OBE. Flower of this purple dye,
 Hit with Cupid's archery,
 Sink in apple of his eye. 105
 When his love he doth espy,
 Let her shine as gloriously
 As the Venus of the sky.
 When thou wak'st, if she be by,
 Beg of her for remedy.
- Re-enter PUCK.*
- PUCK. Captain of our fairy band, 110
 Helena is here at hand,
 And the youth mistook by me
 Pleading for a lover's fee ;
 Shall we their fond pageant see ?
 Lord, what fools these mortals be ! 115
 OBE. Stand aside. The noise they make
 Will cause Demetrius to awake.
 PUCK. Then will two at once woo one.
 That must needs be sport alone ;
 And those things do best please me • 120
 That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

- LYS. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn ?
 Scorn and derision never come in tears.

- Look when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears. 125
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?
- HEL. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er ? 130
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.
- LYS. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er. 135
LYS. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
- DEM. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine !
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow 140
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !
- HEI. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent 145
To set against me for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too ? 150
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so :
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia ; 155
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision ! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort 160
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
- LYS. You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;
For you love Hermia. This you know I know ;
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ; 165
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.
- HEL. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
- DEM. Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will none.
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone. 170
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.
- LYS. Helen, it is not so.
- DEM. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. 175
Look where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

- HER. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompense. 180
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?
- LYS. Why should he stay whom love doth press to go ?
- HER. What love could press Lysander from my side ? 185
- LYS. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide—
 Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me ? Could not this make thee know
 The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so ? 190
- HER. You speak not as you think ; it cannot be.
- HEL. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
 To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
 Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid ! 195
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
 To bait me with this foul derision ?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200
 For parting us—O, is all forgot ?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, 205
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition, 210
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder, 215
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly ;
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feel the injury.
- HER. I am amazed at your passionate words ; 220
 I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.
- HEL. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me and praise my eyes and face ?
 And made your other love, Demetrius,
 Who even but now did spurn me with his foot, 225
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates ? And wherefore doth Lysander

- Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?
This you should pity rather than despise. 235
- HER. I understand not what you mean by this.
- HEL. Ay, do—persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other ; hold the sweet jest up ;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well ; 'tis partly my own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
- LYS. Stay, gentle Helena ; hear my excuse ; 245
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena !
- HEL. O excellent !
- HER. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
- DEM. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
- LYS. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat ;
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers. 250
Helen, I love thee, by my life I do ;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
- DEM. I say I love thee more than he can do.
- LYS. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too. 255
- DEM. Quick, come.
- HER. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?
- LYS. Away, you Ethiopie !
- DEM. No, no, he will
Seem to break loose—take on as you would follow,
But yet come not. You are a tame man ; go !
- LYS. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr ; vile thing, let loose, 260
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
- HER. Why are you grown so rude ? What change is this,
Sweet love ?
- LYS. Thy love ! Out, tawny Tartar, out !
Out, loathed med'cine ! O hated potion, hence !
- HER. Do you not jest ?
- HEL. Yes, sooth ; and so do you. 265
- LYS. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
- DEM. I would I had your bond ; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.
- LYS. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270
- HER. What ! Can you do me greater harm than hate ?
Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love ?
Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me ; yet since night you left me. 275
Why then, you left me—O, the gods forbid !—
In earnest, shall I say ?

- LYS. Ay, by my life !
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt ;
Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no jest 280
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
- HER. O me ! you juggler ! you cankerblossom !
You thief of love ! What ! Have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him ?
- HEL. Fine, i' faith !
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, 285
No touch of bashfulness ? What ! Will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?
Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet you !
- HER. ' Puppet ! ' why so ? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290
Between our statures ; she hath urg'd her height ;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish and so low ? 295
How low am I, thou painted maypole ? Speak.
How low am I ? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
- HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst ; 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;
I am a right maid for my cowardice ;
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
- HER. ' Lower ' hark, again. 305
- HEL. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310
He followed you ; for love I followed him ;
But he hath chid me hence, and threat'ned me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too ;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back, 315
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond I am.
- HER. Why, get you gone ! Who is't that hinders you ?
- HEL. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.
- HER. What ! with Lysander ?
- HEL. With Demetrius. 320
- LYS. Be not afraid ; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
- DEM. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
- HEL. O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd ;
She was a vixen when she went to school ;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce. 325
- HER. ' Little ' again ! Nothing but ' low ' and ' little ' !
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ? 399

Let me come to her.

LYS. Get you gone, you dwarf ;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made ;
You bead, you acorn.

DEM. You are too officious 330
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;
Take not her part ; for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

LYS. Now she holds me not. 335
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEM. Follow ! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.
[*exeunt* LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS.]

HER. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you.
Nay, go not back.

HEL. I will not trust you, I ; 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray ;
My legs are longer though, to run away.

HER. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [exit.
OBE. This is thy negligence. Still thou mistak'st, 345
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

FUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise 350
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes ;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBE. Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight.
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ; 355
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus, 360
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision 370
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision ;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend
With league whose date till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ; 375
And then I will her charmed eye release

From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast ;
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger, 380
 At whose approach ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
 Troop home to churchyards. Damned spirits all,
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone,
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon ; 385
 They wilfully themselves exil'd from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBE. But we are spirits of another sort :
 I with the Morning's love have oft made sport ;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread 390
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste, make no delay ;
 We may effect this business yet ere day. [exit OBERON.

PUCK. Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down.
 I am fear'd in field and town.
 Goblin, lead them up and down.
 Here comes one. 400

Enter LYSANDER.

LYS. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? Speak thou now.

PUCK. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou ?

LYS. I will be with thee straight.

PUCK. Follow me, then,
 To plainer ground. [exit LYSANDER as following the voice.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

DEM. Lysander, speak again.
 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ? 405
 Speak ! In some bush ? Where dost thou hide thy head ?

PUCK. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
 And wilt not come ? Come, recreant, come, thou child ;
 I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd 410
 That draws a sword on thee.

DEM. Yea, art thou there ?

PUCK. Follow my voice ; we'll try no manhood here. [exeunt.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

LYS. He goes before me, and still dares me on ;
 When I come where he calls, then he is gone. •
 The villain is much lighter heel'd than I. 415
 I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
 And here will rest me. [lies down.] Come, thou gentle day.
 For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
 I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [sleeps.

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

PUCK. Ho, ho, ho ! Coward, why com'st thou not ?

DEM. Abide me, if thou dar'st ; for well I wot
Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now ?

PUCK. Come hither ; I am here. 425

DEM. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see ;
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. *[lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

HEL. O weary night, O long and tedious night, 431
Abate thy hours ! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest.

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. 435 *[sleeps*

PUCK. Yet but three ? Come one more ;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go ;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires. 445
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !
[lies down and sleeps.

PUCK. On the ground
Sleep sound ;
I'll apply 450
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eyes.

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st,
True delight 455
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye ;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown : 460

Jack shall have Jill ;
Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. *[exit.*

ACT FOUR.

SCENE I. *The wood.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA, lying asleep.

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM ; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED and other FAIRIES attending ; OBERON behind, unseen.

TITA. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOT. Where's Peaseblossom?

5

PEAS. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.

Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

COB. Ready.

BOT. Mounsieur Cobweb ; good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur ; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loath to have you overflowen with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

16

MUST. Ready.

BOT. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your curtsy, good mounsieur.

MUST. What's your will?

20

BOT. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur ; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face ; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

TITA. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOT. I have a reasonable good car in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

27

TITA. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

BOT. Truly, a peck of provender ; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

31

TITA. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek

The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

BOT. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me ; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

36

TITA. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*exeunt FAIRIES.*]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

Gently entwist ; the female ivy so

40

Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee ! how I dote on thee !

[*they sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

OBE. [*advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight ?

- Her dotage now I do begin to pity ;
 For, meeting her of late behind the wood, 45
 Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
 I did upbraid her and fall out with her.
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
 And that same dew which sometime on the buds 50
 Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls
 Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
 And she in mild terms begg'd my patience, 55
 I then did ask of her her changeling child ;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 'This hateful imperfection of her eyes. 60
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain,
 That he awaking when the other do
 May all to Athens back again repair,
 And think no more of this night's accidents 65
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the Fairy Queen. [touching her eyes.
 Be as thou wast wont to be ;
 See as thou was wont to see.
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower 70
 Hath such force and blessed power.
 Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen.
 TITA. My Oberon ! What visions have I seen !
 Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.
 OBE. There lies your love.
 TITA. How came these things to pass ?
 O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now ! 76
 OBE. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
 Titania, music call ; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
 TITA. Music, ho, music, such as charmeth sleep ! 80
 PUCK. Now when thou wak'st with thine own fool's eyes peep.
 OBE. Sound, music. Come, my Queen, take hands with me, [music.
 And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
 Now thou and I are new in amity,
 And will to-morrow midnight solemnly 85
 Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
 And bless it to all fair prosperity.
 There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
 PUCK. Fairy King, attend and mark ; 90
 I do hear the morning lark.
 OBE. Then, my Queen, in silence sad,
 Trip we after night's shade.
 We the globe can compass soon,
 Swifter than the wand'ring moon. 95
 TITA. Come, my lord ; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [exeunt.

To the winding of horns, enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and TRAIN.

THE. Go, one of you, find out the forester ; 100

For now our observation is perform'd,
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley ; let them go.
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. [exit an ATTENDANT.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear 110

With hounds of Sparta ; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding, for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder. 115

THE. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear. But, soft, what nymphs are these ?

EGE. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep, 125
And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.
I wonder of their being here together.

THE. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity. 130
But speak, Egeus ; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

EGL. It is, my lord.

THE. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns. 135

[Horns and shout within. The sleepers awake and kneel to THESEUS.
Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past ;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

LYS. Pardon, my lord.

THE. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies ;
How comes this gentle concord in the world . 140
That hatred is so far from jealousy
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

LYS. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking ; but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here, 145
But, as I think—for truly would I speak,

- And now I do bethink me, so it is—
 I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
 Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
 Without the peril of the Athenian law— 150
- EGE. Enough, enough, my Lord ; you have enough ;
 I beg the law, the law upon his head.
 They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
 Thereby to have defeated you and me :
 You of your wife, and me of my consent, 155
 Of my consent that she should be your wife.
- DEM. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
 Of this their purpose hither to this wood ;
 And I in fury hither followed them,
 Fair Helena in fancy following me. 160
 But, my good lord, I wot not by what power—
 But by some power it is—my love to Hermia,
 Melted as the snow, seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gaud
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon ; 165
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia.
 But, like a sickness, did I loathe this food ; 170
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.
- THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met ;
 Of this discourse we more will hear anon. 175
 Egeus, I will overbear your will ;
 For in the temple, by and by, with us
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside. 180
 Away with us to Athens, three and three ;
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
 Come, Hippolyta. [*exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS and TRAIN.
- DEM. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. 185
- HER. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double.
- HEL. So methinks ;
 And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own.
- DEM. Are you sure
 That we are awake ? It seems to me 190
 That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
 The Duke was here, and bid us follow him ?
- HER. Yea, and my father.
- HEL. And Hippolyta.
- LYS. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
- DEM. Why, then, we are awake ; let's follow him ; 195
 And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*exeunt.*]

BOT. [*awaking.*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had, but man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be call'd 'Bottom's Dream,' because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*exit.*]

SCENE II. Athens. Quince's house.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

QUIN. Have you sent to Bottom's house?

Is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; it goes not forward, doth it? 6

QUIN. It is not possible. You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

FLU. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens. 10

QUIN. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

FLU. You must say 'paragon.' A paramour is—God bless us!—a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

SNUG. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple; and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men. 17

FLU. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day. An the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged. He would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing. 22

Enter BOTTOM.

BOT. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

QUIN. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOT. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am not true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out. 28

QUIN. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOT. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the

palace ; every man look o'er his part ; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen ; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words. Away, go, away ! [*exeunt.*]

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.**Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, LORDS and ATTENDANTS.

HIP. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

THE. More strange than true. I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such scething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend 5

More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,

Are of imagination all compact.

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;

That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic, 10

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;

And as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen 15

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy ; 20

How in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

HIP. But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images, 25

And grows to something of great constancy,

But howsoever strange and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days of love

Accompany your hearts !

LYS. More than to us 30

Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed !

THE. Come now ; what masques, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours

Between our after-supper and bed-time ?

Where is our usual manager of mirth ? 35

What revels are in hand ? Is there no play

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?

Call Philostrate.

PHIL.

Here, mighty Thescus.

- THE. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening ?
 What masque ? what music ? How shall we beguile 40
 The lazy time, if not with some delight ?
- PHIL. There is a brief how many sports are ripe ;
 Make choice of which your Highness will see first. *[giving a paper.*
- THE. ' The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
 By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.' 45
 We'll none of that : that have I told my love,
 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
 ' The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
 Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
 That is an old device, and it was play'd 50
 When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
 ' The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
 Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.'
 That is some satire, keen and critical,
 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony. 55
 ' A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
 And his love Thisby ; very tragical mirth.'
 Merry and tragical ! tedious and brief !
 That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
 How shall we find the concord of this discord ? 60
- PHIL. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
 Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
 But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
 Which makes it tedious ; for in all the play
 There is not one word apt, one player fitted. 65
 And tragical, my noble lord, it is ;
 For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
 Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
 Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
 The passion of loud laughter never shed. 70
- THE. What are they that do play it ?
- PHIL. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
 Which never labour'd in their minds till now ;
 And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
 With this same play against your nuptial. 75
- THE. And we will hear it.
- PHIL. No, my noble lord,
 It is not for you. I have heard it over,
 And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
 Unless you can find sport in their intents,
 Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain, 80
 To do you service.
- THE. I will hear that play ;
 For never anything can be amiss
 When simpleness and duty tender it.
 Go, bring them in ; and take your places, ladies.
- [exit PHILOSTRATE.*
- HIP. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charged, 85
 And duty in his service perishing.
- THE. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
- HIP. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

THE. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
 Our sport shall be to take what they mistake ; 90
 And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
 Takes it in might, not merit.
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, 95
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome ; 100
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
 In least speak most to my capacity. 105

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHIL. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

THE. Let him approach. *{flourish of trumpets.*

Enter QUINCE as the PROLOGUE.

PROL. *If we offend, it is with our good will.
 That you should think, we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To show our simple skill, 110
 That is the true beginning of our end.
 Consider then, we come but in despite.
 We do not come, as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight
 We are not here. That you should here repent you, 115
 The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,
 You shall know all, that you are like to know,*

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

LYS. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt ; he knows not the
 stop. A good moral, my lord : it is not enough to speak, but to
 speak true. 121

HIP. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue like a child on a
 recorder—a sound, but not in government.

THE. His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing impaired, but all
 disordered. Who is next ? 125

*Enter, with a TRUMPET before them, as in dumb show, PYRAMUS and
 THISBY, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION.*

PROL. *Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show ;
 But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
 This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;
 This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
 This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present 130
 Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder ;
 And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
 To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
 This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
 Presenteth Moonshine ; for, if you will know, 135*

*By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
 To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
 This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
 The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
 Did scare away, or rather did affright ;* 140
*And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;
 Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
 Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
 And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain ;
 Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,* 145
*He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;
 And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
 His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
 At large discourse while here they do remain.* 150

[*exeunt PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBY, LION, and MOONSHINE.*]

THE. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when many asses do.

WALL. *In this same interlude it doth befall*

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall ; 155
*And such a wall as I would have you think
 That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 Did whisper often very secretly.
 This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show* 160
*That I am that same wall ; the truth is so ;
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.*

THE. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better ?

DEM. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Enter PYRAMUS.

THE. Pyramus draws near the wall ; silence.

PYR. *O grim-look'd night ! O night with hue so black !
 O night, which ever art when day is not !
 O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,* 170
*I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot !
 And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
 That stand'st between her father's ground and mine ;
 Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine cyne.* 175

[*WALL holds up his fingers.*]

Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this !

But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss ;

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me !

THE. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again. 181

PYR. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me* is Thisby's cue.

*She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You
 shall see it will fall pat as I told you ; yonder she comes.* 185

Enter THISBY.

THIS. *O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
 For parting my fair Pyramus and me !*

- My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.*
- PYR. *I see a voice ; now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby !* 190
- THIS. *My love ! thou art my love, I think.*
- PYR. *Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;
And like Limander am I trusty still.* 195
- THIS. *And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.*
- PYR. *Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.*
- THIS. *As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.*
- PYR. *O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.*
- THIS. *I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.* 200
- PYR. *Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway ?*
- THIS. *Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.*
- [*exit PYRAMUS and THISBY.*]
- WALL. *Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so ;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.* [exit WALL.
- THE. Now is the moon used between the two neighbours. 206
- DEM. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.
- HIP. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
- THE. The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them. 211
- HIP. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
- THE. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion. 215

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

- LION. *You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I as Snug the joiner am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam ;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.* 220
- THE. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
- DEM. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw. 225
- LYS. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
- THE. True ; and a goose for his discretion.
- DEM. Not so, my lord ; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.
- THE. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well. Leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the Moon. 232
- MOON. *This lanthorn doth the horned moon present—*
- DEM. He should have worn the horns on his head.
- THE. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference. 236
- MOON. *This lanthorn doth the horned moon present ;
Myself the Man i' th' Moon do seem to be.*

THE. This is the greatest error of all the rest ; the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' th' moon ?

DEM. He dares not come there for the candle ; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

HIP. I am aweary of this moon. Would he would change ! 245

THE. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane ; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

LYS. Proceed, Moon. 249

MOON. All that I have to say is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon ; I, the Man i' the Moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

DEM. Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for all these are in the moon. But silence : here comes Thisby.

Re-enter THISBY.

THIS. *This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love ?* 255

LION. [*roaring.*] O — [THISBY runs off.]

DEM. Well roar'd, Lion.

THE. Well run, Thisby.

HIP. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.
[*The LION tears THISBY'S mantle, and exit.*]

THE. Well mous'd, Lion.

Re-enter PYRAMUS.

DEM. And then came Pyramus.

LYS. And so the lion vanish'd.

PYR. *Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright ; 265
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.*

But stay, O spite !

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here ! 270

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What ! stain'd with blood ? 275

Approach, ye Furies fell.

O Fates ! come, come ;

Cut thread and thrum ;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

THE. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad. 281

HIP. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

PYR. *O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame ?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear ; 285
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lov'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.*

Come, tears, confound ;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus ;

Ay, that left pap, 290

Where heart doth hop. [stabs himself.]

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky.

295

Tongue, lose thy light ;

Moon, take thy flight.

[*exit MOONSHINE.*

Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*dies.*

DEM. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

299

LYS. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he is nothing.

THE. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover and yet prove an ass.

HIP. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisby comes back and finds her lover ?

305

Re-enter THISBY.

THE. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

HIP. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus ; I hope she will be brief.

309

DEM. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisby, is the better—he for a man, God warrant us : she for a woman, God bless us !

LYS. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

DEM. And thus she moans, videlicet :—

THIS. *Asleep, my love ?*

315

What, dead, my dove ?

O Pyramus, arise,

Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?

Dead, dead ? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

320

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone ;

Lovers, make moan ;

325

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk ;

Lay them in gore,

330

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word.

Come, trusty sword ;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue.

[*stabs herself.*

And farewell, friends ;

Thus Thisby ends ;

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[*dies.*

THE. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

DEM. Ay, and Wall too.

340

BOT. [*starting up.*] No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company ?

344

THE. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse.

Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisby's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy. And so it is, truly ; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask ; let your epilogue alone. [*a dance*. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

355

This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels and new jollity.

[*exeunt*]

Enter PUCK with a broom.

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars, 360

And the wolf behowls the moon ;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

365

Puts the wretch that lies in woe

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

370

In the church-way paths to glide.

And we fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecate's team

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

375

Now are frolic. Not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallowed house.

I am sent with broom before,

To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with ail their TRAIN.

OBE. Through the house give glimmering light, 380

By the dead and drowsy fire ;

Every elf and fairy sprite

Hop as light as bird from brier ;

And this ditty, after me,

Sing and dance it trippingly.

385

TITA. First, rehearse your song by rote,

To each word a warbling note ;

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place.

OBERON leading, the FAIRIES sing and dance.

OBE. Now, until the break of day, 390

Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we,

Which by us shall blessed be ;

And the issue there create

	Ever shall be fortunate.	395
	So shall all the couples three	
	Ever true in loving be ;	
	And the blots of Nature's hand	
	Shall not in their issue stand ;	
	Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,	400
	Nor mark prodigious, such as are	
	Despised in nativity,	
	Shall upon their children be.	
	With this field-dew consecrate,	
	Every fairy take his gait,	405
	And each several chamber bless,	
	Through this palace, with sweet peace ;	
	And the owner of it blest	
	Ever shall in safety rest.	
	Trip away ; make no stay ;	410
	Meet me all by break of day.	[<i>exeunt all but PUCK.</i>]
PUCK.	If we shadows have offended,	
	Think but this, and all is mended,	
	That you have but slumb' red here	
	While these visions did appear.	415
	And this weak and idle theme,	
	No more yielding but a dream,	
	Gentles, do not reprehend.	
	If you pardon, we will mend.	
	And, as I am an honest Puck,	420
	If we have unearned luck	
	Now to scape the serpent's tongue,	
	We will make amends ere long ;	
	Else the Puck a liar call.	
	So, good night unto you all.	425
	Give me your hands, if we be friends,	
	And Robin shall restore amends.	[<i>exit.</i>]

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

LOOKED at from the outside as it were *The Merchant of Venice* seems built on two improbabilities that could hardly be expected to sustain a popular play. The bond that carried a forfeit of a pound of flesh, and the fate of an heiress depending on a choice of caskets, seem so unlikely and indeed preposterous that one may wonder how *The Merchant of Venice* is still so welcome on the stage and indeed one of Shakespeare's best known plays.

The answer that Shakespeare has covered the improbabilities with a trellis-work of fine poetry is not adequate. Of course part of the charm of the play lies in its poetry; but fine verse would not by itself be sufficient to enlist and sustain the interest of the audience, did the hearer or reader not feel that the poetry was the natural vehicle for the significance of the action, that the words make explicit what was only shadowed forth in the episodes of the plot. We are for example meant to feel that Bassanio is guided in his choice of casket by a sensibility beyond that possessed by such rivals as Morocco or Arragon. That he is at once less wealthy and less certain of his claims to success is meant to be part of Bassanio's claim on our sympathies. And undoubtedly these are elements in our reaction: we feel that Bassanio does love Portia as the others do not. Nor can this feeling be banished by the critic who points out that Bassanio has had to borrow the money that provides the very finery in which he and his followers are dressed, and that he has come to mend his rather broken fortunes by marriage with an heiress. For it is clear that whatever his apparent disabilities the right choice discovers the true lover: the caskets cannot be mistaken. That Portia agrees with the caskets makes our assurance doubly sure.

In the Bassanio-Portia part of the play the author's intentions and our sympathies run so easily together that Shakespeare has no difficulty in carrying us with him over the impossibilities of the ordeal by caskets; the bond between Antonio and Shylock however raises more serious obstacles in the way of plain acceptance.

To Jews the England of Shakespeare's time was less hospitable than the London of to-day. There were however Jews in Elizabeth's London and the Queen had for a time a Jewish physician Roderigo Lopez. This unfortunate man was executed in June 1594 on being found guilty, with what justice it seems impossible to say, of attempting to poison the Queen. Whether this event suggested to Shakespeare that a play with a Jewish character would be topical we cannot say; what is clear however is that the medieval type of story in which a Jew might figure as the villain would not have seemed in any way unnatural to Shakespeare's audience. Shakespeare's play is based on such a story, written late in the fourteenth century but not printed till 1558. This story in the collection made by Ser Giovanni of Florence entitled *Il Pecorone* tells how a youthful Venetian trading to Alexandria is tempted to anchor at Belmonte in the hope of winning the lady there and fails twice to survive the ordeal to which her lovers are subjected. The lady drugs the cup she offers them in entertainment and falling asleep they forfeit the

property they have given her as pledge of their faith. On his third voyage however the young man is warned and wins the lady; he forgets however that the third voyage was made possible by a friend's borrowing from a Jew, who can have a pound of the borrower's flesh if he is behindhand with the money. The borrower is about to forfeit his flesh when the young man turns up with ten times the money due—for if the Lady of Belmonte seems an avaricious siren when seizing on the property of her defeated suitors, she is generosity itself in this crisis. The Jew however is obdurate and the Lady of Belmonte has to deliver her husband's friend as Portia rescues Antonio. The story concludes with the ring episode as in Shakespeare's play.

Shakespeare had to modify the story for the stage by changing the ordeal to that by choice of caskets. It is possible that an earlier play called *The Jew* may have suggested this change to Shakespeare. Stephen Gosson in his tirade (*The Schoole of Abuse* 1579) against the stage allows that *The Jew* may warn us against 'the greediness of worldly chusers and the bloody mind of Usurers'. It may be that the 'worldly chusers' are those who try to pick the winning casket; it is clear that the Jew is the usurer. Though Shakespeare had to modify one part of the original story he was free to take over the Jew with all the villainies that the ages had heaped on the usurer.

Shylock's role is indicated by Shakespeare's source and dictated by his part in the action. He is not meant to be a good man who puts the Christians to shame; he is at the end an obstacle in the way of happiness and peace and has to be removed. But as a man who takes up a challenge flung at him by those who treat him as an enemy and has to play a lone hand he naturally holds our attention and makes us feel his passion. The character is undoubtedly one of Shakespeare's triumphs: Shylock as an observer of the law feels entitled to all the law allows; his Judaism is uncompromising; and, although despised by the gentiles round him, he feels himself one of a peculiar people.

The bond then allows Shakespeare to interest us in a question that has, as well as a bearing on the happy ending we require, an interest of its own. Shylock is for the letter of the law, Portia for the spirit in which law should be interpreted. And if it be objected that the story as a whole is too flimsy and fairy-tale-like to carry such serious issues it must be admitted that it is the development of these issues that gives the play the vitality that the original story lacks.

The lines on which Shakespeare has developed his original show that he had no intention of representing Bassanio as a sponger because he borrowed money from Antonio, or of holding up Portia as a Jew-baiter because she delivers her husband's friend from Shylock. Shakespeare had no need to fear that the audience at The Theatre or The Globe would so distort his intentions; only a hypercritical reading of the comedy has suggested such modern aberrations.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE DUKE OF VENICE.	OLD COBBO, <i>father to Launcelot</i>
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } <i>suitors to</i>	LEONARDO, <i>servant to Bassanio.</i>
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON } <i>Portia.</i>	BALTHASAR, } <i>servants to Portia.</i>
ANTONIO, <i>a merchant of Venice.</i>	STEPHANO, }
BASSANIO, <i>his friend, suitor to Portia.</i>	
SOLANIO, } <i>friends to Antonio</i>	PORTIA, <i>a rich heiress.</i>
SALERIO, } <i>and Bassanio.</i>	NERISSA, <i>her waiting-maid.</i>
GRATIANO, }	JESSICA, <i>daughter to Shylock.</i>
LORENZO, <i>in love with Jessica.</i>	
SHYLOCK, <i>a rich Jew.</i>	MAGNIFICOS OF VENICE, OFFICERS
TUBAL, <i>a Jew, his friend.</i>	OF THE COURT OF JUSTICE,
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, <i>a clown, servant</i>	GAOLER, SERVANTS, and other
<i>to Shylock.</i>	ATTENDANTS.

THE SCENE : *Venice, and Portia's house at Belmont.*

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALERIO, and SOLANIO.

- ANT. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
 It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn ; 5
 And such a want-wit sadness makes of me
 That I have much ado to know myself.
- SALER. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
 There where your argosies, with portly sail—
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10
 Or as it were the pageants of the sea—
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.
- SOLAN. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth, 15
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
 Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads ;
 And every object that might make me fear 20
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.
- SALER. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague when I thought

- What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run 25
 But I should think of shallows and of flats,
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
 And see the holy edifice of stone, 30
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
 And, in a word, but even now worth this, 35
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
 That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
 But tell not me; I know Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40
- ANT. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year;
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad. 45
- SOLAN. Why then you are in love.
- ANT. Fie, fie!
- SOLAN. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad
 Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus, 50
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
 And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
 And other of such vinegar aspect.
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile 55
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
- Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*
- Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
 Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well;
 We leave you now with better company.
- SALER. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry, 60
 If worthier friends had not prevented me.
- ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it your own business call on you,
 And you embrace th' occasion to depart.
- SALER. Good morrow, my good lords. 65
- BASS. Good, signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say when.
 You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?
- SALER. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
- [*exeunt SALERIO and SOLANIO.*]
- LOR. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
 We two will leave you; but at dinner-time, 70
 I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
- BASS. I will not fail you.
- GRA. You look not well, Signior Antonio;

- You have too much respect upon the world ;
 They lose it that do buy it with much care. 75
 Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
- ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano—
 A stage, where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one.
- GRA. Let me play the fool.
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ; 80
 And let my liver rather heat with wine
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man whose blood is warm within
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster,
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice 85
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio—
 I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks—
 There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain, 90
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say ' I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark '.
 O my Antonio, I do know of these 95
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing ; when, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time. 100
 But fish not with this melancholy bait
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
 Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile ;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
- LOR. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time. 105
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.
- GRA. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
- ANT. Fare you well ; I'll grow a talker for this gear. 110
- GRA. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
 In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
 [exunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.]
- ANT. Is that anything now ?
- BASS. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man
 in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two
 bushels of chaff : you shall seek all day ere you find them, and
 when you have them they are not worth the search. 118
- ANT. Well ; tell me now what lady is the same .
 To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
 That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?
- BASS. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
 How much I have disabled mine estate
 By something showing a more swelling port
 Than my faint means would grant continuance ; 125
 Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd

- From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio, 130
I owe the most, in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
- ANT. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ; 135
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
- BASS. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft, 140
I shot this fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence. 145
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost ; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both, 150
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
- ANT. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong 155
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it ; therefore, speak. 160
- BASS. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia—nothing undervalu'd 165
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece, 170
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift 175
That I should questionless be fortunate.
- ANT. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum ; therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do ; 180

That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont to fair Portia.
 Go presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is ; and I no question make
 To have it of my trust or for my sake.

[*exeunt.*]SCENE II. *Belmont. Portia's house.**Enter PORTIA with her waiting-woman, NERISSA.*

POR. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is awcary of this great world.

NER. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are ; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean : superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

NER. They would be better, if well followed. 10

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions ; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree ; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose' ! I may neither choose who I would nor refuse who I dislike ; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none ? 23

NER. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations ; therefore the lott'ry that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you—will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come ? 31

POR. I pray thee over-name them ; and as thou namest them, I will describe them ; and according to my description, level at my affection. •

NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince. 35

POR. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself ; I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith. •

NER. Then is there the County Palatine. 40

POR. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say ' An you will not have me, choose '. He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

NER. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ? 49

POR. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but he—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine ; he is every man in no man. If a throstle sing he falls straight a-cap'ring ; he will fence with his own shadow ; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NER. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England ? 60

POR. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture ; but alas, who can converse with a dumb-show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere. 68

NER. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour ?

POR. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able ; I think the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

NER. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew ? 75

POR. Very vilely in the morning when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk. When he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him. 80

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

POR. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket ; for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge. 88

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords ; they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets. 94

POR. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure. 99

NER. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat ?

POR. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think, so was he call'd.

NER. True, madam ; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a SERVINGMAN.

How now ! what news ?

109

SERV. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave ; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here to-night. 113

POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach ; if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

118

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *[exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Venice. A public place.*

Enter BASSANIO with SHYLOCK the Jew.

SHY. Three thousand ducats—well.

BASS. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHY. For three months—well.

BASS. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHY. Antonio shall become bound—well.

BASS. May you stead me ? Will you pleasure me ? Shall I know your answer ?

8

SHY. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS. Your answer to that.

SHY. Antonio is a good man.

BASS. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ?

SHY. Ho, no, no, no, no ; my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient ; yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England—and other ventures he hath, squand' red abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men ; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves—I mean pirates ; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats—I think I may take his bond.

BASS. Be assur'd you may.

25

SHY. I will be assur'd I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio ?

BASS. If it please you to dine with us ?

SHY. Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into ! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with. What news on the Rialto ? Who is he comes here ?

34

Enter ANTONIO.

BASS. This is Signior Antonio.

SHY. *[aside.]* How like a fawning publican he looks !

I hate him for he is a Christian ;

But more for that in low simplicity

He lends out money gratis, and brings down

- The rate of usance here with us in Venice. 40
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, 45
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him !
- BASS. Shylock, do you hear ?
 SHY. I am debating of my present store,
 And, by the near guess of my memory,
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross 50
 Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?
 Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
 Will furnish me. But soft ! how many months
 Do you desire ? [*to Antonio.*] Rest you fair, good signior ;
 Your worship was the last man in our mouths. 55
- ANT. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
 By taking nor by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom. [*to Bassanio.*] Is he yet possess'd
 How much ye would ?
- SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats. 60
- ANT. And for three months.
- SHY. I had forgot—three months ; you told me so.
 Well then, your bond ; and, let me see—but hear you,
 Methoughts you said you neither lend nor borrow
 Upon advantage.
- ANT. I do never use it. 65
- SHY. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep—
 This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
 As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
 The third possessor ; ay, he was the third—
- ANT. And what of him ? Did he take interest ? 70
- SHY. No, not take interest ; not, as you would say,
 Directly int'rest ; mark what Jacob did :
 When Laban and himself were compromis'd
 That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
 Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank, 75
 In end of autumn turned to the rams ;
 And when the work of generation was
 Between these woolly breeders in the act,
 The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,
 And, in the doing of the deed of kind, 80
 He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
 Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
 Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
 This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. 85
- ANT. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for ;
 A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
 But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
 Was this inserted to make interest good ?
 Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ? 90

- SHY. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast.
 But note me, signior.
- ANT. [*aside.*] Mark you this, Bassanio,
 The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
 An evil soul producing holy witness
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart. 95
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !
- SHY. Three thousand ducats—'tis a good round sum.
 Three months from twelve ; then let me see, the rate—
- ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ? 100
- SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my moneys and my usances ;
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
 For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe ; 105
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears you need my help ;
 Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say 110
 ' Shylock, we would have moneys '. You say so—
 You that did void your rheum upon my beard
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say 115
 ' Hath a dog money ? Is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ' Or
 Shall I bend low and, in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
 Say this : 120
 ' Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last,
 You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
 You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much moneys ' ?
- ANT. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. 125
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends—for when did friendship take
 A breed for barren metal of his friend ?---
 But lend it rather to thine enemy, 130
 Who if he break thou mayst with better face
 Exact the penalty.
- SHY. Why, look you, how you storm !
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit • 135
 Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
 This is kind I offer.
- BASS. This were kindness.
- SHY. This kindness will I show.
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 Your single bond, and, in a merry sport, 140
 If you repay me not on such a day,

- In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me. 145
- ANT. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
- BASS. You shall not seal to such a bond for me ;
I'll rather dwell in my necessity. 150
- ANT. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
Within these two months—that's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
- SHY. O father Abram, what these Christians are, 155
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this :
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man 160
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship ;
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not. 165
- ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
- SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard 170
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I'll be with you.
- ANT. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
- [exit SHYLOCK.
- The Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows kind.
- BASS. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
- ANT. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay ; 175
My ships come home a month before the day. [exeunt.

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. Belmont. Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, a tawny Moor all in white, and three or four FOLLOWERS accordingly, with PORTIA, NERISSA, and TRAIN.

- MOR. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles. 5
And let us make incision for your love
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine

- Hath fear'd the valiant ; by my love, I swear
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime 10
 Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
- POR. In terms of choice I am not solely led
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes ;
 Besides, the lot'try of my destiny 15
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
 But, if my father had not scanted me,
 And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myself
 His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
 Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair 20
 As any comer I have look'd on yet
 For my affection.
- MOR. Even for that I thank you.
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
 That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince, 25
 That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,
 I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
 Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when 'a roars for prey, 30
 To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !
 If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
 So is Alcides beaten by his page ; 35
 And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.
- POR. You must take your chance,
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong, 40
 Never to speak to lady afterward
 In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.
- MOR. Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my chance.
- POR. First, forward to the temple. After dinner
 Your hazard shall be made.
- MOR. Good fortune then, 45
 To make me blest or curs'd 'st among men ! [*cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Venice. A street.**Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*

- LAUN. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew
 my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying
 to me 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot' or 'good
 Gobbo' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start,
 run away'. My conscience says 'No ; take heed, honest
 Launcelot, take heed, honest Gobbo' or, as aforesaid, 'honest
 Launcelot Gobbo, do not run ; scorn running with thy heels'.
 Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. 'Via !' says the
 fiend ; 'away !' says the fiend. 'For the heavens, rouse up a
 brave mind' says the fiend 'and run.' Well, my conscience,

hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son' or rather 'an honest woman's son'; for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste—well, my conscience says 'Launcelot, budge not'. 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I 'you counsel well.' 'Fiend,' say I 'you counsel well.' To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who—God bless the mark!—is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who—saving your reverence!—is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run. 27

Enter OLD GOBBO, with a basket.

GOB. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. [*aside.*] O heavens! This is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not. I will try confusions with him.

GOB. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's? 34

LAUN. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOB. Be God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit! Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no? 41

LAUN. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOB. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUN. Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

GOB. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir. 50

LAUN. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOB. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUN. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, God forbid! The boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop. 60

LAUN. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

GOB. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but I pray you tell me, is my boy—God rest his soul!—alive or dead?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father?

GOB. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not. 67

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing

me : it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing ; truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long ; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

GOB. Pray you, sir, stand up ; I am sure you are not Launcelot my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing ; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be. 78

GOB. I cannot think you are my son.

LAUN. I know not what I shall think of that ; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

GOB. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be, what a beard hast thou got ! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail. 87

LAUN. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward ; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

GOB. Lord, how art thou chang'd ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now ?

LAUN. Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present ! Give him a halter. I am famish'd in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come ; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune ! Here comes the man. To him, father, for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer. 103

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, with a FOLLOWER or two.

BASS. You may do so ; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *[exit a servant.]*

LAUN. To him, father.

GOB. God bless your worship !

BASS. Gramercy ; wouldst thou aught with me ? 110

GOB. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy—

LAUN. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

GOB. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve— 115

LAUN. Indeed the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

GOB. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins— 119

LAUN. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you—

GOB. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is— 124

LAUN. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

BASS. One speak for both. What would you ?

LAUN. Serve you sir.

GOB. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

BASS. I know thee well ; thou hast obtain'd thy suit. 130

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment

To leave a rich Jew's service to become

The follower of so poor a gentleman. 135

LAUN. The old proverb is very well parted between my master
Shylock and you, sir : you have the grace of God, sir, and he
hath enough.

BASS. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire 140

My lodging out. [*to a servant.*] Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows' ; see it done.

LAUN. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no ! I have ne'er a tongue
in my head ! [*looking on his palm.*] Well ; if any man in Italy
have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book—I shall
have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life ; here's
a small trifle of wives ; alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; a'leven
widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man. And
then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with
the edge of a feather-bed—here are simple scapes. Well, if
Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father,
come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling. 153

[*exeunt LAUNCELOT and OLD GOBBO.*]

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.

These things being bought and orderly bestowed, 155

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best esteem'd acquaintance ; hie thee, go.

LEON. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where's your master ?

LEON. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*exit.* 160

GRA. Signior Bassanio !

BASS. Gratiano !

GRA. I have suit to you.

BASS. You have obtain'd it.

GRA. You must not deny me : I must go with you to Belmont.

BASS. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano : 165

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice—

Parts that become thee happily enough,

And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;

But where thou art not known, why there they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain 170

To allay with some cold drops of modesty

Thy skipping spirit ; lest through thy wild behaviour

I be misconstr'd in the place I go to

And lose my kopes.

GRA. Signior Bassanio, hear me : 175

If I do not put on a sober habit,

Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes

- Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen,
 Use all the observance of civility 180
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his grandam, never trust me more.
 BASS. Well, we shall see your bearing.
 GRA. Nay, but I bar to-night ; you shall not gauge me
 By what we do to-night.
 BASS. No, that were pity ; 185
 I would entreat you rather to put on
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment. But fare you well ;
 I have some business.
 GRA. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest ; 190
 But we will visit you at supper-time. [exunt.]

SCENE III. *Venice. Shylock's house.**Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

- JES. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so.
 Our house is hell ; and thou, a merry devil,
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
 But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee ;
 And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see 5
 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.
 Give him this letter ; do it secretly.
 And so farewell. I would not have my father
 See me in talk with thee. 9
 LAUN. Adieu ! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,
 most sweet Jew ! If a Christian do not play the knave and get
 thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu ! these foolish drops do
 something drown my manly spirit ; adieu !
 JES. Farewell, good Launcelot. [exit.]
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
 To be asham'd to be my father's child !
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,
 I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
 Become a Christian and thy loving wife. 20
 [exit.]

SCENE IV. *Venice. A street.**Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALERIO, and SOLANIO.*

- LOR. Nay, we will slink away in suppertime,
 Disguise us at my lodging, and return
 All in an hour.
 GRA. We have not made good preparation.
 SALER. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers. • 5
 SOLAN. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered ;
 And better in my mind not undertook.
 LOR. 'Tis now but four o'clock ; we have two hours
 To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

- Friend Launcelot, what's the news ? 10

LAUN. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

LOR. I know the hand ; in faith, 'tis a fair hand,

And whiter than the paper it writ on

Is the fair hand that writ.

GRA. Love-news, in faith !

LAUN. By your leave, sir. 15

LOR. Whither goest thou ?

LAUN. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night
with my new master, the Christian.

LOR. Hold, here, take this. Tell gentle Jessica

I will not fail her ; speak it privately. 20

Go, gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ? [exit LAUNCELOT.

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

SALER. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SOLAN. And so will I.

LOR. Meet me and Gratiano 25

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALER. 'Tis good we do so.

[*exeunt* SALERIO and SOLANIO.

GRA. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

LOR. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house ; 30

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with ;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake ;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot, 35

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me, peruse this as thou goest ;

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*exeunt.*

SCENE V. Venice. Before Shylock's house.

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

SHY. Well, thou shalt see ; thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio—

What, Jessica !—Thou shalt not gormandize

As thou hast done with me—What, Jessica !—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out— 5

Why, Jessica, I say !

LAUN. Why, Jessica !

SHY. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without
bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

JES. Call you ? What is your will ? 10

SHY. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;

There are my keys. But wherefore should I go ?

I am not bid for love ; they flatter me ;

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, 15

- Look to my house. I am right loath to go ;
 There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
- LAUN. I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master doth expect your
 reproach. 20
- SHY. So do I his.
- LAUN. And they have conspired together ; I will not say you shall
 see a masque, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my
 nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last at six o'clock i' th'
 morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year,
 in th' afternoon. 26
- SHY. What, are there masques ? Hear you me, Jessica :
 Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum,
 And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
 Clamber not you up to the casements then, 30
 Nor thrust your head into the public street
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces ;
 But stop my house's ears—I mean my casements ;
 Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter
 My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear 35
 I have no mind of feasting forth to-night ;
 But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah ;
 Say I will come.
- LAUN. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window for all this.
 There will come a Christian by
 Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [exit. 40
- SHY. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?
- JES. His words were ' Farewell, mistress' ; nothing else.
- SHY. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder, 45
 Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
 More than the wild-cat ; drones hive not with me,
 Therefore I part with him ; and part with him
 To one that I would have him help to waste
 His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in ; 50
 Perhaps I will return immediately.
 Do as I bid you, shut doors after you.
 Fast bind, fast find -
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [exit. 55
- JES. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [exit. 55

SCENE VI. *Venice. Before Shylock's house.**Enter the maskers, GRATIANO and SALERIO.*

- GRA. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
 Desired us to make stand.
- SALER. His hour is almost past.
- GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
 For lovers ever run before the clock.
- SALER. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly 5
 To seal love's bonds new made than they are wont
 To keep obliged faith unforfeited !
- GRA. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast
 With that keen appetite that he sits down ?

Where is the horse that doth untread again 10
 His tedious measures with the unbated fire
 That he did pace them first? All things that are
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.
 How like a younker or a prodigal
 'The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, 15
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind;
 How like the prodigal doth she return,
 With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

SALER. Here comes Lorenzo; more of this hereafter. 20
 LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode!
 Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait.
 When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
 I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
 Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within? 25

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

JES. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
 Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
 LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.
 JES. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed;
 For who love I so much? And now who knows 30
 But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
 LOR. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
 JES. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
 I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
 For I am much asham'd of my exchange; 35
 But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit,
 For, if they could, Cupid himself would blush
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.
 LOR. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. 40
 JES. What! must I hold a candle to my shames?
 They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
 Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
 And I should be obscur'd.

LOR. So are you, sweet,
 Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. 45
 But come at once,
 For the close night doth play the runaway,
 And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
 With some moe ducats, and be with you straight. *[exit above.]*

GRA. Now, by my hood, a gentle, and no Jew.

LOR. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily,
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
 And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself; 55
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
 Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*exit with JESSICA and SALERIO.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Who's there?

60

GRA. Signior Antonio?

ANT. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you;

No masque to-night; the wind is come about;

Bassanio presently will go aboard;

65

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRA. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

[*exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Belmont. Portia's house.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their TRAINS.

POR. Go draw aside the curtains and discover

The several caskets to this noble Prince.

Now make your choice.

MOR. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'

5

The second, silver, which this promise carries:

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves'.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath'.

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

10

POR. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;

I will survey th' inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?

15

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

Must give- for what? For lead? Hazard for lead!

This casket threatens; men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

20

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand.

25

If thou beest rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afraid of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

30

As much as I deserve? Why, that's the lady!

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?

35

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

- ' Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire '.
 Why, that's the lady ! All the world desires her ;
 From the four corners of the earth they come
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint. 40
 The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
 For princes to come view fair Portia.
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar 45
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come
 As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation
 To think so base a thought ; it were too gross 50
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?
 O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England 55
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamp'd in gold ; but that's insculp'd upon.
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key ;
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may ! 60
 POR. There, take it, Prince, and if my form lie there,
 Then I am yours. [*he opens the golden casket.*
 MOR. O hell ! what have we here ?
 A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll ! I'll read the writing. 65
 ' All that glisters is not gold,
 Often have you heard that told ;
 Many a man his life hath sold
 But my outside to behold.
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold, 70
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd.
 Fare you well, your suit is cold.'
- Cold indeed, and labour lost,
 Then farewell, heat, and welcome, frost. 75
 Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
 To take a tedious leave ; thus losers part.
 [*exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*
 POR. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
 Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.

Enter SALERIO and SOLANIO.

- SALER. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
 With him is Gratiano gone along ;
 And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
 SOLAN. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke,

- Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship. 5
- SALER. He came too late, the ship was under sail ;
 But there the Duke was given to understand
 That in a gondola were seen together
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica ;
 Besides, Antonio certified the Duke 10
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
- SOLAN. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets.
 ' My daughter ! O my ducats ! O my daughter ! 15
 Fled with a Christian ! O my Christian ducats !
 Justice ! the law ! My ducats and my daughter !
 A scaled bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !
 And jewels—two stones, two rich and precious stones, 20
 Stol'n by my daughter ! Justice ! Find the girl ;
 She hath the stones upon her and the ducats.'
- SALER. Why all the boys in Venice follow him,
 Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
- SOLAN. Let good Antonio look he keep his day, 25
 Or he shall pay for this.
- SALER. Marry, well rememb' red ;
 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
 The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country richly fraught. 30
 I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
- SOLAN. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear ;
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
- SALER. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth. 35
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
 Bassanio told him he would make some speed
 Of his return. He answered ' Do not so ;
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time ; 40
 And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love ;
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
 As shall conveniently become you there '. 45
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible
 He wrung Bassanio's hand ; and so they parted.
- SOLAN. I think he only loves the world for him. 50
 I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
 And quicken his embraced heaviness
 With some delight or other.
- SALER. Do we so. [exeunt.

SCENE IX. *Belmont. Portia's house.**Enter NERISSA, and a SERVITOR.*

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight ;
 The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
 And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their TRAINS.

- POR. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince.
 If you choose that wherein I am contain'd, 5
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
 You must be gone from hence immediately.
- AR. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :
 First, never to unfold to any one 10
 Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail
 Of the right casket, never in my life
 To woo a maid in way of marriage ;
 Lastly,
 If I do fail in fortune of my choice, 15
 Immediately to leave you and be gone.
- POR. To these injunctions every one doth swear
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
- AR. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
 To my heart's hope ! Gold, silver, and base lead. 20
 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
 You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
 What says the golden chest ? Ha ! let me see :
 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
 What many men desire—that 'many' may be meant 25
 By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;
 Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Even in the force and road of casualty. 30
 I will not choose what many men desire,
 Because I will not jump with common spirits
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house !
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear. 35
 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
 And well said too ; for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity. 40
 O that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover that stand bare !
 How many be commanded that command ! 45
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour ! and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,

- To be new varnish'd ! Well, but to my choice.
 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.' 50
 I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
[he opens the silver casket.]
- POR. *[aside.]* Too long a pause for that which you find there.
- AR. What's here ? The portrait of a blinking idiot
 Presenting me a schedule ! I will read it. 55
 How much unlike art thou to Portia !
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings !
 'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?
 Is that my prize ? Are my deserts no better ? 60
- POR. To offend and judge are distinct offices
 And of opposed natures.
- AR. What is here ? *'reads.*
 'The fire seven times tried this ;
 Seven times tried that judgment is
 That did never choose amiss. 65
 Some there be that shadows kiss,
 Such have but a shadow's bliss.
 There be fools alive iwis
 Silver'd o'er, and so was this.
 'Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head. 70
 So be gone ; you are sped.'
 Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here.
 With one fool's head I came to woo, 75
 But I go away with two.
 Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wroth. *[exit with his Train.]*
- POR. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
 O, these deliberate fools ! When they do choose, 80
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
- NER. The ancient saying is no heresy :
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
- POR. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.
- Enter a SERVANT.*
- SERV. Where is my lady ?
- POR. Here ; what would my lord ? 85
- SERV. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young Venetian, one that comes before
 To signify th' approaching of his lord,
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
 To wit, besides commends and courteous breath, 90
 Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love.
 A day in April never came so sweet
 To show how costly summer was at hand
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord. 95
- POR. No more, I pray thee ; I am half afraid

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
 Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
 Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
 NER. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be !

100
[exeunt.]

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

Enter SOLANIO and SALERIO.

SOLAN. Now, what news on the Rialto ?

SALER. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas ; the Goodwins I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word. 7

SOLAN. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapp'd ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company !— 13

SALER. Come, the full stop.

SOLAN. Ha ! What sayest thou ? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SALER. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SOLAN. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock ? What news among the merchants ? 20
 SHY. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALER. That's certain ; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SOLAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was flidge ; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damn'd for it.

SALER. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel ! 30

SOLAN. Out upon it, old carrion ! Rebels it at these years ?

SHY. I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.

SALER. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory ; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ? 36

SHY. There I have another bad match : a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; a beggar, that was us'd to come so smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer ; let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ; let him look to his bond. 42

SALER. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh.
What's that good for? 44

SHY. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my
revenge. He hath disgrac'd me and hind'ed me half a million;
laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation,
thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies.
And what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes?
Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections,
passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons,
subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed
and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?
If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not
laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us,
shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will
resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his
humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should
his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The
villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I
will better the instruction. 62

Enter a MAN from ANTONIO.

MAN. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires
to speak with you both.

SALER. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

SOLAN. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd,
unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[exunt SOLANIO, SALERIO, and MAN.]

SHY. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found
my daughter?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 71

SHY. Why there, there, there! A diamond gone, cost me
two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon
our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats
in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter
were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; would she were
hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of
them? Why, so--and I know not what's spent in the search.
Why, thou--loss upon loss! The thief gone with so much, and
so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor
no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but
o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding! 83

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa--

SHY. What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck?

TUB. Hath an argosy cast away coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God. Is it true, is it true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck. 90

SHY. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news--ha, ha!--
heard in Genoa.

TUB. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore
ducats.

SHY. Thou stick'st a dagger in me--I shall never see my gold again.
Fourscore ducats at a sitting! Fourscore ducats! 97

TUB. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHY. I am very glad of it ; I'll plague him, I'll torture him ; I am glad of it.

TUB. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor ; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUB. But Antonio is certainly undone. 107

SHY. Nay, that's true ; that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer ; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal. [exunt.]

SCENE II. Belmont. Portia's house.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and all their TRAINS.

POR. I pray you tarry ; pause a day or two
Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company ; therefore forbear a while.
There's something tells me— but it is not love—
I would not lose you ; and you know yourself 5
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;
So will I never be ; so may you miss me ;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
'That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes !
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me ; 15
One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O ! these naughty times
Puts bars between the owners and their rights ;
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 20
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASS. Let me choose ;
For as I am, I live upon the rack. 25

POR. Upon the rack, Bassanio ? Then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None but that ugly treason of mistrust
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love ;
There may as well be amity and life 30
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my love.

POR. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

BASS. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

- POR. Well then, confess and live.
- BASS. 'Confess' and 'love' 35
 Had been the very sum of my confession.
 O happy torment, when my torturer
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
- POR. Away, then; I am lock'd in one of them. 40
 If you do love me, you will find me out.
 Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof;
 Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
 Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
 Fading in music. That the comparison 45
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
 And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may win;
 And what is music then? Then music is
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
 To a new-crowned monarch; such it is 50
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides when he did redeem 55
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice;
 The rest aloot are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages come forth to view
 The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules! 60
 Live thou, I live. With much much more dismay
 I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.
- A Song, the whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.*
- Tell me where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head,
 How begot, how nourished? 65
 Reply, reply.
 It is engend'ed in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring fancy's knell: 70
 I'll begin it - Ding, dong, bell.
- ALL. Ding, dong, bell.
- BASS. So may the outward shows be least themselves
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt 75
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? 80
 There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars; 85

- Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk !
 And these assume but valour's excrement
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90
 Making them lightest that wear most of it ;
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness often known
 To be the dowry of a second head— 95
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on 100
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee ;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man ; but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught, 105
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
 And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !
- POR. [*aside.*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy ! 110
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess !
 I feel too much thy blessing. Make it less,
 For fear I surfeit.
- BASS. [*opening the leaden casket.*] What find I here ?
 Fair Portia's counterfeit ! What demi-god 115
 Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
 Or whether riding on the balls of mine
 Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs 120
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes—
 How could he see to do them ? Having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his, 125
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
 The continent and summary of my fortune. 130
 'You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair and choose as true !
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no new.
 If you be well pleas'd with this, 135
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn to where your lady is
 And claim her with a loving kiss.'

- A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave ;
 I come by note, to give and to receive. 140
 Like one of two contending in a prize,
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no ; 145
 So, thrice-fair lady, stand I even so,
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
- POR. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
 Such as I am. Though for myself alone 150
 I would not be ambitious in my wish
 To wish myself much better, yet for you
 I would be trebled twenty times myself,
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
 That only to stand high in your account
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account. But the full sum of me
 Is sum of something which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd ; 160
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn ; happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
 Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed, 165
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
 Myself and what is mine to you and yours
 Is now converted. But now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now, 170
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,
 Are yours—my lord's. I give them with this ring,
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you. 175
- BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;
 And there is such confusion in my powers
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear 180
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
 Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ; 185
 O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead !
- NER. My lord and lady, it is now our time
 That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper
 To cry ' Good joy '. Good joy, my lord and lady !
- GRA. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady, 190
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
 For I am sure you can wish none from me ;
 And, when your honours mean to solemnize

- The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too. 195
- BASS. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
- GRA. I thank your lordship you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission 200
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry 205
With oaths of love, at last—if promise last—
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.
- POR. Is this true, Nerissa ?
- NER. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal. 210
- BASS. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?
- GRA. Yes, faith, my lord.
- BASS. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
- GRA. We'll play with them : the first boy for a thousand ducats.
- NER. What, and stake down ? 217
- GRA. No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down—
But who comes here ? Lorenzo and his infidel ?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio !
- Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a messenger from Venice.*
- BASS. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new int'rest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen, 225
Sweet Portia, welcome.
- POR. So do I, my lord ;
They are entirely welcome.
- LOR. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
But meeting with Salerio by the way, 230
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
- SALER. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*gives BASSANIO a letter.*]
- BASS. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth. 235
- SALER. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind ; his letter there
Will show you his estate. [*BASSANIO opens the letter.*]
- GRA. Nerissa, cheer yond stranger ; bid her welcome.
- Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice ? 240
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?
I know he will be glad of our success :
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
- SALER. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost

- POR.** There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper 245
 That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
 Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
 Could turn so much the constitution
 Of any constant man. What, worse and worse !
 With leave, Bassanio : I am half yourself, 250
 And I must freely have the half of anything
 That this same paper brings you.
- BASS.** O sweet Portia,
 Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
 That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
 When I did first impart my love to you, 255
 I freely told you all the wealth I had
 Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman ;
 And then I told you true. And yet, dear lady,
 Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
 How much I was a braggart. When I told you 260
 My state was nothing, I should then have told you
 That I was worse than nothing ; for indeed
 I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
 Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady, 265
 The paper as the body of my friend,
 And every word in it a gaping wound
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio ?
 Hath all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England, 270
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
 And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks ?
- SALER.** Not one, my lord.
 Besides, it should appear that, if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew, 275
 He would not take it. Never did I know
 A creature that did bear the shape of man
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.
 He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state, 280
 If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
 The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond. 285
- JES.** When I was with him, I have heard him swear
 To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 That he did owe him ; and I know, my lord, 290
 If law, authority, and power, deny not,
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.
- POR.** Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?
- BASS.** The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
 The best condition'd and unwearied spirit 295
 In doing courtesies ; and one in whom

- The ancient Roman honour more appears
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.
- POR. What sum owes he the Jew ?
- BASS. For me, three thousand ducats.
- POR. What ! no more ? 300
 Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,
 Before a friend of this description
 Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
 First go with me to church and call me wife,
 And then away to Venice to your friend ; 305
 For never shall you lie by Portia's side
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
 To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along. 310
 My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away,
 For you shall hence upon your wedding day.
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer ;
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear. 315
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.
- BASS. [*reads.*] ' Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my
 creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is
 forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all
 debts are clear'd between you and I, if I might but see you at my
 death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure, if your love do not
 persuade you to come, let not my letter.' 322
- POR. O love, dispatch all business and be gone !
- BASS. Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste ; but, till I come again, 325
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
 Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*exunt.*]

SCENE III *Venice. A street.**Enter SHYLOCK, SOLANIO, ANTONIO, and GAOLER.*

- SHY. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy—
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis.
 Gaoler, look to him.
- ANT. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
- SHY. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond.
 I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond. 5
 Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs ;
 The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
 Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
 To come abroad with him at his request. 10
- ANT. I pray thee hear me speak.
- SHY. I'll have my bond. I will not hear thee speak ;
 I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield, 15
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;

- I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond. [*exit.*
 SOLAN. It is the most impenetrable cur
 That ever kept with men.
 ANT. Let him alone ;
 I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. 20
 He seeks my life ; his reason well I know :
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
 Many that have at times made moan to me ;
 Therefore he hates me.
 SOLAN. I am sure the Duke
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold. 25
 ANT. The Duke cannot deny the course of law ;
 For the commodity that strangers have
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,
 Will much impeach the justice of the state,
 Since that the trade and profit of the city 30
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go
 These griefs and losses have so bated me
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
 Well, gaoler, on ; pray God Bassanio come 35
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. [*exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Belmont. Portia's house.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHASAR.

- LOR. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of godlike amity, which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But if you knew to whom you show this honour, 5
 How true a gentleman you send relief,
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
 I know you would be prouder of the work
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.
 POR. I never did repent for doing good, 10
 Nor shall not now ; for in companions
 That do converse and waste the time together,
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
 There must be needs a like proportion
 Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit, 15
 Which makes me think that this Antonio,
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,
 Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
 How little is the cost I have bestowed
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
 From out the state of hellish cruelty !
 This comes too near the praising of myself ;
 Therefore, no more of it ; hear other things.
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
 The husbandry and manage of my house 25
 Until my lord's return ; for mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow

- To live in prayer and contemplation.
 Only attended by Nerissa here,
 Until her husband and my lord's return. 30
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there we will abide. I do desire you
 Not to deny this imposition,
 The which my love and some necessity
 Now lays upon you.
- LOR. Madam, with all my heart 35
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.
- POR. My people do already know my mind,
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica
 In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
 So fare you well till we shall meet again. 40
- LOR. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you !
 JES. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
- POR. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
 To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.
[*exunt* JESSICA and L. LORENZO.]
- Now, Balthasar,
 As I have ever found thee honest-true,
 So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
 And use thou all th' endeavour of a man
 In speed to Padua ; see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario ;
 And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the trajet, to the common ferry
 Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee. 55
- BALTH. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*exit.*]
- POR. Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand
 That you yet know not of ; we'll see our husbands
 Before they think of us.
- NER. Shall they see us ?
- POR. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit 60
 That they shall think we are accomplished
 With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accoutred like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
 And speak between the change of man and boy
 With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays
 Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died—
 I could not do withal. Then I'll repent,
 And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
 That men shall swear I have discontinued school
 About a twelvemonth. I have within my mind 75
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practise.

NER.

Why, shall we turn to men?

POR. Pic, what a question's that,

If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!

80

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device

When I am in my coach, which stays for us

At the park gate; and therefore haste away,

For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*exeunt.*]SCENE V. *Belmont. The garden.**Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

LAUN. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter; therefore be o' good cheer, for truly I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope, neither. 7

JES. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LAUN. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not -- that you are not the Jew's daughter. 10

JES. That were a kind of bastard hope indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUN. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways. 15

JESS. I shall be sav'd by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

LAUN. Truly, the more to blame he; we were Christians enow before, e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

JES. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

LOR. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners. 26

JES. Nay, you need nor fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly there's no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

LOR. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot. 34

LAUN. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for. 37

LOR. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner. 41

LAUN. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

LOR. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! Then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUN. That is done too, sir, only 'cover' is the word. 45

LOR. Will you cover, then, sir ?

LAUN. Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUN. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in ; for the meat, sir, it shall be cover'd ; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [exit.

LOR. O dear discretion, how his words are suited ! 56

The fool hath planted in his memory

An army of good words ; and I do know

A many fools that stand in better place,

Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word 60

Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife ?

JES. Past all expressing. It is very meet

The Lord Bassanio live an upright life, 65

For, having such a blessing in his lady,

He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;

And if on earth he do not merit it,

In reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, 70

And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And Portia one, there must be something else

Pawn'd with the other ; for the poor rude world

Hath not her fellow.

LOR. Even such a husband

Hast thou of me as she is for a wife. 75

JES. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LOR. I will anon ; first let us go to dinner.

JES. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

LOR. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;

Then howsome'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things 80

I shall digest it.

JES. Well, I'll set you forth. [exeunt.

ACT FOUR.

SCENE I. *Venice. The court of justice.*

Enter the DUKE, the MAGNIFICOS, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and OTHERS.

DUKE. What, is Antonio here ?

ANT. Ready, so please your Grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee ; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,

Uncapable of pity, void and empty 5

From any dram of mercy.

ANT. I have heard

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify

His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,

And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
 To suffer with a quietness of spirit
 The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALER. He is ready at the door ; he comes, my lord. 15

Enter SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but ledest this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
 Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange 20
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ;
 And where thou now exacts the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
 Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love, 25
 Forgive a moiety of the principal,
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back—
 Enow to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state 30
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose, 35

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn

To have the duc and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me why I rather choose to have 40

A weight of carrion flesh than to receive

Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that,

But say it is my humour--is it answer'd ?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,

And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats 45

To have it ban'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;

Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;

And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose,

Cannot contain their urine ; for affection, 50

Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer :

As there is no firm reason to be rend'ed

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat ; 55

Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force

Must yield to such inevitable shame

As to offend, himself being offended ;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing 60

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

- A losing suit against him. Are you answered
BASS. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answers. 65
BASS. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
BASS. Every offence is not a hate at first.
SHY. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
ANT. I pray you, think you question with the Jew. 70
 You may as well go stand upon the beach
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb,
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines 75
 To wag their high tops and to make no noise
 When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do anything most hard
 As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
 His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you, 80
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
BASS. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
SHY. If every ducat in six thousand ducats 85
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
SHY. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave, 90
 Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them; shall I say to you
 'Let them be free, marry them to your heirs—
 Why sweat they under burdens?—let their beds 95
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands'? You will answer
 'The slaves are ours'. So do I answer you:
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him
 Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it. 100
 If you deny me, fie upon your law!
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
 I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?
DUKE. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, 105
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to-day.
SALER. My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,
 New come from Padua.
DUKE. Bring us the letters; call the messenger. 110
BASS. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,

Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

NER. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. 120
[presents a letter.]

BASS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

SHY. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

GRA. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness 125
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

SHY. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRA. O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog !
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, 130
To hold opinion with Pythagoras

That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, 135
And, whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,
Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

SHY. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud ; 140
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he ?

NER. He attendeth here hard by 145
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter. 149

CLERK. *[reads.]* 'Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt
of your letter I am very sick ; but in the instant that your
messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor
of Rome—his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause
in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant ; we
turn'd o'er many books together ; he is furnished with my
opinion which, bettered with his own learning—the greatness
whereof I cannot enough commend—comes with him at my
importunity to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I
beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to let him
lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with
so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose
trial shall better publish his commendation.' 161

Enter PORTIA for BALTHAZAR, dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes ;

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Give me your hand ; come you from old Bellario ?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome ; take your place. 165

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court ?

POR. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth. 170

POR. Is your name Shylock ?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ,

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not ? 175

ANT. Ay, so he says.

POR. Do you confess the bond ?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I ? Tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven 180

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest :

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown ;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, 185

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself ; 190

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—

That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy, 195

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there. 200

SHY. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

BASS. Yes ; here I tender it for him in the court ;

Yea, twice the sum ; if that will not suffice, 205

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart ;

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority ; 210

To do a great right do a little wrong,

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

- POR. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established ;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state ; it cannot be. 215
- SHY. A Daniel come to judgment ! Yea, a Daniel !
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !
- POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond. 220
- SHY. Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor ; here it is.
- POR. Shylock, there's thrice thy money off'red thee.
- SHY. An oath, an oath ! I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.
- POR. Why, this bond is forfeit ; 225
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful.
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.
- SHY. When it is paid according to the tenour. 230
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law ; your exposition
Hath been most sound ; I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond. 235
- ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
- POR. Why then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife. 240
- SHY. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !
- POR. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
- SHY. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge, 245
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !
- POR. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
- SHY. Ay, his breast—
So says the bond ; doth it not, noble judge ?
'Nearest his heart', those are the very words.
- POR. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ? 250
- SHY. I have them ready.
- POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
- SHY. Is it so nominated in the bond ?
- POR. It is not so express'd, but what of that ? 255
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
- SHY. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.
- POR. You, merchant, have you anything to say ?
- ANT. But little : I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand Bassanio ; fare you well. 260
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

- Than is her custom. It is still her use
 To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
 To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 265
 An age of poverty ; from which ling'ring penance
 Of such misery doth she cut me off
 Commend me to your honourable wife ;
 Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;
 Say how I lov'd you ; speak me fair in death ; 270
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
 Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
 And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
 For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 275
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
- BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife
 Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life ; 280
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
 Here to this devil, to deliver you.
- POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
 If she were by to hear you make the offer.
- GRA. I have a wife who I protest I love ; 285
 I would she were in heaven, so she could
 Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
- NER. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;
 The wish would make else an unquiet house.
- SHY. [*aside.*] These be the Christian husbands ! I have a daughter— 291
 Would any of the stock of Barrabas
 Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !—
 We trifle time ; I pray thee pursue sentence.
- POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.
 The court awards it and the law doth give it. 295
- SHY. Most rightful judge !
- POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.
 The law allows it and the court awards it.
- SHY. Most learned judge ! A sentence ! Come, prepare.
- POR. Tarry a little ; there is something else. 300
 This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood :
 The words expressly are ' a pound of flesh ' .
 Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods 305
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
 Unto the state of Venice.
- GRA. O upright judge ! Mark, Jew. O learned judge
- SHY. Is that the law ?
- POR. Thyself shalt see the act ;
 For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd 310
 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
- GRA. O learned judge ! Mark, Jew. A learned judge
- SHY. I take this offer then : pay the bond thrice,
 And let the Christian go.
- BASS. Here is the money.

- POR. Soft !
 The Jew shall have all justice. Soft ! No haste.
 He shall have nothing but the penalty. 315
- GRA. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !
- POR. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
 Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
 But just a pound of flesh ; if thou tak'st more 320
 Or less than a just pound—be it but so much
 As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn 325
 But in the estimation of a hair—
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
- GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
 Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
- POR. Why doth the Jew pause ? Take thy forfeiture. 330
- SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.
- BASS. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.
- POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court ;
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
- GRA. A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel ! 335
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
- SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal ?
- POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture
 To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
- SHY. Why, then the devil give him good of it ! 340
 I'll stay no longer question.
- POR. Tarry, Jew.
 The law hath yet another hold on you.
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
 If it be proved against an alien
 That by direct or indirect attempts 345
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
 Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy 350
 Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
 For it appears by manifest proceeding
 That indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contrived against the very life 355
 Of the defendant ; and thou hast incur'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
- GRA. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself ;
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state, 360
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
 Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
- DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ; 365
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

- POR. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.
 SHY. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.
 You take my house when you do take the prop 370
 That doth sustain my house ; you take my life
 When you do take the means whereby I live.
 POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?
 GRA. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake !
 ANT. So please my lord the Duke and all the court 375
 To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it
 Upon his death unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter— 380
 Two things provided more : that, for this favour,
 He presently become a Christian ;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. 385
 DUKE. He shall do this, or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.
 POR. Art thou contented, Jew ? What dost thou say ?
 SHY. I am content.
 POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
 SHY. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ; 390
 I am not well ; send the deed after me
 And I will sign it.
 DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.
 GRA. In Christ'ning shalt thou have two god-fathers ;
 Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
 To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. [exit SHYLOCK.
 DUKE. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
 POR. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon ;
 I must away this night toward Padua,
 And it is meet I presently set forth.
 DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not. 400
 Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
 For in my mind you are much bound to him.
 [exeunt DUKE, MAGNIFICOS, and TRAIN.
 BASS. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
 Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
 Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whercof 405
 Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
 We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
 ANT. And stand indebted, over and above,
 In love and service to you evermore.
 POR. He is well paid that is well satisfied, 410
 And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
 And therein do account myself well paid.
 My mind was never yet more mercenary.
 I pray you, know me when we meet again ;
 I wish you well, and so I take my leave. 415
 BASS. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further ;
 Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
 Not as fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,

- Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
- POR. You press me far, and therefore I will yield. 420
 [to Antonio.] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake.
 [to Bassanio.] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
 Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more.
 And you in love shall not deny me this.
- BASS. This ring, good sir—alas, it is a trifle ; 425
 I will not shame myself to give you this.
- POR. I will have nothing else but only this
 And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
- BASS. There's more depends on this than on the value.
 The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, 430
 And find it out by proclamation ;
 Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
- POR. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers ;
 You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
 You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd. 435
- BASS. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;
 And, when she put it on, she made me vow
 That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
- POR. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
 An if your wife be not a mad woman, 440
 And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
 She would not hold out enemy for ever
 For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !
[exeunt PORTIA and NERISSA.]
- ANT. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
 Let his deservings, and my love withal, 445
 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
- BASS. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;
 Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
 Unto Antonio's house. Away, make haste. *[exit GRATIANO.]*
 Come, you and I will thither presently ; 450
 And in the morning early will we both
 Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. *[exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Venue. A street.**Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

- POR. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
 And let him sign it ; we'll away tonight,
 And be a day before our husbands home.
 This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

- GRA. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en. 5
 My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
 Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
 Your company at dinner.
- POR. That cannot be.
 His ring I do accept most thankfully,
 And so, I pray you, tell him. Furthermore, 10
 I pray you show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRA. That will I do.

NER. Sir, I would speak with you.

[*aside to Portia.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

POR. [*to Nerissa.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing

That they did give the rings away to men ;

But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

[*aloud.*] Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

NER. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house ? [*exeunt.*]

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. *Belmont. The garden before Portia's house.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

LOR. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise—in such a night,
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night. 5

JES. In such a night
Did Thisby fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

LOR. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

JES. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

LOR. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew, 15
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JES. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LOR. In such a night 20
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JES. I would out-night you, did no body come ;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

LOR. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ? 25
STEPH. A friend.

LOR. A friend ! What friend ? Your name, I pray you, friend ?

STEPH. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont ; she doth stray about 30

By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

LOR. Who comes with her ?

STEPH. None but a holy hermit and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

LOR. He is not, nor we have not heard from him. 35

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica.

And ceremoniously let us prepare

Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

LAUN. Sola, sola ! wo ha, ho ! sola, sola !

LOR. Who calls ? 40

LAUN. Sola ! Did you see Master Lorenzo ? Master Lorenzo !

Sola, sola !

LOR. Leave holloaing, man. Here !

LAUN. Sola ! Where, where ?

LOR. Here ! 45

LAUN. Tell him there's a post come from my master with his horn
full of good news ; my master will be here ere morning. [*exit.*

LOR. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter—why should we go in ? 50

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;

And bring your music forth into the air. [*exit STEPHANO.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music 55

Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st 60

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-cy'd cherubins ;

Such harmony is in immortal souls,

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. 65

Enter MUSICIANS.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear.

And draw her home with music. [*music.*

JES. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LOR. The reason is your spirits are attentive ; 70

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood—

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound, 75

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze

By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ; 80

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ; 85
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus.
 Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

POR. That light we see is burning in my hall.
 How far that little candle throws his beams ! 90
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
 NER. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
 POR. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
 A substitute shines brightly as a king
 Until a king be by, and then his state 95
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !
 NER. It is your music, madam, of the house.
 POR. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day. 100
 NER. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
 POR. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
 When neither is attended ; and I think
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought 105
 No better a musician than the wren.
 How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise and true perfection !
 Peace, ho ! The moon sleeps with Endymion,
 And would not be awak'd. [music ceases.
 LOR. That is the voice, 110
 Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
 POR. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
 By the bad voice.
 LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.
 POR. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
 Which speed, we hope, the better for our words. 115
 Are they return'd ?
 LOR. Madam, they are not yet ;
 But there is come a messenger before,
 To signify their coming.
 POR. Go in, Nerissa ;
 Give order to my servants that they take
 No note at all of our being absent hence ; 120
 Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you. [a tucket sounds.
 LOR. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet.
 We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.
 POR. This night methinks is but the daylight sick ;
 It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day 125
 Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their FOLLOWERS.

- BASS. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
- POR. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, 130
And never be Bassanio so for me ;
But God sort all ! You are welcome home, my lord.
- BASS. I thank you, madam ; give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound. 135
- POR. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
- ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.
- POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words, 140
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
- CRA. [to Nerissa.] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong ;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart. 145
- POR. A quarrel, ho, already ! What's the matter ?
- GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
'That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, ' Love me, and leave me not '. 150
1. EL. What talk you of the posy or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave ;
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths, 155
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk ! No, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
- GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.
- NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160
- GRA. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee ;
I could not for my heart deny it him. 165
- POR. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift.
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear 170
Never to part with it, and here he stands ;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ; 175
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
- BASS. [aside.] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
- GRA. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed 180

Deserv'd it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine ;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

POR. What ring gave you, my lord ?

Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me. 185

BASS. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it ; it is gone.

POR. Even so void is your false heart of truth
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring. 190

NER. Nor I in yours

Till I again see mine.

BASS. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring, 195
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

POR. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 200
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty 205
To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe :

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

BASS. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me, 210
And begg'd the ring ; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away—

Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ? 215

I was enforc'd to send it after him ;

I was beset with shame and courtesy ;

My honour would not let ingratitude

So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady ; 220

For by these blessed candles of the night,

Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

POR. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house ;

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved, 225

And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you ;

I'll not deny him anything I have,

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.

Lie not a night from home ; watch me like Argus ; 230

If you do not, if I be left alone,

- Now, by mine honour which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for mine bedfellow.
- NER. And I his clerk ; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection. 235
- GRA. Well, do you so, let not me take him then ;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
- ANT. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.
- POR. Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome notwithstanding.
- BASS. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ; 240
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself——
- POR. Mark you but that !
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself,
In each eye one ; swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit. 245
- BASS. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
- ANT. I once did lend my body for his wealth.
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried ; I dare be bound again, 250
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
- POR. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other. 255
- ANT. Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.
- BASS. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !
- POR. I had it of him. Pardon me, Bassanio,
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.
- NER. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano, 260
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
- GRA. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it ? 265
- POR. Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd.
Here is a letter ; read it at your leisure ;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario ;
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here 270
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd ; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon ; 275
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly,
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
- ANT. I am dumb.
- BASS. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ? 280
- GRA. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold ?

- NER. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
- BASS. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife. 285
- ANT. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
- POR. How now, Lorenzo !
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
- NER. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. 290
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
- LOR. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
- POR. It is almost morning, 295
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
- GRA. Let it be so. The first inter'gatory 300
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [exeunt.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

AS YOU LIKE IT may safely be dated after 1598, for Meres does not include it in his list, and before August 1600, when it is mentioned in the Stationers' Register. This was a special entry made not with a view to publication but with the intention of preventing some pirate's publishing an unauthorised text; the piece was printed only in 1623 in the First Folio. In date, style, and temper, it goes with *Much Ado About Nothing*.

A date close to 1598 is also suggested by Shakespeare's reference to Marlowe. In his *Hero and Leander* Marlowe had written:

Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

Hero and Leander was printed for the first time in 1598, and the lines Shakespeare gives to Phebe (3.v.80) refer to and quote from Marlowe:

Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

Of course many had seen *Hero and Leander* in manuscript; there are reasons for thinking Shakespeare was of this number; the quotation is therefore not decisive, and there are other references to Marlowe that have suggested that *As You Like It* may have been shaped in some form soon after Marlowe's death. Marlowe, the 'Dead Shepherd', was murdered or at least stabbed to death on 30th May 1593 in an inn at Deptford. At the inquest on the affair it was stated that a certain Ingram Brysar quarrelled with Marlowe over the reckoning, that daggers were drawn, and that Marlowe received a fatal blow. The discovery of these facts by Dr. Hotson has thrown a new light on a passage in 3.iii:

When a man's verses cannot be understood,
nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding,
it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.

This seems to echo a line from Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*

Infinite riches in a little room

and to refer to the circumstances of Marlowe's death and the quarrel over the reckoning. Such reflections however might well have been provoked by the publication of the dead poet's *Hero and Leander*; and since Meres makes no mention of *As You Like It*, it is safe to say, for style and characterisation support the conclusion, that the play in the form in which we have it was shaped between 1598 and 1600.

The story on which Shakespeare built his plot he found in *Rosalynde: Euphuus Golden Legacie*, a novel by Thomas Lodge, published in 1590. Lodge wrote it, he tells the "Gentlemen

Readers", to pass the time on his voyage with Captain Clarke to the Canaries :

To bee briefe, gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, then gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it, so.

These last words gave Shakespeare his title *As You Like It* and Lodge's romance provides the main episodes in the play although not such characters as Jaques, Touchstone or Audrey. As in Shakespeare there are three brothers in Lodge's story: Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, who became Oliver, Jaques de Boys, and Orlando, in Shakespeare. The encounters between Saladyne and Rosader are more violent than those in *As You Like It* and end in the flight of the younger brother with Adam to the forest of Arden. Torismond the usurper has no animus against Rosader, as he has in the play against Orlando, at the wrestling match; he banishes his own daughter Alinda however when she defends Rosalynd. There are other slight differences. Alinda, alias Aliena, falls in love with Saladyne after he saves her from some robbers who have wounded Rosader. In the end Fernandine brings the news that the peers of France have risen against Torismond. Gerismond the banished king, with Rosader and Saladyne, joins the peers. Torismond is defeated and slain.

As can be seen even from so imperfect a summary of Lodge's word, Shakespeare was quite indifferent to explaining the happenings it suited him to introduce. He had no room or need for an episode to explain Celia's love for Oliver, nor could he delay the finish to tell us about the usurper's defeat. His withdrawal to a religious life is sufficient warrant for Duke Senior and his band to leave the audience with the comfortable assurance that the exiles are returning to happiness.

As You Like It will always be a popular play on the stage: it provides an excellent range of contrasted parts and, in addition to its lively dialogue, a number of famous set pieces such as that on the seven ages. But over it all Shakespeare has cast a pastoral charm that gives the play its peculiar appeal. Raleigh has commented most brilliantly on this aspect of the play:

The scene is laid, for the most part, in the forest of Arden. A minute examination of the play has given a curious result. No single bird, or insect, or flower, is mentioned by name. The words "flower" and "leaf" do not occur. The trees of the forest are the oak, the hawthorn, the palm-tree, and the olive. For animals, there are the deer, one lioness, and one green and gilded snake. The season is not easy to determine; perhaps it is summer; we hear only of the biting cold and the wintry wind. "But these are all lies" as Rosalind would say, and the dramatic truth has been expressed by those critics who speak of "the leafy solitudes sweet with the song of birds".

It would be difficult to show more clearly what the alliance of poetry with the drama can achieve.

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, <i>living in exile.</i>	TOUCHSTONE, <i>the court jester.</i>
FREDERICK, <i>his brother, and usurper of his dominions.</i>	SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, <i>a vicar.</i>
AMIENS, } <i>lords attending on the</i>	CORIN, } <i>shepherds.</i>
JAQUES, } <i>banished Duke.</i>	SILVIUS, }
LE BEAU, <i>a courtier attending upon Frederick.</i>	WILLIAM, <i>a country fellow, in love with Audrey.</i>
CHARLES, <i>wrestler to Frederick.</i>	A person representing HYMIN.
OLIVER, }	ROSALIND, <i>daughter to the banished Duke.</i>
JAQUES, } <i>sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.</i>	CELIA, <i>daughter to Frederick.</i>
ORLANDO, }	PHEBE, <i>a shepherdess.</i>
ADAM, }	AUDREY, <i>a country wench.</i>
DENNIS, } <i>servants to Oliver.</i>	LORDS, PAGES, FORESTERS, and ATTENDANTS.

THE SCENE: *Oliver's house; Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. *Orchard of Oliver's house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

22

Enter OLIVER.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.
[ADAM retires.]

OLI. Now, sir! what make you here?

ORL. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, sir?

ORL. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness. 30

OLI. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought awhile.

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, sir?

ORL. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, sir? 38

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. 46

OLI. What, boy! [strikes him.]

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys. He was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so. Thou has rail'd on thyself. 56

ADAM. [coming forward.] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I say.

ORL. I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLI. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you leave me. 70

ORL. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word. [exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.]

OLI. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

DEN. Calls your worship?

80

OLI. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

OLI. Call him in. [*exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way ; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good Monsicur Charles ! What's the new news at the new court ? 89

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news ; that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke ; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke ; therefore he gives them good leave to wander. 95

OLI. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father ?

CHA. O, no ; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do. 103

OLI. Where will the old Duke live ?

CHA. They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him, and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 109

OLI. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke ?

CHA. Marry, do I, sir ; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. 'To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender ; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in ; therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

OLI. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it ; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France ; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore use they discretion : I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't ; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other ; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him ; but

should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep,
and thou must look pale and wonder. 140

CHA. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow
I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never
wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship! [*exit.*

OLI. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope
I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why,
hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd
and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly
beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and
especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am
altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler
shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither,
which now I'll go about. [*exit.*

SCENE II. *A lawn before the Duke's palace*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

CEL. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and
would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to
forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember
any extraordinary pleasure. 5

CEL. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love
thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle,
the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could
have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst
thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so rightcously temper'd
as mine is to thee. 11

ROS. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

C. L. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to
have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir; for what
he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee
again in affection. By mine honour, I will; and when I break
that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my
dear Rose, be merry. 20

ROS. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see;
what think you of falling in love?

CEL. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man
in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety
of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again. 26

ROS. What shall be our sport, then?

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her
wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROS. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily mis-
placed; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in
her gifts to women. 33

CEL. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest;
and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

ROS. Nay; now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's:
Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of
Nature. 39

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

CEL. No ; when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire ? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ? 43

ROS. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

CEL. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's, who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone ; for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit ! Whither wander you ? 51

TOUCH. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CEL. Were you made the messenger ?

TOUCH. No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you. 55

ROS. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 61

CEL. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge ?

ROS. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCH. Stand you both forth now : stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 66

CEL. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn ; no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any ; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. 72

CEL. Prithce, who is't that thou mean'st ?

TOUCH. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough, speak no more of him ; you'll be whipt for taxation one of these days.

TOUCH. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly. 79

CEL. By my troth, thou sayest true ; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

ROS. Then shall we be news-cramm'd. 86

CEL. All the better ; we shall be the more marketable. Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau. What's the news ?

LE BEAU. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. Sport ! of what colour ? 90

LE BEAU. What colour, madam ? How shall I answer you ?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the Destinies decrees.

CEL. Well said ; that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank— 95

ROS. Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROS. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling. 99

LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CEL. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man and his three sons—

CFL. I could match this beginning with an old tale. 105

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROS. With bills on their necks : ' Be it known unto all men by these presents '—

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 116

ROS. Alas !

TOUCH. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCH. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CEL. Or I, I promise thee. 124

ROS. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides ?

Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here ; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 130

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and ATTENDANTS.

DUKE F. Come on ; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROS. Is yonder the man ? 135

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young ; yet he looks successfully.

DUKE F. How now, daughter and cousin !

Are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

ROS. Ay, my liege ; so please you give us leave. 140

DUKE F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

CEL. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau. 145

DUKE F. Do so ; I'll not be by. [DUKE FREDERICK goes apart.]

LE BEAU. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princess calls for you.

ORL. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROS. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler ?

ORL. No, fair Princess ; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. 154

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years.

You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength ; if you saw

- yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt. 160
- ROS. Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised : we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward. 163
- ORL. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial ; wherein if I be foil'd there is but one sham'd that was never gracious ; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place. which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 173
- ROS. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.
- CEL. And mine to eke out hers.
- ROS. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you !
- CEL. Your heart's desires be with you !
- CHA. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ? 180
- ORL. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.
- DUKE F. You shall try but one fall.
- CHA. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 186
- ORL. You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mock'd me before ; but come your ways.
- ROS. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man .
- CFL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [they wrestle. 195
- ROS. O excellent young man !
- CEL. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.
- DUKE F. No more, no more. 195
- ORL. Yes, I beseech your Grace ; I am not yet well breath'd.
- DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles ?
- LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.
- DUKE F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man ? 200
- ORL. Orlando, my liege ; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.
- DUKE F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else. The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy. 205
- Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth ; I would thou hadst told me of another father.
- [exunt DUKE, TRAIN, and LE BEAU.
- CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this ? 210
- ORL. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son—and would not change that calling To be adopted heir to Frederick.
- ROS. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind ; 215

Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CEL. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him ;
My father's rough and envious disposition 220
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd ;
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROS. Gentleman,
[giving him a chain from her neck.
Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune, 225
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz ?

CEL. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
ORL. Can I not say 'I thank you' ? My better parts
Are all thrown down ; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block. 230

ROS. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes ;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir ?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CEL. Will you go, coz ?
ROS. Have with you. Fare you well. [exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.
ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue ? 236
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown !
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you 240
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous ; what he is, indeed, 245
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

ORL. I thank you, sir ; and pray you tell me this :
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wrestling ?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ; 250
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter ;
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. 255
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake ; 260
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well.

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
 ORL. I rest much bounden to you ; fare you well. [*exit* LE BEAU.
 Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ; 266
 From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother.
 But heavenly Rosalind ! [*exit*.

SCENE III. *The Duke's palace.**Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

CEL. Why, cousin ! why, Rosalind ! Cupid have mercy ! Not a word ?
 ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.
 CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs ;
 throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons. 6
 ROS. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be
 lam'd with reasons and the other mad without any.
 CEL. But is all this for your father ?
 ROS. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers
 is this working-day world !
 CEL. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ;
 if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch
 them. 15
 ROS. I could shake them off my coat : these burs are in my heart.
 CEL. Hem them away.
 ROS. I would try, if I could cry ' hem ' and have him.
 CEL. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. 20
 ROS. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.
 CEL. O, a good wish upon you ! You will try in time, in despite of
 a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good
 earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into
 so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ? 27
 ROS. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.
 CEL. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly ?
 By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his
 father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.
 ROS. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake. 32
 CEL. Why should I not ? Doth he not deserve well ?

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

ROS. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him because I do.
 Look, here comes the Duke. 35
 CEL. With his eyes full of anger.
 DUKE F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
 And get you from our court.
 ROS. Me, uncle ?
 DUKE F. You, cousin.
 Within these ten days if that thou beest found
 So near our public court as twenty miles, 40
 Thou diest for it.
 ROS. I do beseech your Grace,
 Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
 If with myself I hold intelligence,
 Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;

- If that I do not dream, or be not frantic—
 As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
 Never so much as in a thought unborn
 Did I offend your Highness. 45
- DUKE F. Thus do all traitors ;
 If their purgation did consist in words,
 They are as innocent as grace itself. 50
 Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
- ROS. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
 Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
- DUKE F. Thou art thy father's daughter ; there's enough.
- ROS. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom ; 55
 So was I when your Highness banish'd him.
 Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends.
 What's that to me ? My father was no traitor.
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much 60
 To think my poverty is treacherous.
- CEL. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
- DUKE F. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,
 Else had she with her father rang'd along.
- CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay ; 65
 It was your pleasure, and your own remorse ;
 I was too young that time to value her,
 But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
 Why so am I : we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ; 70
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled and inseparable.
- DUKE F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,
 Her very silence and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her. 75
 Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name ;
 And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
 When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom
 Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd. 80
- CEL. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege
 I cannot live out of her company.
- DUKE F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.
 If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die. 85
- [*exeunt DUKE and LORDS.*]
- CEL. O my poor Rosalind ! Whither wilt thou go ?
 Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.
 I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.
- ROS. I have more cause.
- CEL. Thou hast not, cousin.
 Prithee be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke 90
 Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?
- ROS. That he hath not.
- CEL. No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
 Shall we be sund' red ? Shall we part, sweet girl ?

- No ; let my father seek another heir. 95
 Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us ;
 And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, 100
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
- ROS. Why, whither shall we go ?
 CEL. To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.
- ROS. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far ! 105
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
- CEL. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
 And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;
 The like do you ; so shall we pass along,
 And never stir assailants.
- ROS. Were it not better, 110
 Because that I am more than common tall,
 That I did suit me all points like a man ?
 A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
 A boar spear in my hand ; and— in my heart
 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will — 115
 We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
 As many other mannish cowards have
 That do outface it with their semblances.
- CEL. What shall I call thee when thou art a man ?
- ROS. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page, 120
 And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
 But what will you be call'd ?
- CEL. Something that hath a reference to my state :
 No longer Celia, but Aliena.
- ROS. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal 125
 The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
 Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?
- CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
 Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
 And get our jewels and our wealth together ; 130
 Devise the fittest time and safest way
 To hide us from pursuit that will be made
 After my flight. Now go we in content
 To liberty, and not to banishment. [exeunt.

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three LORDS, like foresters.

- DUKE S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court ?
 Here feel we not the penalty of Adam, 5
 The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,

- Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 'This is no flattery ; these are counsellors 10
 That feelingly persuade me what I am'.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt, 15
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
 I would not change it.
- AMI. Happy is your Grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20
- DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
 Have their round haunches gor'd.
- I LORD. Indeed, my lord, 25
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along 30
 Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood !
 To the which place a poor sequest' red stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord, 35
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool, 40
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.
- DUKE S. But what said Jaques ?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle ?
- I LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes. 45
 First, for his weeping into the needless stream :
 ' Poor deer,' quoth he ' thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much'. Then, being there alone,
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friends : 50
 ' 'Tis right ;' quoth he ' thus misery doth part
 The flux of company'. Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never stays to greet him. ' Ay,' quoth Jaques 55
 ' Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
 'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?'
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,

- Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
 DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation ?
 2 LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting 65
 Upon the sobbing deer.
 DUKE S. Show me the place ;
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.
 1 LORD. I'll bring you to him straight. [exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Duke's palace.**Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.*

- DUKE F. Can it be possible that no man saw them ?
 It cannot be ; some villains of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.
 1 LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber, 5
 Saw her abed, and in the morning early
 They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.
 2 LORD. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
 Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
 Hisperia, the Princess' gentlewoman, 10
 Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
 Your daughter and her cousin much commend
 The parts and graces of the wrestler
 That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
 And she believes, wherever they are gone, 15
 That youth is surely in their company.
 DUKE F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant hither.
 If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;
 I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly ;
 And let not search and inquisition quail 20
 To bring again these foolish runaways. [exeunt.

SCENE III. *Before Oliver's house.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

- ORL. Who's there ?
 ADAM. What, my young master ? O my gentle master !
 O my sweet master ! O you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland ! Why, what make you here ?
 Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ? 5
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bonny prizer of the humorous Duke ?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
 No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it ! 15

ORL. Why, what's the matter ?

ADAM. O unhappy youth !

Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.

Your brother—no, no brother ; yet the son — 20

Yet not the son ; I will not call him son

Of him I was about to call his father—

Hath heard your praises ; and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,

And you within it. If he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off ; 25

I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place ; this house is but a butchery ;

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go ?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

ORL. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,

Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road ?

This I must do, or know not what to do ;

Yet this I will not do, do how I can. 35

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse, 40

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown.

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, 45

Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant ;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood, 50

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility ;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you ;

I'll do the service of a younger man 55

In all your business and necessities.

ORL. O good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed !

Thou art not for the fashion of these times, 60

Where none will sweat but for promotion,

And having that do choke their service up

Even with the having ; it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree

That cannot so much as a blossom yield 65

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.

But come thy ways, we'll go along together,

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent

We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70
 From seventeen years till now almost four-score
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
 But at fourscore it is too late a week ;
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better 75
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and CLOWN alias TOUCHSTONE.

ROS. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !
 TOUCH. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
 ROS. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to
 cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as
 doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat ;
 therefore, courage, good Aliena.
 CEL. I pray you bear with me ; I cannot go no further.
 TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you ; yet
 I should bear no cross if I did bear you ; for I think you have
 no money in your purse. 11
 ROS. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.
 TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden ; the more fool I ; when I was at
 home I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

ROS. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here, a
 young man and an old in solemn talk.
 COR. That is the way to make her scorn you still.
 SIL. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her ! 20
 COR. I partly guess ; for I have lov'd ere now.
 SIL. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.
 But if thy love were ever like to mine, 25
 As sure I think did never man love so,
 How many actions most ridiculous
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?
 COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
 SIL. O, thou didst then never love so heartily ! 30
 If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly
 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not lov'd ;
 Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
 Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, 35
 Thou hast not lov'd ;
 Or if thou hast not broke from company
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not lov'd.
 O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe ! [exit SILVIUS. 41
 ROS. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,
 I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCH. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake'. We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ROS. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCH. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it. 55

ROS. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCH. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CEL. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food; 60
I faint almost to death.

TOUCH. Holla, you clown!

ROS. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

COR. Who calls?

TOUCH. Your betters, sir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

ROS. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

COR. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all. 65

ROS. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

COR. Fair sir, I pity her, 70

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her;

But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.

My master is of churlish disposition, 75

And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,

Are now on sale; and at our shepcote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing 80

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROS. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

COR. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing. 85

ROS. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CEL. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it. 90

COR. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.

Go with me; if you like upon report

The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*exunt.*]SCENE V. *Another part of the Forest.**Enter AMIENS, JAKES, and OTHERS.**Song.*

AMI. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither. 5
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAK. More, more, I prithee; more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jakes.

JAK. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out
of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more. 13

AMI. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

JAK. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing.
Come, more; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas?

AMI. What you will, Monsieur Jakes.

JAK. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will
you sing?

AMI. More at your request than to please myself. 20

JAK. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that
they call compliment is like th' encounter of two dog-apes; and
when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a
penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing;
and you that will not, hold your tongues. 26

AMI. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will
drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

JAK. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable
for my company. I think of as many matters as he; but I give
heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

*Song.**All together here.*

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' th' sun, 35
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy 40
But winter and rough weather.

JAK. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite
of my invention.

AMI. And I'll sing it.

JAQ. Thus it goes :

45

If it do come to pass
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease
 A stubborn will to please,
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame ; 50
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he,
 An if he will come to me.

AMI. What's that ' ducdame ' ?

JAQ. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep,
 if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.AMI. And I'll go seek the Duke ; his banquet is prepar'd. 59
*[exeunt severally.]*SCENE VI. *The forest.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food ! Here
 lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORL. Why, how now, Adam ! No greater heart in thee ? Live a
 little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth
 forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring
 it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers.
 For my sake be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's
 end. I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee
 not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die ; but if thou
 diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said !
 thou look'st cheerly ; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou
 liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter ;
 and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing
 in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! *[exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *The forest.**A table set out. Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and LORDS, like outlaws.*DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beast ;
 For I can nowhere find him like a man.I LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone hence ;
 Here was he merry, hearing of a song.DUKE S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical, 5
 We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
 Go seek him ; tell him I would speak with him.*Enter JAQUES.*

I LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,
 That your poor friends must woo your company ? 10
 What, you look merrily !

JAQ. A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' th' forest,
 A motley fool. A miserable world !
 As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, 15

- And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
 ' Good morrow, fool ' quoth I ; ' No, sir, ' quoth he
 ' Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune. ' 20
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says very wisely ' It is ten o'clock ;
 Thus we may see ' quoth he ' how the world wags ;
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine ;
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ; 25
 And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;
 And thereby hangs a tale '. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer 30
 That fools should be so deep contemplative ;
 And I did laugh sans intermission
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool !
 A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.
- DUKE S. What fool is this ? 35
- JAQ. O worthy fool ! One that hath been a courtier,
 And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it ; and in his brain,
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
 After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd 40
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms. O that I were a fool !
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.
- DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.
- JAQ. It is my only suit,
 Provided that you weed your better judgments 45
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please, for so fools have ;
 And they that are most galled with my folly, 50
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so ?
 The why is plain as way to parish church :
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob ; if not, 55
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley ; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world, 60
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.
- DUKE S. Fic on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
- JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do but good ?
- DUKE S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin ;
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine, 65
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;
 And all th' embossed sores and headed evils
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught

- Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
 JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride 70
 That can therein tax any private party ?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the wearer's very means do ebb ?
 What woman in the city do I name
 When that I say the city-woman bears 75
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,
 When such a one as she such is her neighbour ?
 Or what is he of basest function
 That says his bravery is not on my cost,
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits 80
 His folly to the mettle of my speech ?
 There then ! how then ? what then ? Let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free, 85
 Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here ?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

- ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.
 JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.
 ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
 JAQ. Of what kind should this cock come of ? 90
 DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man by thy distress ?
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty ?
 ORL. You touch'd my vein at first : the thorny point
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show 95
 Of smooth civility ; yet am I inland bred,
 And know some nurture. But forbear, I say ;
 He dies that touches any of this fruit
 Till I and my affairs are answered.
 JAQ. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.
 DUKE S. What would you have ? Your gentleness shall force
 More than your force move us to gentleness.
 ORL. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
 DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table. 105
 ORL. Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I pray you ;
 I thought that all things had been savage here,
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
 That in this desert inaccessible, 110
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
 If ever you have look'd on better days,
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
 If ever sat at any good man's feast, 115
 If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be ;
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

- DUKE S. True is it that we have seen better days,
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engend'red ;
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take upon command what help we have
 That to your wanting may be minist'red. 120
- ORL. Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
 And give it food. There is an old poor man
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit. 125
- DUKE S. Go find him out.
 And we will nothing waste till you return.
- ORL. I thank ye ; and be blest for your good comfort ! [exit. 130
- DUKE S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy :
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in. 136
- JAQ. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players ;
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
 Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing. 140
145
150
155
160
165

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

- DUKE S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden.
 And let him feed.
- ORL. I thank you most for him.

ADAM. So had you need ;
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170
 DUKE S. Welcome ; fall to. I will not trouble you
 As yet to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind 175
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly. 180
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh 185
 As benefits forgot ;
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend rememb' red not.
 Heigh-ho ! sing, &c. 190

DUKE S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke 195
 That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [exunt.]

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. *The palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, and LORDS.

DUKE F. Not see him since ! Sir, sir, that cannot be.
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it :
 Find out thy brother wheresoe'er he is ; 5
 Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
 Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
 Of what we think against thee.

OLI. O that your Highness knew my heart in this !
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors ; 15
 And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands.
 Do this expediently, and turn him going. [exunt.]

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love ;
 And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of Night, survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
 O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books, 5
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
 That every eye which in this forest looks
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
 Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree,
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. 9
 [exit.]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

COR. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone ?
 TOUCH. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but
 in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is nought. In respect
 that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is
 private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields,
 it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is
 tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ;
 but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my
 stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ? 21
 COR. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at
 ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content,
 is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to
 wet, and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep ; and
 that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he that hath
 learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,
 or comes of a very dull kindred.
 TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court,
 shepherd ? 30
 COR. No, truly.
 TOUCH. Then thou art damn'd.
 COR. Nay, I hope.
 TOUCH. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one
 side. 35
 COR. For not being at court ? Your reason.
 TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good
 manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners
 must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation.
 Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.
 COR. Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the
 court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the
 country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute
 not at the court, but you kiss your hands ; that courtesy would
 be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.
 TOUCH. Instance, briefly ; come, instance. 46

COR. Why, we are still handling our ewes ; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

TOUCH. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat ? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man ? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say ; come.

COR. Besides, our hands are hard. 52

TOUCH. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance ; come.

COR. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep ; and would you have us kiss tar ? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet. 57

TOUCH. Most shallow man ! thou worm's meat in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed ! Learn of the wise, and perpend : civet is of a baser birth than tar—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. 61

COR. You have too courtly a wit for me ; I'll rest.

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damn'd ? God help thee, shallow man ! God make incision in thee ! thou art raw. 64

COR. Sir, I am a true labourer : I earn that I eat, get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness ; glad of other men's good, content with my harm ; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. 68

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you : to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle ; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape. 75

COR. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

ROS. ' From the east to western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalinde.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind, 80
Through all the world bears Rosalinde.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalinde.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalinde.' 85

TOUCH. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours, excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

ROS. Out, fool !

TOUCH. For a taste : 90

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalinde.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalinde.
Winter garments must be lin'd, 95
So must slender Rosalinde.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalinde.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
 Such a nut is Rosalinde. 100
 He that sweetest rose will find
 Must find love's prick and Rosalinde.

This is the very false gallop of verses ; why do you infect yourself
 with them ?

ROS. Peace, you dull fool ! I found them on a tree. 105
 TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROS. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar.
 Then it will be the earliest fruit i' th' country ; for you'll be
 rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the
 medlar. 110

TOUCH. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

ROS. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading ; stand aside.

CEL. ' Why should this a desert be ? 115
 For it is unpeopled ? No ;
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree
 That shall civil sayings show.
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage, 120
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age ;
 Some, of violated vows
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend ;
 But upon the fairest boughs, 125
 Or at every sentence end,
 Will I Rosalinda write,
 Teaching all that read to know
 The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show. 130
 Therefore heaven Nature charg'd
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide-enlarg'd.
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart, 135
 Cleopatra's majesty,
 Atalanta's better part,
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalinde of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devis'd, 140
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.' 144

ROS. O most gentle pulpit ! What tedious homily of love have you
 wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried ' Have patience,
 good people'.

CEL. How now ! Back, friends ; shepherd, go off a little ; go with
 him, sirrah. 149

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though

not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*exiunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

CEL. Didst thou hear these verses ? 153

ROS. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CEL. That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

ROS. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 159

CEL. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees ?

ROS. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. 165

CEL. Trow you who hath done this ?

ROS. Is it a man ?

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour ?

ROS. I prithee, who ? 170

CEL. O Lord, Lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

ROS. Nay, but who is it ?

CEL. Is it possible ?

ROS. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping ! 180

ROS. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle—either too much at once or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL. So you may put a man in your belly. 190

ROS. Is he of God's making ? What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard ?

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROS. Why, God will send more if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin. 196

CEL. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking ! Speak sad brow and true maid. 200

CEL. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROS. Orlando ?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ? What did he when thou saw'st him ? What said he ? How look'd he ? Wherein went he ? What makes he here ? Did he ask for me ? Where remains he ? How parted he with thee ? And when shalt thou see him again ? Answer me in one word.

CEL. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first ; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 213

ROS. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel ? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled ?

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover ; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

ROS. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

CEL. Give me audience, good madam. 222

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CEL. Cry 'Holla' to thy tongue, I prithee ; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter. 230

ROS. O, ominous ! he comes to kill my heart.

CEL. I would sing my song without a burden ; thou bring'st me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman ? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on. 235

CEL. You bring me out. Soft ! comes he not here ?

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

ROS. 'Tis he ; slink by, and note him.

JAQ. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society. 241

JAQ. God buy you ; let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQ. I pray you mar no more trees with writing love songs in their barks. 245

ORL. I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading the mill-favouredly.

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name ?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAQ. I do not like her name. 250

ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

JAQ. What stature is she of ?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings ?

ORL. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions. 259

JAQ. You have a nimble wit ; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

JAQ. The worst fault you have is to be in love. 265

ORL. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORL. He is drown'd in the brook ; look but in, and you shall see him.

- JAQ. There I shall see mine own figure. 272
- ORL. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.
- JAQ. I'll tarry no longer with you ; farewell, good Signior Love.
- ORL. I am glad of your departure ; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [exit JAQUES.]
- ROS. [*aside to CELIA.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester ?
- ORL. Very well ; what would you ? 281
- ROS. I pray you, what is't o'clock ?
- ORL. You should ask me what time o' day ; there's no clock in the forest.
- ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock. 287
- ORL. And why not the swift foot of Time ? Had not that been as proper ?
- ROS. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.
- ORL. I prithee, who doth he trot withal ? 294
- ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized ; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.
- ORL. Who ambles Time withal ? 299
- ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain ; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.
- ORL. Who doth he gallop withal ? 306
- ROS. With a thief to the gallows ; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.
- ORL. Who stays it still withal ?
- ROS. With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.
- ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?
- ROS. With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat. 315
- ORL. Are you native of this place ?
- ROS. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.
- ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.
- ROS. I have been told so of many ; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal. 326
- ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ?
- ROS. There were none principal ; they were all like one another as halfpence are ; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it. 331

ORL. I prithee recount some of them.

ROS. No ; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him. 339

ORL. I am he that is so love-shak'd ; I pray you tell me your remedy.

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you ; he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks ?

ROS. A lean cheek, which you have not ; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not ; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not ; a beard neglected, which you have not ; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other. 345

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love. 357

ROS. Me believe it ! You may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he. 365

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do ; and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 372

ORL. Did you ever cure any so ?

ROS. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me ; at which time would I being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour ; would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth. 389

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you ; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go ? 396

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go ?
[*exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JACQUES behind.

TOUCH. Come apace, good Audrey ; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey, am I the man yet ? Doth my simple feature content you ?

AUD. Your features ! Lord warrant us ! What features ?

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. 6

JAC. [*aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house !

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUD. I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word ? Is it a true thing ? 15

TOUCH. No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry ; and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

AUD. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical ? 20

TOUCH. I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest ; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUD. Would you not have me honest ?

TOUCH. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd ; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAC. [*aside.*] A material fool !

AUD. Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest. 30

TOUCH. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUD. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. 34

TOUCH. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness ; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee ; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAC. [*aside.*] I would fain see this meeting. 40

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy !

TOUCH. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt ; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though ? Courage ! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said : 'Many a man knows no end of his goods'. Right ! Many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of

his wife ; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns ? Even so. Poor men alone ? No, no ; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed ? No ; as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor ; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

55

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel ?

SIR OLI. Is there none here to give the woman ?

TOUCH. I will not take her on gift of any man.

60

SIR OLI. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQ. [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed ; I'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't ; how do you, sir ?

You are very well met. Goddild you for your last company. I am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay ; pray be cover'd.

67

JAQ. Will you be married, motley ?

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

71

JAQ. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar ? Get you to church and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is ; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

77

TOUCH. [*aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another ; for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

81

JAQ. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCH. Come, sweet Audrey ;

We must be married or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver. Not —

85

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee.

But—

Wind away,

90

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*exeunt JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.*]

SIR OLI. 'Tis no matter ; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROS. Never talk to me ; I will weep.

CEL. Do, I prithee ; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROS. But have I not cause to weep ?

CEL. As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

6

CEL. Something browner than Judas's.

Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROS. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CEL. An excellent colour : your chestnut was ever the only colour.

ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

16

ROS. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

CEL. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROS. Do you think so ?

20

CEL. Yes ; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROS. Not true in love ?

CEL. Yes, when he is in ; but I think he is not in.

25

ROS. You have heard him swear downright he was.

CEL. 'Was' is not 'is' ; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke, your father.

30

ROS. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando ?

35

CEL. O, that's a brave man ! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here ?

41

Enter CORIN.

COR. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,

Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess

45

That was his mistress.

CEL. Well, and what of him ?

COR. If you will see a pageant truly play'd

Between the pale complexion of true love

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,

50

If you will mark it.

ROS. O, come, let us remove !

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say

I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.**Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe.
 Say that you love me not ; but say not so
 In bitterness. The common executioner,
 Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
 But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
 Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ? 5

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

PHE. I would not be thy executioner ;
 I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
 Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye. 10
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
 That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ; 15
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
 Now counterfeit to swoon ; why, now fall down ;
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee. 20
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it ; lean upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ; 25
 Nor, I am sure, there is not force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
 If ever—as that ever may be near -
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
 That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But till that time
 Come not thou near me ; and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
 As till that time I shall not pity thee. 34

ROS. [*advancing*] And why, I pray you ? Who might be your mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 Over the wretched ? What though you have no beauty—
 As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed—
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ? 40
 Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too !
 No faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ; 45
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

- Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain ? 50
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;
And out of you she sees herself more proper 55
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love ;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear :
Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets. 60
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer ;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.
- PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together ;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo. 65
- ROS. He's fall'n in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love
with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with
frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you
so upon me ?
- PHE. For no ill will I bear you. 70
- ROS. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine ;
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister ? Shepherd, ply her hard. 75
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud ; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. *[exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.]*
- PHE. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might : 80
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight ?'
- SIL. Sweet Phebe.
- PHE. Ha ! what say'st thou, Silvius ?
- SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
- PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
- SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be. 85
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
- PHE. Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly ?
- SIL. I would have you.
- PHE. Why, that were covetousness. 90
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee ;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too. 95
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

- SIL. So holy and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace,
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop 100
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps ; loose now and then
 A scatt' red smile, and that I'll live upon.
- PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me crewlile ?
- SIL. Not very well ; but I have met him oft ; 105
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
 That the old carlot once was master of.
- PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
 'Tis but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well.
 But what care I for words ? Yet words do well 110
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
 It is a pretty youth—not very pretty ;
 But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him.
 He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
 Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue 115
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
 He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall ;
 His leg is but so-so ; and yet 'tis well.
 There was a pretty redness in his lip,
 A little riper and more lusty red 120
 Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him ; but, for my part, 125
 I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him ;
 For what had he to do to chide at me ?
 He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
 And, now I am rememb' red, scorn'd at me. 130
 I marvel why I answer'd not again ;
 But that's all one : omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ?
- SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.
- PHE. I'll write it straight ; 135
 The matter's in my head and in my heart ;
 I will be bitter with him and passing short.
 Go with me, Silvius. [exunt.]

ACT FOUR.

SCENE I. *The forest.**Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAKES.*

- JAQ. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.
- ROS. They say you are a melancholy fellow.
- JAQ. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.
- ROS. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows,
 and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than
 drunkards.

JAQ. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROS. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

JAQ. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these ; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels ; in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 18

ROS. A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's ; then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQ. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

ROS. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad— and to travel for it too. 26

ORL. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind !

JAQ. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse.

ROS. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller ; look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are ; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [*exit JAKES.*] Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this while ? You a lover ! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 37

ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love ! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail !

ROS. Ay, of a snail ; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman ; besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORL. What's that ?

ROS. Why, horns ; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for ; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife. 55

ORL. Virtue is no horn-maker ; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Rosalind.

CEL. It pleases him to call you so ; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you. 60

ROS. Come, woo me, woo me ; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind ?

ORL. I would kiss before I spoke.

64

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first ; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit ; and for lovers lacking—God warn us !—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied ? 70

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress ?

ROS. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress ; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit. 75

ORL. What, of my suit ?

ROS. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind ?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROS. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

ORL. Then, in mine own person, I die. 82

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club ; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night ; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd ; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies : men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 95

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind ; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition ; and ask me what you will, I will grant it. 100

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROS. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me ?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What sayest thou ? 105

ROS. Are you not good ?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing ? Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister ? 110

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin ' Will you, Orlando '—

CEL. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind ?

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when ?

ORL. Why, now ; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say ' I take thee, Rosalind, for wife'.

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROS. I might ask you for your commission ; but—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest ; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions. 125

ORL. So do all thoughts ; they are wing'd.

ROS. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

ORL. For ever and a day.

129

ROS. Say 'a day' without the 'ever'. No, no, Orlando ; men are April when they woo, December when they wed : maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so ?

140

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

147

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt ?'

ROS. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

151

ORL. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?

ROS. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool !

157

ORL. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROS. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours !

ORL. I must attend the Duke at dinner ; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

161

ROS. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove ; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come death ! Two o'clock is your hour ?

166

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROS. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

175

ORL. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind ; so, adieu.

ROS. Well, 'Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu.

[exit ORLANDO.]

CEL. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

183

ROS. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how

many fathom deep I am in love ! But it cannot be sounded ;
my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

CEL. Or rather, bottomless ; that as fast as you pour affection in,
it runs out. 189

ROS. No ; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of
thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness ; that blind
rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are
out—let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee,
Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a
shadow, and sigh till he come. 195

CEL. And I'll sleep. [*exunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter JAQUES and LORDS, in the habit of foresters.

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer ?

LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror ; and
it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch
of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose ? 6

LORD. Yes, sir.

JAQ. Sing it ; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer ? 10
His leather skin and horns to wear.

[*the rest shall bear this burden :*

Then sing him home.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn ;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it ; 15
And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*exunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROS. How say you now ? Is it not past two o'clock ? And here
much Orlando !

CEL. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en
his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who
comes here. 5

Enter SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth ;
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.
I know not the contents ; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

- ROS. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners ; 15
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as Phoenix. 'Od's my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt ;
Why writes she so to me ? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device. 20
- SIL. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.
- ROS. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand ; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand ; I verily did think 25
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
She has a huswife's hand—but that's no matter.
I say she never did invent this letter :
'This is a man's invention, and his hand.
- SIL. Sure, it is hers. 30
- ROS. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style ;
A style for challengers. Why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect 35
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter ?
- SIL. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
- ROS. She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant writes. *[reads.]*
' Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?'
Can a woman rail thus ?
- SIL. Call you this railing ?
- ROS. ' Why, thy godhead laid apart,
War'st thou with a woman's heart ?' 45
Did you ever hear such railing ?
' Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.'
Meaning me a beast.
- ' If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine, 50
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect !
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
How then might your prayers move !
He that brings this love to thee 55
Little knows this love in me ;
And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take 60
Of me and all that I can make ;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.'
- SIL. Call you this chiding ?
- CEL. Alas, poor shepherd ! 65

ROS. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endur'd! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [exit SILVIUS.]

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Good morrow, fair ones; pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands 75
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees?
CEL. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom.
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself; 80
There's none within.
OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description—
Such garments, and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself 85
Like a ripe sister; the woman low.
And browner than her brother'. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
CEL. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
OLI. Orlando doth commend him to you both; 90
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
ROS. I am. What must we understand by this?
OLI. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where, 95
'This handkercher was stain'd.
CEL. I pray you, tell it.
OLI. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, 100
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself.
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair, 105
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself, 110
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis 115
The royal disposition of that beast

- To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother. 120
- CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv'd amongst men.
- OLI. And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.
- ROS. But, to Orlando : did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ? 125
- OLI. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so ;
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurdling 130
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.
- CEL. Are you his brother ?
- ROS. Was't you he rescu'd ?
- CEL. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?
- OLI. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion 135
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
- ROS. But for the bloody napkin ?
- OLI. By and by.
 When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As how I came into that desert place— 140
 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love ;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 'There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm 145
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
 And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart, 150
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth 154
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [ROSALIND swoons.
- CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Ganymede !
- OLI. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
- CEL. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede !
- OLI. Look, he recovers.
- ROS. I would I were at home.
- CEL. We'll lead you thither. 160
 I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?
- OLI. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man !
 You lack a man's heart.
- ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was
 well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I
 counterfeited. Heigh-ho ! 166

OLI. This was not counterfeit ; there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLI. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

ROS. So I do ; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

CEL. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you draw homewards.

Good sir, go with us.

175

OLI. That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROS. I shall devise something ; but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go ? [*exeunt.*]

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCH. We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUD. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCH. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext.

But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUD. Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest in me in the world ; here comes the man you mean. 9

Enter WILLIAM.

TOUCH. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for : we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold. 12

WILL. Good ev'n, Audrey.

AUD. God ye good ev'n, William.

WILL. And good ev'n to you, sir.

TOUCH. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, prithee be cover'd. How old are you, friend ?

WILL. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William ?

WILL. William, sir. 20

TOUCH. A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here ?

WILL. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCH. 'Thank God.' A good answer.

Art rich ?

WILL. Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCH. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good ; and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ? 26

WILL. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying : 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool'. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

WILL. I do, sir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand. Art thou learned ? 35

WILL. No, sir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me : to have is to have ; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other ; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he ; now, you are not ipse, for I am he. 41

WILL. Which he, sir ?

TOUCH. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar leave—the society—which in the boorish is company—of this female—which in the common is woman— which together is : abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble and depart. 53

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, sir.

[*exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

COR. Our master and mistress seeks you ; come away, away.

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. I attend, I attend. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

ORL. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that but seeing you should love her ? and loving woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? and will you persevere to enjoy her ?

OLI. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her that she loves me ; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good ; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 11

ORL. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow. Thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena ; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair sister.

[*exit.*]

ROS. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf !

ORL. It is my arm.

20

ROS. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher.

25

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame'. For your

brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd ; no sooner look'd but they lov'd ; no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd ; no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason ; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy—and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them. 38

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow ; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes ! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROS. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind ?

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking. 47

ROS. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me then—for now I speak to some purpose—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are ; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger. 63

ORL. Speak'st thou in sober meanings ?

ROS. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends ; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness 70
To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROS. I care not if I have. It is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you.

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ;

Look upon him, love him ; he worships you. 75

PHE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SIL. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind. 80

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of faith and service ;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

- ORL. And I for Rosalind. 85
 ROS. And I for no woman.
 SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy,
 All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
 All adoration, duty, and observance,
 All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, 90
 All purity, all trial, all obedience ;
 And so am I for Phebe.
 PHE. And so am I for Ganymede.
 ORL. And so am I for Rosalind.
 ROS. And so am I for no woman. 95
 PHE. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?
 SIL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?
 ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?
 ROS. Why do you speak too ' Why blame you me to love you ? '
 ORL. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear. 101
 ROS. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves
 against the moon. [to SILVIUS.] I will help you if I can.
 [to PHEBE.] I would love you if I could.— Tomorrow meet me
 all together. [to PHEBE.] I will marry you if ever I marry
 woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. [to ORLANDO.] I will
 satisfy you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married
 to-morrow. [to SILVIUS.] I will content you if what pleases
 you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [to
 ORLANDO.] As you love Rosalind, meet. [to SILVIUS.] As you
 love Phebe, meet ;—and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare
 you well ; I have left you commands. 112
 SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.
 PHE. Nor I.
 ORL. Nor I. [exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The forest.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ; to-morrow will we
 be married.

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart ; and I hope it is no dishonest
 desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two
 of the banish'd Duke's pages. 5

Enter two PAGES.

1 PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met. Come sit, sit, and a song.

2 PAGE. We are for you ; sit i' th' middle.

1 PAGE. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting,
 or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad
 voice ? 11

2 PAGE. I'faith, i'faith and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, 15
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye, 20
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, 25
How that a life was but a flower,
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime, 30
In the spring time, &c.

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

I PAGE. You are deceiv'd, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you; and God mend your voices.
Come, Audrey. [exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The forest.*

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAKUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

DUKE S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL. I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not:

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd: 5

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROS. And you say you will have her when I bring her?

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

ROS. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

PHE. That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROS. But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain. 15

ROS. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROS. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter; 20

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her

If she refuse me; and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even. [exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.

DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd boy 26

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
 Methought he was a brother to your daughter.
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,
 Obscured in the circle of this forest. 34

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are
 coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts
 which in all tongues are call'd fools. 37

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all !

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded
 gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. He hath been
 a courtier, he swears. 41

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.
 I have trod a measure ; I have flatt'rd a lady ; I have been
 politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone
 three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought
 one. 46

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up ?

TOUCH. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh
 cause.

JAQ. How seventh cause ? Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE S. I like him very well.

TOUCH. God 'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like. I press in here,
 sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to
 forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor
 virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own ; a poor
 humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich
 honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house ; as your pearl
 in your foul oyster. 59

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQ. But, for the seventh cause : how did you find the quarrel on
 the seventh cause ? 64

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed—bear your body more
 seeming, Audrey—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain
 courtier's beard ; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not
 cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the Retort
 Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he
 would send me word he cut it to please himself. This is call'd
 the Quip Modest. It again it was not well cut, he disabled my
 judgment. This is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again it was
 not well cut, he would answer I spake not true. This is call'd
 the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say
 I lie. This is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome. And so to
 Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 77

JAQ. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut ?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he
 durst not give me the Lie Direct ; and so we measur'd swords
 and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ? 84

TOUCH. O, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous ; the second, the Quip Modest ; the third, the Reply Churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct ; and you may avoid that too with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as : ' If you said so, then I said so'. And they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in If. 97

JAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ?

He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

DUKE S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit. 101

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA. Still music.

HYM. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter ; 105
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
'That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

ROS. [*to DUKE.*] 'To you I give myself, for I am yours. 110

[*to ORLANDO.*] 'To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHE. If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu ! 115

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he ;

I'll have no husband, if you be not he ;

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYM. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion ;
'Tis I must make conclusion 120
Of these most strange events.

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part ; 125

You and you are heart in heart ;

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord ;

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather. 130

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning,

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown ; 135

O blessed bond of board and bed !

'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
 High wedlock then be honoured.
 Honour, high honour, and renown,
 To Hymen, god of every town ! 140

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me !
 Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word or two. 145
 I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot, 150
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here, and put him to the sword ;
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted 155
 Both from his enterprise and from the world ;
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restor'd to them again
 That were with him exil'd. This to be true
 I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man. 160
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
 To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this forest let us do those ends
 That here were well begun and well begot, 165
 And after, every of this happy number,
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity, 170
 And fall into our rustic revelry.
 Play, music ; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

JAQ. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
 The Duke hath put on a religious life, 175
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

JAQ DE B. He hath.

JAQ. To him will I. Out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
 [to DUKE.] You to your former honour I bequeath ; 180
 Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.
 [to ORLANDO.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit ;
 [to OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and great allies ;
 [to SILVIUS.] You to a long and well-deserved bed ; 184
 [to TOUCHSTONE.] And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage
 Is but for two months victuall'd.—So to your pleasures ;
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQ. To see no pastime I. What you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[*exit.*

DUKE S. Proceed, proceed. We will begin these rites,

191

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*a dance. exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

ROS. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ! I am not furnish'd like a beggar ; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you ; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you ; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women -- as I perceive by your simp'ring none of you hates them -- that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defied not ; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

IN 1594 there appeared in quarto a play called *The Taming of a Shrew*. Twenty years later Shakespeare's colleagues printed *The Shrew* in the First Folio. What is the relation of these plays to each other?

Three answers have been given: one, that *a Shrew* is a play that Shakespeare took over from some earlier dramatist and rewrote as *the Shrew*; two, that both *a Shrew* and *the Shrew* are descended from a lost Shrew play; three, that *a Shrew* is nothing more than a surreptitious version of *the Shrew* put together by someone who had seen Shakespeare's comedy.

That *a Shrew* is not an original play but the ill-digested fragments of an earlier version, its many confusions clearly demonstrate; to explain this muddled imitation by inventing a third play as the original seems superfluous as Shakespeare's *The Shrew* is by itself sufficient to explain the features of the fraudulent version. It is true there are some minor confusions in *The Shrew* but not of a kind that warrant the creation of a completely unknown play to explain them. What slight confusion there is arises from the complexities Shakespeare himself created by combining two very distinct sources to form his action.

For that part of his plot that centres in Bianca the dramatist found his idea in a comedy by Ariosto or in an English translation of the Italian original. Ariosto's comedy *I Suppositi* was a verse revision of his prose original. George Gascoigne published an English version with the title *The Supposes*. Here we have the lover who disguises himself as a servant to have access to the daughter of the house. His servant disguised as his master pretends to offer himself as a wooer of the lady, and hopes by this device to protect her from other suitors. He has however to bring forward his own father to guarantee his offers to the girl's father; naturally a pretending parent has to be found and as in Shakespeare the arrival of the young master's real father exposes the conspiracy but ratifies the lovers' bargain.

With this intrigue which in *The Shrew* has Bianca as its object, Shakespeare combined the Petruchio-Katherina affair. Bianca and Katherina are now sisters and Shakespeare has cleverly dovetailed the two parts together. The taming part of the play has given offence to those who feel that it makes a hero of a rather brutal fortune-hunting character. But Petruchio belongs to a type that Shakespeare enjoyed repeating in his early years, the anti-romantic who is really more romantic than those who delight in the vocabulary rather than in the realities of romance; and the wager that he wins over the others at the end is the token of something more than the triumph of selfishness and brutality.

To prevent all misunderstanding Shakespeare represents his play as performed before a deluded tinker. The Prologue or Induction opening with the quarrel between Sly and the hostess of the tavern must have had as a pendant a final scene in which the tinker restored to his rags and wakened from his dream of greatness

exchanges reproaches once more with his hostess before returning to encounter his own domestic problem. Such an epilogue is preserved however imperfectly in the Bad Quarto, and this report for all its obvious faults allows us to see how Shakespeare must have ended his entertainment. The absence of this finale from the Folio must be due to carelessness or some error in the handling of the copy; that it once formed part of Shakespeare's play there need be no doubt.

The play may be assigned to an early stage in Shakespeare's development as a dramatist. When Lord Strange's company (later the Chamberlain's and then the King's men) returned from touring the provinces in 1594 and, with the passing of the plague, re-established themselves in London, they opened with a short season of plays by Shakespeare that included *The Shrew*, *Hamlet* in an early version, and *Titus Andronicus*. These pieces were not new, and doubtless went back to the years before 1592-4, for from 1592 the theatres were closed during the severest plague of Elizabeth's reign. In its boisterous knockabout situations *The Shrew* resembles *The Comedy of Errors*. Yet in spite of these primitive features *The Shrew* is still a successful stage piece. Shakespeare contrived to mix with his farce something that gives it a lasting or ever-renewed youthfulness and brio.

The stage-history of *The Taming of the Shrew* provides an admirable illustration of the adaptation to which so many of Shakespeare's plays have been subjected during the centuries since the dramatist's death. Till this century few actors thought it necessary or desirable to present the plays as the text directed; interpretations, transpositions, as well as the inevitable cuts, were the rule rather than the exception. Some plays were largely rewritten and into this group fell *The Shrew*.

When Pepys saw *The Shrew*, after the Restoration, he found the language of the principal part hardly intelligible, for what was then performed was an adaptation called *Sawry the Scott, or The Taming of the Shrew* in which the part of Grumio was enlarged and played in a dialect that baffled Pepys. Yet this version that contained much additional horse-play and fooling was in its day as successful as *Kiss me Kate*, the most recent adaptation of Shakespeare's original.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A LORD,		TRANIO,	<i>servants to</i>
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a	<i>Persons in the Induction.</i>	BIGNDELLO,	<i>Lucentio.</i>
tinker,		GRUMIO,	<i>servants to</i>
HOSTESS, PAGE, PLAY- ERS, HUNTSMEN, SERVANTS.		CURTIS,	<i>Petruchio.</i>
BAPTISTA MINOLA, a gentleman of Padua.		A PEDANT.	
VINCENTIO, a merchant of Pisa.		KATHERINA, the	<i>daughters to Baptista.</i>
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.		shrew,	
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katherina.		BIANCA,	
GREMIO,	<i>suitors to Bianca.</i>	A WIDOW.	
HORTENSIO,		TAILOR, HABERDASHER, and SER- VANTS attending on Baptista and Petruchio.	

THE SCENE : *Padua, and Petruchio's house in the country.*

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an alehouse on a heath.*

Enter HOSTESS and SLY.

SLY. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

HOST. A pair of stocks, you rogue !

SLY. Y^e are a baggage ; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the
chronicles : we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore,
paucas pallabris ; let the world slide. Sessa ! 5

HOST. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst ?

SLY. No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed
and warm thee.

HOST. I know my remedy ; I must go fetch the thirdborough. *[exit.*

SLY. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law.

I'll not budge an inch, boy ; let him come, and kindly.

[falls asleep.

Wind horns. Enter a LORD from hunting, with his TRAIN.

LORD. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds ;

Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd ;

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach. 15

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault ?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

I HUN. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ; 20

- He cried upon it at the merest loss,
 And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent ;
 Trust me, I take him for the better dog.
- LORD. Thou art a fool ; If Echo were as fleet,
 I would esteem him worth a dozen such. 25
 But sup them well, and look unto them all ;
 To-morrow I intend to hunt again.
- 1 HUN. I will, my lord.
- LORD. What's here ? One dead, or drunk ?
 See, doth he breathe ?
- 2 HUN. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale, 30
 This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
- LORD. O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies !
 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image !
 Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
 What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, 35
 Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
 A most delicious banquet by his bed,
 And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
 Would not the beggar then forget himself ?
- 1 HUN. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose. 40
- 2 HUN. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.
- LORD. Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy.
 Then take him up, and manage well the jest :
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures ; 45
 Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet ;
 Procure me music ready when he wakes,
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, 50
 And with a low submissive reverence
 Say ' What is it your honour will command ? '
 Let one attend him with a silver basin
 Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper, 55
 And say ' Will't please your lordship cool your hands ? '
 Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease ; 60
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,
 And, when he says he is, say that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 ' This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs ;
 It will be pastime passing excellent, 65
 If it be husbanded with modesty.
- 1 HUN. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part
 As he shall think by our true diligence
 He is no less than what we say he is.
- LORD. Take him up gently, and to bed with him ; 70
 And each one to his office when he wakes.
- [*Sly is carried out.* A trumpet sounds.
 Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds— [exit Servant.

Belike some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a SERVINGMAN

How now ! who is it ?

SERV. An't please your honour, players 75

That offer service to your lordship.

LORD. Bid them come near.

Enter PLAYERS.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS. We thank your honour.

LORD. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

PLAYER. So please your lordship to accept our duty. 80

LORD. With all my heart. This fellow I remember

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd. 85

PLAYER. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

LORD. 'Tis very true ; thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time,

The rather for I have some sport in hand

Wherein your cunning can assist me much. 90

There is a lord will hear you play to-night ;

But I am doubtful of your modesties,

Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,

For yet his honour never heard a play,

You break into some merry passion 95

And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

PLAYER. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

LORD. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, 10

And give them friendly welcome every one ;

Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[exit one with the PLAYERS.]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady ;

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber, 105

And call him ' madam ' , do him obeisance.

Tell him from me—as he will win my love—

He bear himself with honourable action,

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

Unto their lords, by them accomplished ; 110

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,

And say ' What is't your honour will command,

Wherein your lady and your humble wife

May show her duty and make known her love ? ' 115

And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

Who for this seven years hath esteemed him 120
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which, in a napkin being close convey'd, 125
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [exit a SERVINGMAN.
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action, of a gentlewoman ; 130
 I long to hear him call the drunkard ' husband ' ;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them ; haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen, 135
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [exit.

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*

Enter aloft SLY, with ATTENDANTS ; some with apparel, basin and ewer, and other appurtenances ; and LORD.

SLY. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 SERV. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 SERV. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves ?

3 SERV. What raiment will your honour wear to-day ?

SLY. I am Christopher Sly ; call not me ' honour ' nor ' lordship '.

I ne'er drank sack in my life ; and if you give me any conserves,
 give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear,
 for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than
 legs, nor no more shoes than feet—nay, sometime more feet than
 shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather. 11

LORD. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour !

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit ! 15

SLY. What, would you make me mad ? Am not I Christopher Sly,
 old Sly's son of Burton Heath ; by birth a pedlar, by education a
 cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present
 profession a tinker ? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of
 Wincot, if she know me not ; if she say I am not fourteen pence
 on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in
 Christendom. What ! I am not bestraught. [taking a pot of ale.]
 Here's— 23

3 SERV. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn !

2 SERV. O, this is it that makes your servants droop !

LORD. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth !

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams. 30

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music ? Hark ! Apollo plays,

[music.

- And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
 Or wilt thou sleep ? We'll have thee to a couch 35
 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
 On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
 Say thou wilt walk : we will bestrew the ground.
 Or wilt thou ride ? Thy horses shall be trapp'd,
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl. 40
 Dost thou love hawking ? Thou hast hawks will soar
 Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt ?
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
- 1 SERV. Say thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are as swift 45
 As breathed stags ; ay, fleetier than the roe.
- 2 SERV. Dost thou love pictures ? We will fetch thee straight
 Adonis painted by a running brook,
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath 50
 Even as the waving sedges play wi' th' wind.
- LORD. We'll show thee lo as she was a maid
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.
- 3 SERV. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood, 55
 Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds
 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
- LORD. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful 60
 Than any woman in this waning age.
- 1 SERV. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee
 Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world ;
 And yet she is inferior to none. 65
- SLY. Am I a lord and have I such a lady ?
 Or do I dream ? Or have I dream'd till now ?
 I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.
 Upon my life, I am a lord indeed, 70
 And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
 And once again, a pot o' th' smallest ale.
- 2 SERV. Will't please your Mightiness to wash your hands ?
 O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd ! 75
 O, that once more you knew but what you are !
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
 Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
- SLY. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly nap.
 But did I never speak of all that time ? 80
- 1 SERV. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words ;
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door ;
 And rail upon the hostess of the house,
 And say you would present her at the leet, 85
 Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 SERV. Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up, 90
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

SLY. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends! 95

ALL. Amen.

Enter the PAGE as a lady, with ATTENDANTS.

SLY. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

PAGE. How fares my noble lord?

SLY. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

100

PAGE. Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

SLY. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me 'lord'; I am your goodman.

PAGE. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,

I am your wife in all obedience.

105

SLY. I know it well. What must I call her?

LORD. Madam.

SLY. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

LORD. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

SLY. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd

110

And slept above some fifteen year or more.

PAGE. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

SLY. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

[exeunt SERVANTS.]

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

115

PAGE. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set.

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

120

That I should yet absent me from your bed.

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

SLY. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would
be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in
despite of the flesh and the blood. 125

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

130

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas
gambold or a tumbling-trick? 135

PAGE. No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

531

SLY. What, household stuff?

PAGE. It is a kind of history.

SLY. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let
the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. *[they sit down.]*

A flourish of trumpets announces the play.

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. *Padua. A public place.*

Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO.

- LUC. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd 5
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii;
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd, 15
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd. 20
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
- TRA. Mi perdonato, gentle master mine 25
I am in all affected as yourself
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline, 30
Let's be no Stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk; 35
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40
- LUC. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget. 45

*Enter BAPTISTA with his two daughters, KATHERINA and BIANCA ;
GREMIO, a pantaloon, HORTENSIO, suitor to BIANCA. LUCENTIO
and TRANIO stand by.*

But stay awhile ; what company is this ?

TRA. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

BAP. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GRE. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me. 55

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

KATH. [*to BAPTISTA.*] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

HOR. Mates, maid ! How mean you that ? No mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

KATH. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear ;

Iwis it is not halfway to her heart ;

But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a fool. 65

HOR. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us !

GRE. And me, too, good Lord !

TRA. Husht, master ! Here's some good pastime toward
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

LUC. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety. 70
Peace, Tranio !

TRA. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

BAP. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said- Bianca, get you in ;
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca, 75
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATH. A pretty peat ! it is best

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

BIAN. Sister, content you in my discontent. 80

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe ;

My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

LUC. Hark, Tranio, thou mayst hear Minerva speak !

HOR. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ? 85
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

GRE. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

BAP. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd. 90
Go in, Bianca. [*exit BIANCA.*]

And for I know she taketh most delight
 In music, instruments, and poetry,
 Schoolmasters will I keep within my house
 Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio, 95
 Or, Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
 Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men
 I will be very kind, and liberal
 To mine own children in good bringing-up ;
 And so, farewell. Katherine, you may stay ; 100
 For I have more to commune with Bianca. *[exit.]*

KATH. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not ?
 What ! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,
 I knew not what to take and what to leave ? Ha ! *[exit.]*

GRE. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts are so good here's
 none will hold you. There ! Love is not so great, Hortensio,
 but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out ; our
 cake's dough on both sides. Farewell ; yet, for the love I bear
 my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to
 teach her that whercin she delights, I will wish him to her father.

HOR. So will I, Signior Gremio ; but a word, I pray. Though the
 nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon
 advice, it toucheth us both— that we may yet again have access
 to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to
 labour and effect one thing specially. 116

GRE. What's that, I pray ?

HOR. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GRE. A husband ? a devil.

HOR. I say a husband. 120

GRE. I say a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be
 very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell ?

HOR. Tush, Gremio ! Though it pass your patience and mine to
 endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the
 world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all
 faults, and money enough. 127

GRE. I cannot tell ; but I had as lief take her dowry with this con-
 dition—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

HOR. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But,
 come ; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far
 forth friendly maintain'd till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter
 to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then
 have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca ! Happy man be his dole !
 He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio ?

GRE. I am agreed ; and would I had given him the best horse in
 Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed
 her, and bed her, and rid the house of her ! Come on. 140

[exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.]

TRA. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
 That love should of a sudden take such hold ?

LUC. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible or likely.

But see ! while idly I stood looking on,

I found the effect of love in idleness ;

And now in plainness do confess to thee, 145

- That art to me as secret and as dear
 As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was—
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
 If I achieve not this young modest girl. 150
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ;
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
- TRA. Master, it is no time to chide you now
 Affection is not rated from the heart ; 155
 If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so :
 ' Redime te captum quam queas minimo '.
- LUC. Gramercies, lad. Go forward ; this contents ;
 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
- TRA. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid. 160
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
- LUC. O, yes, I saw sweet beaur'y in her face,
 Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand. 165
- TRA. Saw you no more ? Mark'd you not how her sister
 Began to scold and raise up such a storm
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?
- LUC. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
 And with her breath she did perfume the air ; 170
 Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
- TRA. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
 I pray, awake. sir. If you love the maid,
 Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands :
 Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd 175
 That, till the father rid his hands of her,
 Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
 And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
 Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
- LUC. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he ! 180
 But art thou not advis'd he took some care
 To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?
- TRA. Ay, marry, am I, sir, and now 'tis plotted.
- LUC. I have it, Tranio.
- TRA. Master, for my hand,
 Both our inventions meet and jump in one. 185
- LUC. Tell me thine first.
- TRA. You will be schoolmaster,
 And undertake the teaching of the maid—
 That's your device.
- LUC. It is. May it be done ?
- TRA. Not possible ; for who shall bear your part
 And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ; 190
 Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
 Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?
- LUC. Basta, content thee, for I have it full.
 We have not yet been seen in any house,
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces 195
 For man or master. Then it follows thus :
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
 Keep house and port and servants, as I should ;

- I will some other be—some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 200
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
- TRA. So had you need. *[they exchange habits.]*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is, 206
And I am tied to be obedient—
For so your father charg'd me at our parting :
'Be serviceable to my son ' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense— 210
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
- LUC. Tranio, be so because Lucentio loves ;
And let me be a slave t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye. 215
- Enter BIONDELLO.*
- Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been ?
BIO. Where have I been ! Nay, how now ! where are you ?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes ?
Or you stol'n his ? or both ? Pray, what's the news ?
- LUC. Sirrah, come hither ; 'tis no time to jest, 220
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his ;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore 225
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me ?
- BION. I, sir ? Ne'er a whit.
- LUC. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth : 230
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
- BION. The better for him ; would I were so too !
- TRA. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake but your master's, I advise 235
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.
- LUC. Tranio, let's go.
One thing more rests, that thyself execute—
To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. *[exeunt.]*
The Presenters above speak.
- I SERV. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play. 242
SLY. Yes, by Saint Anne do I. A good matter, surely ; comes there
any more of it ?
- PAGE. My lord, 'tis but begun. 245
SLY. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. Would
'twere done ! *[they sit and mark.]*

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Hortensio's house.**Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO.*

PET. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
 To see my friends in Padua ; but of al'
 My best beloved and approved friend,
 Hortensio ; and I trow this is his house.
 Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.

5

GRU. Knock, sir ! Whom should I knock ?
 Is there any man has rebys'd your worship ?

PET. Villian, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRU. Knock you here, sir ? Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should
 knock you here, sir ?

PET. Villian, I say, knock me at this gate,
 And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

GRU. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,
 And then I know after who comes by the worst.

15

PET. Will it not be ?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock I'll ring it :
 I'll try how you can sol-fa, and sing it.

[He wrings him by the ears.]

GRU. Help, masters, help ! My master is mad.

PET. Now knock when I bid you, sirrah villian !

Enter HORTENSIO.

HOR. How now ! what's the matter ? My old friend Grumio and
 my good friend Petruchio ! How do you all at Verona ?

22

PET. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?

' Con tutto il cuore ben trovato ' may I say.

HOR. Alla nostra casa ben venuto,
 Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise ; we will compound this quarrel.

GRU. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not
 a lawful cause for me to leave his service—look you, sir : he bid
 me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a
 servant to use his master so ; being, perhaps, for aught I see,
 two and thirty, a pip out ?

32

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
 Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PET. A senseless villain ! Good Hortensio,
 I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
 And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRU. Knock at the gate ? O heavens ! Spake you not these words
 plain : ' Sirrah knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and
 knock me soundly ' ? And come you now with ' knocking at the
 gate ' ?

41

PET. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HOR. Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge ;
 Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
 Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
 And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

45

Blows you to Padua here from old Verona ?

PET. Such wind as scatters young men through the world
 To seek their fortunes farther than at home,

- Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me : 50
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may ;
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home, 55
And so am come abroad to see the world.
- HOR. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, 60
And very rich ; but th'art too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.
- PET. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, 65
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe or a worse—
She moves me not, or not removes, at least, 70
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua. 74
- GRU. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why,
give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby,
or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as
many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes
amiss, so money comes withal. 80
- HOR. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous ;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman ; 85
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is—that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd and froward so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worscr than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold. 90
- PET. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;
For I will board her though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.
- HOR. Her father is Baptista Minola, 95
An affable and courteous gentleman ;
Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.
- PET. I know her father, though I know not her ;
And he knew my deceased father well. 100
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither. 104

GRU. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so. Why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir: an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir. 113

HOR. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my-treasure is. 115
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible— 120
For those defects I have before rehears'd—
That ever Katherine will be woo'd.
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband. 125

GRU. Katherine the curst!

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

HOR. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster 130
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO with LUCENTIO disguised as CAMBIO.

GRU. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you. Who goes there, ha? 137

HOR. Peace, Grumio! It is the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by awhile.

GRU. A proper stripling, and an amorous! *[they stand aside.]*

GRE. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound—
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me—over and beside 145
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her? 150

LUC. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place;
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir. 155

GRE. O this learning, what a thing it is!

GRU. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

PET. Peace, sirrah !

HOR. Grumio, mum ! *[coming forward.]*

God save you, Signior Gremio !

GRE. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. 160

Trow you whither I am going ? To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca ;

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man ; for learning and behaviour 165

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry

And other books—good ones, I warrant ye.

HOR. 'Tis well ; and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty 170

To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

GRE. Beloved of me—and that my deeds shall prove.

GRU. And that his bags shall prove.

HOR. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love. 175

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katherine ; 180

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GRE. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

PET. I know she is an irksome brawling scold ;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GRE. No, say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ? 185

PET. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son.

My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;

And I do hope good days and long to see.

GRE. O sir, such a life with such a wife were strange ! 190

But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name ;

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat ?

PET. Will I live ?

GRU. Will he woo her ? Ay, or I'll hang her.

PET. Why came I hither but to that intent ? 195

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat ?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field, 200

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear 205

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?

Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.

GRU. For he fears none.

GRE. Hortensio, hark :

- This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
 My mind presumes, for his own good and ours. 210
- HOR. I promis'd we would be contributors
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
- GRE. And so we will—provided that he win her.
- GRU. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.
- Enter* TRANIO, *bravely apparelled as* LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.
- TRA. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be bold, 215
 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of Signior Baptista Minola ?
- BION. He that has the two fair daughters ; is't he you mean ?
- TRA. Even he, Biondello. 220
- GRE. Hark you, sir, you mean not her to—
- TRA. Perhaps him and her, sir ; what have you to do ?
- PET. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
- TRA. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.
- LUC. [*aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.
- HOR. Sir, a word ere you go. 225
- Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no ?
- TRA. And if I be, sir, is it any offence ?
- GRE. No ; if without more words you will get you hence.
- TRA. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
 For me as for you ?
- GRE. But so is not she. 230
- TRA. For what reason, I beseech you ?
- GRE. For this reason, if you'll know,
 That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
- HOR. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
- TRA. Softly, my masters ! If you be gentlemen,
 Do me this right—hear me with patience. 235
 Baptista is a noble gentleman,
 To whom my father is not all unknown,
 And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
 She may more suitors have, and me for one.
 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ; 240
 Then well one more may fair Bianca have,
 And so she shall : Lucentio shall make one,
 Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
- GRE. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all !
- LUC. Sir, give him head ; I know he'll prove a jade. 245
- PET. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?
- HOR. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
 Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?
- TRA. No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two :
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue 250
 As is the other for beauteous modesty.
- PET. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.
- GRE. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
 And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
- PET. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth : 255
 The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
 Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
 And will not promise her to any man

- Until the elder sister first be wed.
 The younger then is free, and not before. 260
- TRA. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
 Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest ;
 And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free
 For our access—whose hap shall be to have her 265
 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.
- HOR. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive
 And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholding. 270
- TRA. Sir, I shall not be slack ; in sign whereof,
 Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
 And do as adversaries do in law—
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. 275
- GRU., BION. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let's be gone.
- HOR. The motion's good indeed, and be it so.
 Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [exunt.]

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. *Padua. Baptista's house.**Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA.*

- BIAN. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me—
 That I disdain ; but for these other gawds,
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ; 5
 Or what you will command me will I do,
 So well I know my duty to my elders.
- KATH. Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
 Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not.
- BIAN. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10
 I never yet beheld that special face
 Which I could fancy more than any other.
- KATH. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio ?
- BIAN. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
 I'll plead for you myself but you shall have him. 15
- KATH. O then, belike, you fancy riches more :
 You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
- BIAN. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
 Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive
 You have but jested with me all this while. 20
 I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
- KATH. [strikes her.] If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

Enter BAPTISTA.

- BAP. Why, how now, dame ! Whence grows this insolence ?
 Bianca, stand aside—poor girl ! she weeps. [he unbinds her.]
 Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her. 25

- For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
 KATH. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
- [*flies after* BIANCA.
 [exit BIANCA.]
- BAP. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
- KATH. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
 She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
 I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
 And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
 Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
 Till I can find occasion of revenge. 35
 [exit KATHERINA.]
- BAP. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
 But who comes here?
- Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, as LUCENTIO, with his boy, BIONDELLO, bearing a lute and books.*
- GRE. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista. 39
- BAP. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.
 God save you, gentlemen!
- PET. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
 Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?
- BAP. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katherina.
- GRE. You are too blunt; go to it orderly. 45
- PET. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.
 I am a gentleman of Verona, sir.
 That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
 Her affability and bashful modesty,
 Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, 50
 Am bold to show myself a forward guest
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
 Of that report which I so oft have heard.
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
 I do present you with a man of mine, [*presenting* HORTENSIO.
 Cunning in music and the mathematics,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong—
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60
- BAP. Y'are welcome, sir, and he for your good sake
 But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
- PET. I see you do not mean to part with her;
 Or else you like not of my company. 65
- BAP. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
 Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?
- PET. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son,
 A man well known throughout all Italy.
- BAP. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake. 70
- GRE. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
 Let us that are poor petitioners speak too.
 Bacare! you are marvellous forward.
- PET. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio! I would fain be doing.
- GRE. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. 75

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting LUCENTIO*] that hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his service.

BAP. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio.
[*to TRANIO.*] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger.
May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ? 86

TRA. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. 90
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, 95
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great. 100

BAP. Lucentio is your name ? Of whence, I pray ?

TRA. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

BAP. A mighty man of Pisa. By report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books , 105
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within !

Enter a SERVANT.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters , and tell them both
These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.

[*exit SERVANT leading HORTENSIO carrying the lute and LUCENTIO with the books.*]
110

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PET. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me, 115
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreas'd.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love.
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

BAP. After my death, the one half of my lands 120
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PET. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialities be therefore drawn between us, 125
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

- BAP. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.
- PET. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ; 130
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
So I to her, and so she yields to me ; 135
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
- BAP. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.
- PET. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not though they blow perpetually. 140

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.

- BAP. How now, my triend ! Why dost thou look so pale ?
- HOR. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
- BAP. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?
- HOR. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier :
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. 145
- BAP. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?
- HOR. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
' Frets, call you these ? ' quoth she ' I'll fume with them '. 150
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way ;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler 155
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.
- PET. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did. 160
O, how I long to have some chat with her !
- BAP. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited ;
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us, 165
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?
- PET. I pray you do. *[exeunt all but PETRUCHIO.*

I'll attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail ; why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale. 170
Say that she frown ; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence. 175
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week ;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak. 180

Enter KATHERINA.

Good morrow, Kate—for that's your name, I hear.

KATH. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing :
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PET. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ; 185

But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife. 190

KATH. Mov'd ! in good time ! Let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first 195
You were a moveable.

PET. Why, what's a moveable ?

KATH. A join'd-stool.

PET. Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

KATH. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATH. No such jade as you, if me you mean. 200

PET. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee !

For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

KATH. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PET. Should be ! should—buzz !

KATH. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard. 205

PET. O, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee ?

KATH. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

PET. Come, come, you wasp ; i' faith, you are too angry.

KATH. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PET. My remedy is then to pluck it out. 210

KATH. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PET. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting ?

In his tail.

KATH. In his tongue.

PET. Whose tongue ?

KATH. Yours, if you talk of tale\$; and so farewell.

PET. What, with my tongue in your tail ? Nay, come again, 215

Good Kate ; I am a gentleman.

KATH. That I'll try. [*she strikes him.*]

PET. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again

KATH. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman ;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms. 220

PET. A herald, Kate ? O, put me in thy books !

KATH. What is your crest—a coxcomb ?

PET. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

- KATH. No cock of mine : you crow too like a craven.
 PET. Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour. 225
 KATH. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
 PET. Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.
 KATH. There is, there is.
 PET. Then show it me.
 KATH. Had I a glass I would.
 PET. What, you mean my face ?
 KATH. Well aim'd of such a young one. 230
 PET. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
 KATH. Yet you are wither'd.
 PET. 'Tis with cares.
 KATH. I care not.
 PET. Nay, hear you, Kate—in sooth, you scape not so.
 KATH. I chafe you, if I rarry ; let me go.
 PET. No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle. 235
 'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
 And now I find report a very liar ;
 For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
 But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance, 240
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers ;
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.
 Why does the world report that Kate doth limp ? 245
 O sland'rous world ! Kate like the hazeltwig
 Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
 As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
 O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.
 KATH. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command. 250
 PET. Did ever Dian so become a grove
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?
 O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;
 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !
 KATH. Where did you study all this goodly speech ? 255
 PET. It is extempore, from my mother wit.
 KATH. A witty mother ! witless else her son.
 PET. Am I not wise ?
 KATH. Yes, keep you warm.
 PET. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.
 And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 260
 Thus in plain terms : your father hath consented
 That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;
 And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, 265
 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
 Thou must be married to no man but me ;
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
 Conformable as other household Kates. 270

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

- Here comes your father. Never make denial ;
 I must and will have Katherine to my wife.
- BAP. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter ?
- PET. How but well, sir ? how but well ?
 It were impossible I should speed amiss. 275
- BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katherine, in your dumps ?
- KATH. Call you me daughter ? Now I promise you
 You have show'd a tender fatherly regard
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
 A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 280
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
- PET. Father, 'tis thus : yourself and all the world
 That talk'd of her have talk'd amiss of her.
 If she be curst, it is for policy,
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ; 285
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity.
 And, to conclude, we have 'greed so well together
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 290
- KATH. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
- GRE. Hark, Petruchio ; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.
- TRA. Is this your speeding ? Nay, then good-night our part !
- PET. Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself ;
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ? 295
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you 'tis incredible to believe.
 How much she loves me—O, the kindest Kate !
 She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss 300
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 O, you are novices ! 'Tis a world to see
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew. 305
 Give me thy hand, Kate ; I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;
 I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.
- BAP. I know not what to say ; but give me your hands. 310
 God send you joy, Petruchio ! 'Tis a match.
- GRE., TRA. Amen, say we ; we will be witnesses.
- PET. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
 I will to Venice ; Sunday comes apace ;
 We will have rings and things, and fine array ; 315
 And kiss me, Kate ; we will be married a Sunday.
- [*exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA severally.*]
- GRE. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?
- BAP. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.
- TRA. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you ; 320
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
- BAP. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.
- GRE. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

- But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter :
 Now is the day we long have looked for ; 325
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
- TRA. And I am one that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.
- GRE. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
- TRA. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
- GRE. But thine doth fry. 330
 Skipper, stand back ; 'tis age that nourisheth.
- TRA. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
- BAP. Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound this strife.
 'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
 That can assure my daughter greatest dower 335
 Shall have my Bianca's love.
- Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?
- GRE. First, as you know, my house within the city
 Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
 Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands ; 340
 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
 In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
 Valance of Venice gold in needle-work ; 345
 Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs
 To house or housekeeping. Then at my farm
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
 And all things answerable to this portion. 350
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
 And if I die to-morrow this is hers,
 If whilst I live she will be only mine.
- TRA. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me : 355
 I am my father's heir and only son ;
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good
 Within rich Pisa's walls as any one
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua ; 360
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
 What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio ?
- GRE. Two thousand ducats by the year of land !
[aside.] My land amounts not to so much in all.— 365
 That she shall have, besides an argosy
 That now is lying in Marseilles road.
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy ?
- TRA. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
 Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses, 370
 And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure her,
 And twice as much whate'er thou off'rest next.
- GRE. Nay, I have off'red all ; I have no more ;
 And she can have no more than all I have ;
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine. 375

- TRA. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied.
- BAP. I must confess your offer is the best ;
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own. Else, you must pardon me ; 380
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?
- TRA. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.
- GRE. And may not young men die as well as old ?
- BAP. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd : on Sunday next you know 385
My daughter Katherine is to be married ;
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to Signior Gremio.
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. 390
- GRE. Adieu, good neighbour. [exit BAPTISTA.
- Now, I fear thee not.
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy !
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [exit.
- TRA. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide !
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good :
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio ; 400
And that's a wonder—fathers commonly
Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [exit.

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. Padua. Baptista's house.

Enter LUCENTIO as CAMBIO, HORTENSIO as LICIO, and BIANCA.

- LUC. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal ?
- HOR. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony. 5
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
- LUC. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd 10
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.
- HOR. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine. 15
- BIAN. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools,

- I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20
And to cut off all strife : here sit we down ;
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles !
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.
- HOR. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?
LUC. That will be never—tune your instrument. 25
BIAN. Where left we last ?
LUC. Here, madam :
' Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis '.
- BIAN. Construe them. 30
LUC. ' Hic ibat ' as I told you before—' Simois ' I am Lucentio—
' hic est ' son unto Vincentio of Pisa—' Sigeia tellus ' disguised
thus to get your love—' Hic steterat ' and that Lucentio that
comes a-wooing—' Priami ' is my man Tranio—' regia ' bearing
my port—' celsa senis ' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.
- HOR. Madam, my instrument's in tune. 37
BIAN. Let's hear. O fie ! the treble jars.
LUC. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
BIAN. Now let me see if I can construe it : ' Hic ibat Simois ' I
know you not—' hic est Sigeia tellus ' I trust you not—' Hic
steterat Priami ' take heed he hear us not—' regia ' presume
not—' celsa senis ' despair not.
- HOR. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
LUC. All but the bass.
HOR. The bass is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars. 45
[*aside.*] How fiery and forward our pedant is !
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.
Pedasculc, I'll watch you better yet.
- BIAN. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
LUC. Mistrust it not—for sure, Æacides 50
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.
- BIAN. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt ;
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.
Good master, take it not unkindly, pray, 55
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
- HOR. [*to LUCENTIO.*] You may go walk and give me leave awhile ;
My lessons make no music in three parts.
- LUC. Are you so formal, sir ? Well, I must wait,
[*aside.*] And watch withal ; for, but I be decciv'd, 60
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
- HOR. Madam, before you touch the instrument
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort, 65
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade ;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.
- BIAN. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
HOR. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. 70
BIAN. [*reads.*]

"Gamut" I am, the ground of all accord—
 "A re" to plead Hortensio's passion—
 "B mi" Bianca, take him for thy lord—
 "C fa ut" that loves with all affection—
 "D sol re" one clef, two notes have I—
 "E la mi" show pity or I die'.

75

Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not!
 Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice
 To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
 And help to dress your sister's chamber up. 80

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIAN. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[exit BIANCA and SERVANT.]

LUC. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. *[exit.]*

HOR. But I have cause to pry into this pedant; 85

Methinks he looks as though he were in love.

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale -

Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *[exit.]*

SCENE II. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO as LUCENTIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO as CAMBIO, and ATTENDANTS.

BAP. *[to TRANIO.]* Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
 That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
 What will be said? What mockery will it be
 To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
 What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

5

KATH. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
 To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
 Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
 Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
 And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends invited, and proclaim the banns;
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katherine,
 And say 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her!'

15

20

TRA. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word.
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

25

KATH. Would Katherine had never seen him though !

[Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.]

BAP. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint ;
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

BION. Master, master ! News, and such old news as you never
heard of ! 31

BAP. Is it new and old too ? How may that be ?

BION. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

BAP. Is he come ?

BION. Why, no, sir. 35

BAP. What then ?

BION. He is coming.

BAP. When will he be here ?

BION. When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRA. But, say, what to thine old news ? 40

BIAN. Why, Petruchio is coming—in a new hat and an old jerkin ;
a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd ; a pair of boots that have
been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd ; an old rusty
sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and
chapeless ; with two broken points ; his horse hipp'd, with an
old motley saddle and stirrups of no kindred ; besides, possess'd
with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubled with
the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped
with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark
spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the
back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-
check'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being
restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst,
and now repaired with knots ; one girth six times piec'd, and a
woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name
fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with pack-
thread.

BAP. Who comes with him ? 60

BION. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse—
with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other,
gart'rd with a red and blue list ; an old hat, and the humour of
forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather ; a monster, a very monster
in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's
lackey. 67

TRA. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

BAP. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes. 70

BION. Why, sir, he comes not.

BAP. Didst thou not say he comes ?

BION. Who ? that Petruchio came ?

BAP. Ay, that Petruchio came.

BION. No, sir ; I say his horse comes with him on his back. 76

BAP. Why, that's all one.

BION. Nay, by Saint Jamy,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man 80

Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

PET. Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?

BAP. You are welcome, sir.

PET. And yet I come not well.

BAP. And yet you halt not.

TRA. Not so well apparell'd 85
As I wish you were.

PET. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown;
And wherefore gaze this goodly company 90
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

BAP. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. 95
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

TRA. And tell us what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself? 100

PET. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear

Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress.
Which at more leisure I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal. 105
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

TRA. See not your bride in these unreverent robes,

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

PET. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her. 110

BAP. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PET. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me
As I can change these poor accoutrements, 115
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.]

TRA. He hath some meaning in his mad attire. 120

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

BAP. I'll after him and see the event of this.

[exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, BIONDELLO, and ATTENDANTS.]

TRA. But to her love concerneth us to add

Her father's liking; which to bring to pass, 125
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man—whate'er he be
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn—

- And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
 And make assurance here in Padua 130
 Of greater sums than I have promised.
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
- LUC. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 135
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
 I'll keep mine own despite of all the world.
- TRA. That by degrees we mean to look into
 And watch our vantage in this business ; 140
 We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
 The narrow-prying father, Minola,
 The quaint musician, amorous Licio—
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.
- Re-enter GREMIO.*
- Signior Gremio, came you from the church ? 145
- GRE. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
- TRA. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?
- GRE. A bridegroom, say you ? 'Tis a groom indeed,
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
- TRA. Curster than she ? Why, 'tis impossible. 150
- GRE. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
- TRA. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
- GRE. Tut, he's a lamb, a dove, a fool, to him !
 I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio : when the priest
 Should ask if Katherine should be his wife, 155
 'Ay, by gogs-wouns' quoth he, and swore so loud
 That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book ;
 And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest. 160
 'Now take them up', quoth he 'if any list'.
- TRA. What said the wench, when he rose again ?
- GRE. Trembled and shook, for why he stamp'd and swore
 As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
 But after many ceremonies done 165
 He calls for wine : 'A health !' quoth he, as if
 He had been abroad, carousing to his mates
 After a storm ; quaff'd off the muscadel,
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,
 Having no other reason 170
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck,
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
 That at the parting all the church did echo. 175
 And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
 Such a mad marriage never was before.
 Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play.

[music plays.]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO,
and TRAIN.

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains. 180

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer
But so it is— my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAP. Is't possible you will away to-night? 185

PET. I must away to-day before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all
That have beheld me give away myself 190
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me.
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

TRA. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PET. It may not be.

GRE. Let me entreat you. 195

PET. It cannot be.

KATH. Let me entreat you.

PET. I am content.

KATH. Are you content to stay?

PET. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATH. Now, if you love me, stay.

PET. Grumio, my horse. 200

GRU. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

KATH. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself. 205
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom
That take it on you at the first so roundly. 210

PET. O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.

KATH. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

GRE. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

KATH. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner. 215

I see a woman may be made a fool

If she had not a spirit to resist.

PET. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead;

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves. 220

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own— 225

She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

- My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing,
 And here she stands ; touch her whoever dare ;
 I'll bring mine action on the proudest he 230
 That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
 Draw forth thy weapon ; we are beset with thieves ;
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
 Fear not, sweet wench ; they shall not touch thee, Kate ;
 I'll buckler thee against a million. 235
[exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, and GRUMIO.]
- BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
 GRE. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
 TRA. Of all mad matches, never was the like.
 LUC. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?
 BIAN. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated. 240
 GRE. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
 BAP. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
 For to supply the places at the table,
 You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
 Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ; 245
 And let Bianca take her sister's room.
 TRA. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?
 BAP. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. *[exeunt.]*

ACT FOUR.

SCENE I. *Petruchio's country house.**Enter GRUMIO.*

- GRU. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways ! Was ever man so beaten ? Was ever man so ray'd ? Was ever man so weary ? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me. But I with blowing the fire shall warm myself ; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho ! Curtis ! 10

Enter CURTIS.

- CURT. Who is that calls so coldly ?
 GRU. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.
 CURT. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ? 15
 GRU. O, ay, Curtis, ay ; and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.
 CURT. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported ?
 GRU. She was, good Curtis, before this frost ; but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast ; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis. 22
 CURT. Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

GRU. Am I but three inches ? Why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand—she being now at hand—thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office ?

CURT. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me how goes the world ? 30

GRU. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and therefore fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURT. There's fire ready ; and therefore, good Grumio, the news ?

GRU. Why, ' Jack boy ! ho, boy ! ' and as much news as thou wilt.

CURT. Come, you are so full of cony-catching ! 38

GRU. Why, therefore, fire ; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook ? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on ? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order ?

CURT. All ready ; and therefore, I pray thee, news. 45

GRU. First know my horse is tired ; my master and mistress fall'n out.

CURT. How ?

GRU. Out of their saddles into the dirt ; and thereby hangs a tale.

CURT. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRU. Lend thine ear.

CURT. Here.

GRU. There.

[striking him.]

CURT. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale. 55

GRU. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale ; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech list'ning. Now I begin : Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

CURT. Both of one horse ? 60

GRU. What's that to thee ?

CURT. Why, a horse.

GRU. Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse ; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave. 73

CURT. By this reck'ning he is more shrew than she.

GRU. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this ? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest ; let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd and their garters of an indifferent knit ; let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ? 82

CURT. They are.

GRU. Call them forth.

CURT. Do you hear, ho ? You must meet my master, to countenance
my mistress. 86

GRU. Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURT. Who knows not that ?

GRU. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

CURT. I call them forth to credit her.

GRU. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five SERVINGMEN.

NATH. Welcome home, Grumio !

PHIL. How now, Grumio !

JOS. What, Grumio !

95

NICH. Fellow Grumio !

NATH. How now, old lad !

GRU. Welcome, you !—how now, you !—what, you !—fellow, you !—
and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is
all ready, and all things neat ? 100

NATH. All things is ready. How near is our master ?

GRU. E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not—Cock's
passion, silence ! I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA.

PET. Where be these knaves ? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse !

105

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip ?

ALL SERV. Here, here, sir ; here, sir.

PET. Here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir ! here, sir !

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms !

What, no attendance ? no regard ? no duty ?

110

Where is the foolish knave I sent before ?

GRU. Here, sir ; as foolish as I was before.

PET. You peasant swain ! you whoreson malt-horse drudge !

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee ?

115

GRU. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel ;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing ;

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory ;

120

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PET. Go, rascals, go and fetch my supper in.

[exunt some of the SERVINGMEN.]

[Sings.] Where is the life that late I led ?

Where are those—

Sit down, Kate, and welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud !

Re-enter SERVANTS with supper.

Why, when, I say ? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues ! you villains, when ?

[Sings.] It was the friar of orders grey,

As he forth walked on his way—

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry ;

130

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

[strikes him.]

559

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here, what, ho !

Enter ONE with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus ? Sirrah, get you hence, 134

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither : *[exit SERVINGMAN.]*

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers ? Shall I have some water ?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

You whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ? *[strikes him.]*

KATH. Patience, I pray you ; 'twas a fault unwilling. 140

PET. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-sar'd knave !

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I ?

What's this ? Mutton ?

I SERV. Ay.

PET. Who brought it ?

PETER. I.

PET. 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat. 145

What dogs are these ? Where is the rascal cook ?

How durst you villains bring it from the dresser

And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all ;

[throws the meat, etc., at them.]

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves ! 150

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

[exeunt SERVANTS.]

KATH. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PET. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it ; 155

For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient ; to-morrow 't shall be mended. 160

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. *[exeunt.]*

Re-enter SERVANTS severally.

NATH. Peter, didst ever see the like ?

PETER. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

GRU. Where is he ? 165

CURT. In her chamber. Making a sermon of continency to her,

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak.

And sits as one new risen from a dream. 170

Away, away ! for he is coming hither. *[exeunt.]*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

PET. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty.

And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd, 175

For then she never looks upon her lure.
 Another way I have to man my haggard,
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
 That bate and beat, and will not be obedient. 180
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster, 185
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets ;
 Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
 That all is done in reverend care of her—
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night ;
 And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl 190
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show. [exit.

SCENE II. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter TRANIO *as* LUCENTIO, *and* HORTENSIO *as* LICIO.

TRA. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
 HOR. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching. [*they stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO *as* CAMBIO.

LUC. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?
 BIAN. What, master, read you ? First resolve me that.
 LUC. I read that I profess, ' The Art to Love ' .
 BIAN. And may you prove, sir, master of your art !
 LUC. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. 10
 [*they retire.*]

HOR. Quick proceeders, marry ! Now tell me, I pray,
 You that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca
 Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRA. O spiteful love ! unconstant womankind !
 I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful. 15

HOR. Mistake no more ; I am not Licio.
 Nor a musician as I seem to be ;
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman
 And makes a god of such a cullion. 20
 Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

TRA. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
 Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
 And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
 I will with you, if you be so contented, 25
 Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

HOR. See, how they kiss and court ! Signior Lucentio,

- Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
 Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
 As one unworthy all the former favours
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal. 30
- TRA. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
 Never to marry with her though she would entreat ;
 Fie on her ! See how beastly she doth court him !
- HOR. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn ! 35
 For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
 I will be married to a wealthy widow
 Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me
 As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
 And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40
 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love ; and so I take my leave,
 In resolution as I swore before. [exit. 45
- TRA. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
 As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case !
 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
 And have forsworn you with Hortensio. 45
- BIAN. Tranio, you jest ; but have you both forsworn me ?
- TRA. Mistress, we have.
- LUC. Then we are rid of Licio.
- TRA. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day. 50
- BIAN. God give him joy !
- TRA. Ay, and he'll tame her.
- BIAN. He says so, Tranio.
- TRA. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
- BIAN. The taming-school ! What, is there such a place ? 55
- TRA. Ay, mistress ; and Petruchio is the master,
 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
 To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.
- Enter BIONDELLO.*
- BION. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
 That I am dog-weary ; but at last I spied
 An ancient angel coming down the hill
 Will serve the turn. 60
- TRA. What is he, Biondello ?
- BION. Master, a mercatante or a pedant,
 I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
 In gait and countenance surely like a father. 65
- LUC. And what of him, Tranio ?
- TRA. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
 I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
 And give assurance to Baptista Minola
 As if he were the right Vincentio. 70
 Take in your love, and then let me alone.
- [*excunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*]
- Enter a PEDANT.*

PED. God save you, sir !

TRA. And you, sir ; you are welcome.

- Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?
 PED. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two ;
 But then up farther, and as far as Rome 75
 And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
- TRA. What countryman, I pray ?
 PED. Of Mantua.
- TRA. Of Mantua, sir ? Marry, God forbid,
 And come to Padua, careless of your life !
- PED. My life, sir ! How, I pray ? For that goes hard. 80
 TRA. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
 To come to Padua. Know you not the cause ?
 Your ships are stay'd at Venice ; and the Duke,
 For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
 Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly. 85
 'Tis marvel—but that you are but newly come,
 You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
- PED. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so !
 For I have bills for money by exchange
 From Florence, and must here deliver them. 90
- TRA. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
 This will I do, and this I will advise you—
 First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa ?
- PED. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
 Pisa renowned for grave citizens. 95
- TRA. Among them know you one Vincentio ?
- PED. I know him not, but I have heard of him,
 A merchant of incomparable wealth.
- TRA. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
 In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you. 100
- BION. [*aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
- TRA. To save your life in this extremity,
 This favour will I do you for his sake ;
 And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
 That you are like to Sir Vincentio. 105
 His name and credit shall you undertake,
 And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd ;
 Look that you take upon you as you should.
 You understand me, sir. So shall you stay
 'Till you have done your business in the city. 110
 If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.
- PED. O, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
 The patron of my life and liberty.
- TRA. Then go with me to make the matter good.
 This, by the way, I let you understand : 115
 My father is here look'd for every day
 To pass assurance of a dow'r in marriage
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
 Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. [*exunt.*]

SCENE III. *Petruchio's house.*

Enter KATHERINA and GRUMIO.

GRU. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not for my life.

KATH. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me ?

Beggars that come unto my father's door

Upon entreaty have a present alms ;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity ;

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed ;

And that which spites me more than all these wants—

He does it under name of perfect love ;

As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast ;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRU. What say you to a neat's foot ?

KATH. 'Tis passing good ; I prithee let me have it.

GRU. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?

KATH. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRU. I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

KATH. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRU. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATH. Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRU. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATH. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRU. Why then the mustard without the beef.

KATH. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, and HORTENSIO with meat.

PET. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amourt ?

HOR. Mistress, what cheer ?

KATH. Faith, as cold as can be.

PET. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word ? Nay, then thou lov'st it not,

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

KATH. I pray you, let it stand.

PET. The poorest service is repaid with thanks ;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATH. I thank you, sir.

HOR. Signior Petruchio, fie ! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PET. [*aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !

- Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden rings, 55
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,
With scarfs and fans and double change of brav'ry.
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
What, hast thou din'd ? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 60
- Enter TAILOR.*
- Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;
Lay forth the gown.
- Enter HABERDASHER.*
- What news with you, sir ?
- HAB. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
- PET. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;
A velvet dish. Fie, fie ! 'tis lewd and filthy ; 65
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it. Come, let me have a bigger.
- KATH. I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70
- PET. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
- HOR. [*aside.*] That will not be in haste.
- KATH. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak ;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind, 75
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break ;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 80
- PET. Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pic ;
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
- KATH. Love me or love me not, I like the cap ;
And it I will have, or I will have none. [*exit HABERDASHER.*]
- PET. Thy gown ? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God ! what masquing stuff is here ?
What's this ? A sleeve ? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.
What, up and down, carv'd like an appletart ?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, 90
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
Why, what a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?
- HOR. [*aside.*] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
- TAI. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time. 95
- PET. Marry, and did ; but if you be rememb'rd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it ; hence ! make your best of it. 100

- KATH. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable ;
 Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
- PET. Why, true ; he means to make a puppet of thee.
- TAI. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her. 105
- PET. O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou—
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread ! 110
 Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;
 Or I shall so bemeete thee with thy yard
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st !
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
- TAI. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made 115
 Just as my master had direction.
 Grumio gave order how it should be done.
- GRU. I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.
- TAI. But how did you desire it should be made ?
- GRU. Marry, sir, with needle and thread. 120
- TAI. But did you not request to have it cut ?
- GRU. Thou hast fac'd many things.
- TAI. I have.
- GRU. Face not me. Thou hast brav'd many men ; brave not me.
 I will neither be fac'd nor bray'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy
 master cut out the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces.
 Ergo, thou liest. 127
- TAI. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
- PET. Read it.
- GRU. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so. 130
- TAI. [*reads.*] ' Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown '—
- GRU. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts
 of it and beat me to death with a bottom of brown bread ; I
 said a gown.
- PET. Proceed. 135
- TAI. [*reads.*] ' With a small compass'd cape '—
- GRU. I confess the cape.
- TAI. [*reads.*] ' With a trunk sleeve '—
- GRU. I confess two sleeves.
- TAI. [*reads.*] ' The sleeves curiously cut '. 140
- PET. Ay, there's the villainy.
- GRU. Error i' th' bill, sir ; error i' th' bill ! I commanded the sleeves
 should be cut out, and sew'd up again ; and that I'll prove upon
 thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
- TAI. This is true that I say ; an I had thee in place where, thou
 shouldst know it.
- GRU. I am for thee straight ; take thou the bill, give me thy metc-
 yard, and spare not me.
- HOR. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! Then he shall have no odds. 150
- PET. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
- GRU. You are i' th' right, sir ; 'tis for my mistress.
- PET. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.
- GRU. Villain, not for thy life ! Take up my mistress' gown for thy
 master's use ! 155
- PET. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

- GRU. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.
 Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !
 O fie, fie, fie !
- PET. [*aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.— 160
 Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.
- HOR. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow ;
 Take no unkindness of his hasty words.
 Away, I say ; commend me to thy master. [*exit* TAILOR.
- PET. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's 165
 Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honour pecceth in the meanest habit. 170
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
 O no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse 175
 For this poor furniture and mean array.
 If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me ;
 And therefore frolic ; we will hence forthwith
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
 Go call my men, and let us straight to him ; 180
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end ;
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
 Let's see ; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinner-time.
- KATH. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two, 185
 And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.
- PET. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
 Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone ;
 I will not go to-day ; and ere I do, 190
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
- HOR. Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [*exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter TRANIO *as* LUCENTIO, *and the* PEDANT *dressed like* VINCENTIO.

- TRA. Sir, this is the house ; please it you that I call ?
- PED. Ay, what else ? And, but I be deceived,
 Signior Baptista may remember me
 Near twenty years ago in Genoa,
 Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus. 5
- TRA. 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any case,
 With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

- PED. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy ;
 'Twere good he were school'd.
- TRA. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, 10
 Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.
 Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

BION. Tut, fear not me.

TRA. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

BION. I told him that your father was at Venice, 15

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

TRA. Th'art a tall fellow ; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA, and LUCENTIO as CAMBIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[to the PEDANT.] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of ; 20

I pray you stand good father to me now ;

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

PED. Soft, son !

Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio 25

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself ;

And— for the good report I hear of you,

And for the love he beareth to your daughter, 30

And she to him— to stay him not too long,

I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him match'd ; and, if you please to like

No worse than I, upon some agreement

Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd ; 35

For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

BAP. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.

Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is your son Lucentio here 40

Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections ;

And therefore, if you say no more than this,

That like a father you will deal with him,

And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, 45

The match is made, and all is done—

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRA. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best

We be affied, and such assurance ta'en

As shall with either part's agreement stand ? 50

BAP. Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants ;

Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still,

And happily we might be interrupted.

TRA. Then at my lodging, an it like you. 55

There doth my father lie ; and there this night

We'll pass the business privately and well.

Send for your daughter by your servant here ;

My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

The worst is this, that at so slender warning 60

You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

BAP. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;

And, if you will, tell what hath happened—

Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua, 65
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife. [exit LUCENTIO.
 BION. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.
 TRA. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone. [exit BIONDELLO.
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
 Welcome ! One mess is like to be your cheer ; 70
 Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.
 BAP. I follow you. [exunt.

Re-enter LUCENTIO as CAMBIO, and BIONDELLO.

BION. Cambio.
 LUC. What say'st thou, Biondeilo ?
 BION. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you ? 75
 LUC. Biondello, what of that ?
 BION. Faith, nothing ; but has left me here behind to expound the
 meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
 LUC. I pray thee moralize them.
 BION. Then thus : Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father
 of a deceitful son. 81
 LUC. And what of him ?
 BION. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
 LUC. And then ?
 BION. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at
 all hours.
 LUC. And what of all this ?
 BION. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit
 assurance. Take your assurance of her, cum privilegio ad
 imprimendum solum ; to th' church take the priest, clerk, and
 some sufficient honest witnesses. 91
 If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
 But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
 LUC. Hear'st thou, Biondello ? 94
 BION. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon as
 she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit ; and so may
 you, sir ; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to
 go to Saint Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come against you
 come with your appendix. [exit. 100
 LUC. I may and will, if she be so contented.
 She will be pleas'd ; then wherefore should I doubt ?
 Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her ;
 It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [exit.

SCENE V. *A public road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO, and SERVANTS.

PET. Come on, a God's name ; once more toward our father's.
 Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !
 KATH. The moon ? The sun ! It is not moonlight now.
 PET. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
 KATH. I know it is the sun that shines so bright. 5
 PET. Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,
 It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
 Or ere I journey to your father's house.
 Go on and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd ; nothing but cross'd ! 10
 HOR. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATH. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
 And be it moon, or sun, or what you please ;
 And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
 Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me. 15

PET. I say it is the moon.

KATH. I know it is the moon.

PET. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

KATH. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun ;
 But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
 And the moon changes even as your mind. 20
 What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
 And so it shall be so for Katherine.

HOR. Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won.

PET. Well, forward, forward ! thus the bowl should run,
 And not unluckily against the bias. 25
 But, soft ! Company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*to VINCENTIO.*] Good-morrow, gentle mistress ; where away ?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks ! 30
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HOR. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him. 35

KATH. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
 Whither away, or where is thy abode ?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
 Happier the man whom favourable stars
 Allots thee for his lovely bed-fellow. 40

PET. Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou art not mad !
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
 And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.

KATH. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun
 That everything I look on seemeth green ;
 Now I perceive thou art a reverend father. 45
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PET. Do, good old grandsire, and withal make known
 Which way thou travellest—if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company. 50

VIN. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
 My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
 And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen. 55

PET. What is his name ?

VIN. Lucentio, gentle sir.

PET. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,

I may entitle thee my loving father : 60
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
 Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
 Nor be not grieved—she is of good esteem,
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
 Beside, so qualified as may beseem 65
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio ;
 And wander we to see thy honest son,
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
 VIN. But is this true ; or is it else your pleasure, 70
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
 Upon the company you overtake ?
 HOR. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
 PET. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. 75
[*exiunt all but* HORTENSIO.
 HOR. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
 Have to my widow ; and if she be froward,
 Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*exit.*

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Enter BIONDELLLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA ; *GREMIO is out before.*

BION. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

LUC. I fly, Biondello ; but they may chance to need thee at home,
 therefore leave us.

BION. Nay, faith, I'll see the church a your back, and then come
 back to my master's as soon as I can. 5

[*exiunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.

GRE. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, and ATTENDANTS.

PET. Sir, here's the door ; this is Lucentio's house ;
 My father's bears more toward the market-place ;
 Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VIN. You shall not choose but drink before you go ; 10
 I think I shall command your welcome here,

And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. [*knocks.*

GRE. They're busy within ; you were best knock louder.

PEDANT looks out of the window.

PED. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate ?

VIN. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir ?

PED. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VIN. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make
 merry withal ?

PED. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself ; he shall need none so
 long as I live. 21

PET. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you
 hear, sir ? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell

Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PLD. Thou liest : his father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window. 27

VIN. Art thou his father ?

PED. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PET. [to VINCENTIO.] Why, how now, gentleman ! Why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name. 31

PED. Lay hands on the villain ; I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

BION. I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping ! But who is here ? Mine old master, Vincentio ! Now we are undone and brought to nothing. 37

VIN. [seeing BIONDELLO.] Come hither, crack-hemp.

BION. I hope I may choose, sir.

VIN. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me ?

BION. Forgot you ! No, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VIN. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio ? 45

BION. What, my old worshipful old master ? Yes, marry, sir ; see where he looks out of the window.

VIN. Is't so, indeed ?

[*he beats BIONDELLO.*]

BION. Help, help, help ! Here's a madman will murder me. [*exit.*]

PLD. Help, son ! help, Signior Baptista ! [*exit from above.*]

PET. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. [*they stand aside.*]

Re-enter PEDANT below ; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and SERVANTS.

TRA. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant ?

VIN. What am I, sir ? Nay, what are you, sir ? O immortal gods ! O fine villain ! A silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain hat ! O, I am undone ! I am undone ! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRA. How now ! what's the matter ? 60

BAP. What, is the man lunatic ?

TRA. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold ? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VIN. Thy father ! O villain ! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

BAP. You mistake, sir ; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name ? 69

VIN. His name ! As if I knew not his name ! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

PED. Away, away, mad ass ! His name is Lucentio ; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio. 75

VIN. Lucentio ! O, he hath murd' red his master ! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son ! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio ? 80

TRA. Call forth an officer.

Enter ONE with an OFFICER.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VIN. Carry me to the gaol !

GRE. Stay, Officer ; he shall not go to prison.

BAP. Talk not, Signior Gremio ; I say he shall go to prison. 86

GRE. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business ; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PED. Swear if thou dar'st.

90

GRE. Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRA. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GRE. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAP. Away with the dotard ; to the gaol with him !

VIN. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd. O monstrous villain !

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

BION. O, we are spoil'd ; and yonder he is ! Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[exeunt BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and PEDANT, as fast as may be.]

LUC. *[kneeling.]* Pardon, sweet father.

VIN. Lives my sweet son ?

BIAN. Pardon, dear father.

BAP. How hast thou offended ?

100

Where is Lucentio ?

LUC. Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

GRE. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all ! 105

VIN. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so ?

BAP. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio ?

BIAN. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

LUC. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

110

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town ;

And happily I have arrived at the last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to ;

115

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VIN. I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the gaol.

BAP. *[to LUCENTIO.]* But do you hear, sir ?

Have you married my daughter without asking my good will ?

VIN. Fear not, Baptista ; we will content you, go to ; but I will in to be revenged for this villainy. *[exit.]*

BAP. And I to sound the depth of this knavery. *[exit.]*

LUC. Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will not frown.

[exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

GRE. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest ;

125

Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. *[exit.]*

KATH. Husband, let's follow to see the end of this ado.

PET. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATH. What, in the midst of the street ?

PET. What, art thou asham'd of me ? 130
 KATH. No, sir ; God forbid ; but asham'd to kiss.
 PET. Why, then, let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.
 KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss ; now pray thee, love, stay.
 PET. Is not this well ? Come, my sweet Kate :
 Better once than never, for never too late. [exunt.]

SCENE II. *Lucentio's house.*

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO, and WIDOW. The SERVING-MEN with TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO, bringing in a banquet.

LUC. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree ;
 And time it is when raging war is done
 To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
 While I with self-same kindness welcome thine. 5
 Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up
 After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down ; 10
 For now we sit to chat as well as eat. [they sit.]
 PET. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !
 BAP. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
 PET. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
 HOR. For both our sakes I would that word were true. 15
 PET. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
 WID. Then never trust me if I be afraid.
 PET. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense :
 I mean Hortensio is afraid of you.
 WID. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20
 PET. Roundly replied.
 KATH. Mistress, how mean you that ?
 WID. Thus I conceive by him.
 PET. Conceives by me ! How likes Hortensio that ?
 HOR. My widow says thus she conceives her tale.
 PET. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow. 25
 KATH. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.'
 I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
 WID. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe ;
 And now you know my meaning. 30
 KATH. A very mean meaning.
 WID. Right, I mean you.
 KATH. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
 PET. To her, Kate !
 HOR. To her, widow !
 PET. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down. 35
 HOR. That's my office.
 PET. Spoke like an officer—ha' to thee, lad. [drinks to HORTENSIO.]
 BAP. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?
 GRE. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

- BIAN. Head and butt ! An hasty-witted body 40
 Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
 VIN. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you ?
 BIAN. Ay, but not frighted me ; therefore I'll sleep again.
 PET. Nay, that you shall not ; since you have begun,
 Have at you for a bitter jest or two. 45
 BIAN. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my bush,
 And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
 You are welcome all. [*exeunt BIANCA, KATHERINA, and WIDOW*]
 PET. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
 This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ; 50
 Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
 TRA. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
 Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
 PET. A good swift simile, but something currish.
 TRA. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself ; 55
 'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
 BAP. O, O, Petruchio ! Tranio hits you now.
 LUC. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
 HOR. Confess, confess ; hath he not hit you here ?
 PET. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess ; 60
 And, as the jest did glance away from me,
 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
 BAP. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
 I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
 PET. Well, I say no ; and therefore, for assurance, 65
 Let's each one send unto his wife,
 And he whose wife is most obedient,
 To come at first when he doth send for her,
 Shall win the wager which we will propose.
 HOR. Content. What's the wager ?
 LUC. Twenty crowns. 70
 PET. Twenty crowns ?
 I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
 But twenty times so much upon my wife.
 LUC. A hundred then.
 HOR. Content.
 PET. A match ! 'tis done.
 HOR. Who shall begin ?
 LUC. That will I. 75
 Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
 BION. I go. [*exit.*]
 BAP. Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes.
 LUC. I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

- How now ! what news ?
 BION. Sir, my mistress sends you word 80
 That she is busy and she cannot come.
 PET. How ! She's busy, and she cannot come !
 Is that an answer ?
 GRE. Ay, and a kind one too.
 Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
 PET. I hope better. 85

HOR. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.

[*exit* BIONDELLO.

PET. O, ho ! entreat her !

Nay, then she must needs come.

HOR. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife ?

90

BION. She says you have some goodly jest in hand :

She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

PET. Worse and worse ; she will not come ! O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd !

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress ;

95

Say I command her come to me.

[*exit* GRUMIO.

HOR. I know her answer.

PET. What ?

HOR. She will not.

PET. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Re-enter KATHERINA.

BAP. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina !

KATH. What is your will, sir, that you send for me ?

100

PET. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

KATH. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

PET. Go, fetch them hither ; if they deny to come,

Swing me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*exit* KATHERINA.

LUC. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HOR. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

PET. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy ;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

110

BAP. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio !

The wager thou hast won ; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

115

PET. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHERINA with BIANCA and WIDOW.

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

120

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not :

Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot. [*KATHERINA complies.*

WID. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh

Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

BIAN. Fie ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

125

LUC. I would your duty were as foolish too ;

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time !

- BIAN. The more fool you for laying on my duty.
- PET. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women 130
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
- WID. Come, come, you're mocking ; we will have no telling.
- PET. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.
- WID. She shall not.
- PET. I say she shall. And first begin with her. 135
- KATH. Fic, fic ! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds, 140
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled—
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. 145
- Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, 150
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince, 155
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ? 160
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth, 165
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown ;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are. 175
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot ;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.
- PET. Why, there's a wench ! Come on, and kiss me, Kate. 180
- LUC. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

VIN. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

LUC. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

PET. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped. 185

[to LUCENTIO.] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white ;

And being a winner, God give you good night !

[*exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA.]

HOR. Now go thy ways ; thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.

LUC. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*exeunt.*]

TWELFTH NIGHT

THE central situation—Olivia's falling in love with the disguised Viola; Viola's acting as the messenger for the man she loves; Viola's brother arriving to content Olivia and allow Viola herself to have Orsino—Shakespeare had already outlined in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In that early comedy he had combined elements from Montemayor's *Diana* with the original situation as designed by the author or authors of *Gl'Ingarnati*, overlaying something of the asperity of the Italian original with the courtliness of the Spanish version. In *Twelfth Night* Shakespeare remoulds the situation entirely to his own mind; we do not feel here that he is tempering one version with the other; he knows now what the situation that he has had in mind so long can yield him and he redesigns it solely with reference to his own intention.

Not only had Shakespeare had the central situation in mind for a number of years; he had, if the traces that scholars have so carefully collected can be trusted, studied the situation in several versions; for from the original *Gl'Ingarnati* depends a whole chain of imitations and adaptations with Shakespeare's own play as the wonderful conclusion of the series.

The transformation Shakespeare was to work on the original material can best be appreciated by a lightning survey of the development of European comedy. Modern comedy was born in Ferrara, its father being the poet Ariosto. He set the example of adapting classical Latin comedy that the Italian authors of the *commedia erudita* or 'learned comedy' followed. The classical convention that forbade the author to present on his stage a respectable unmarried young woman was at first evaded by disguising the heroine as a boy and so providing for more romantic situations than could otherwise have been achieved. The cynical and harsher tone of the older comedy was softened by this innovation and the way prepared for the later romantic treatment of the love intrigue. *Gl'Ingarnati* is an admirable example of the Italian *commedia erudita*; it is still what may be called *bourgeois* comedy, reflecting the attitudes that are supposed to be denoted by that term. The heroine Laelia is not like Viola reluctantly true to her master's service. Laelia has no scruples in telling Isabella (Shakespeare's Olivia) that if she dismisses Flaminio (Orsino in Shakespeare) perhaps her new passion for Laelia may prosper; nor does she maintain towards Flaminio the reticence of a Viola. Flaminio himself is coarse as well as unfaithful. *Twelfth Night* marks the end of the transformation from the classical to the romantic comedy.

Shakespeare's poetry of course adds the last enchantment to the transformation. Instead of the witty prose of the Italian comedy Shakespeare finds a music for his scenes that overflows in some of his loveliest verse. Nor is there any loss of virility in Shakespeare's treatment of the theme, for there is no lack in his Illyria of keen wits and sharp tongues to mock or correct the aberrations of self-love. The additions of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, Feste,

and Malvolio to the scene are a further contribution by Shakespeare to the gaiety and variety of the piece.

Just as the first recorded performance of *Comedy of Errors* was at a celebration given by one of the Inns of Court, so *Twelfth Night* is first heard of as an entertainment at the Middle Temple on 2nd February 1602. John Manningham of that society made this record in his diary :

At our feast wee had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will, much like the Commedy of Errores, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere, to that in Italian called *Inganni*.

Manningham refers to the identical twins in the *Menaechmi* of Plautus that Shakespeare took over in his *Comedy of Errors* ; but, as these were male twins, *Twelfth Night* was obviously more like a play in which the twins were brother and sister. There were several plays with the title *Gl'Inganni*, of which Shakespeare could have known two. They give various versions of the Viola-Sebastian tangle, and in that by Curzio Gonzaga, published in 1592, the disguised heroine assumes the name Cesare, which seems to have suggested the Cesario of Shakespeare. There are resemblances of this sort, the apparent echo of a name or phrase, that seem to connect Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* not only with *Gl'Ingannati* and with one of the *Gl'Inganni* but with prose versions of the original Italian plot by Bandello, Belleforest, and Barnabe Rich whose *Apolonius and Silla*, one of the discourses in *Rich's Farewell to the Military Profession* (1581) gives a variation in English of the theme. Rich, like Cinthio before him, uses a shipwreck to provide a complication and so does Shakespeare.

These links with what we may call the *Ingannati* family would, if sound, entitle us to say that Shakespeare had by his reading prepared himself pretty thoroughly for his own treatment of the situation. After all Shakespeare was a professional playwright ; it would be natural for him to acquaint himself with the matters of his profession. Molière, another professional, was a great reader and had a quick eye for what he could turn to account ; to those who accused him of plagiarism he replied with the old phrase *Je prends mon bien où je le trouve*. We need not believe that Shakespeare had a duller eye or a less retentive memory, or that he was slower to develop the possibilities he detected in older material. Till then there is evidence to support another view of Shakespeare's methods of work, *Twelfth Night* may serve as the perfect illustration of Shakespeare's power of assimilating and recombining the elements of a situation, which he had seen tried in various combinations, so that he could at last present us with its most human and interesting arrangement.

TWELFTH NIGHT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *brother of Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend of Sebastian.*
A SEA CAPTAIN, *friend of Viola.*
VALENTINE, } *gentlemen attending*
CURIO, } *on the Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle of Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, } *servants to*
FESTE, a clown, } *Olivia.*
OLIVIA, *a rich countess.*
VIOLA, *sister of Sebastian.*
MARIA, *Olivia's waiting woman.*
LORDS, PRIEST, SAILORS, OFFICERS,
MUSICIANS, and ATTENDANTS.

THE SCENE : *A city in Illyria ; and the sea-coast near it.*

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, CURIO, and other LORDS; MUSICIANS attending.

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again ! It had a dying fall ;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour ! Enough, no more ;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

CUR. Will you go hunt, my lord?
DUKE. What, Curio?

CUR. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence !
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

- How now ! what news from her ?
- VAL. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer : 25
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine ; all this to season 30
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.
- DUKE. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft 35
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self king !
Away before me to sweet beds of flow'rs : 40
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bow'rs. [*exunt.*

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.**Enter VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and SAILORS.*

- VIO. What country, friends, is this ?
- CAP. This is Illyria, lady.
- VIO. And what should I do in Illyria ?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd—what think you, sailors ? 5
- CAP. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
- VIO. O my poor brother ! and so perchance may he be.
- CAP. True, madam, and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number saved with you, 10
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice—
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea ;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back, 15
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
- VIO. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?
- CAP. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
- VIO. Who governs here ?
- CAP. A noble duke, in nature as in name. 25
- VIO. What is his name ?
- CAP. Orsino.
- VIO. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor then.
- CAP. And so is now, or was so very late ; 30
For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmur—as, you know,
 What great ones do the less will prattle of—
 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIO. What's she? 35

CAP. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
 That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
 In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjur'd the company 40
 And sight of men.

VIO. O that I serv'd that lady,
 And might not be delivered to the world,
 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
 What my estate is!

CAP. That were hard to compass,
 Because she will admit no kind of suit— 45
 No, not the Duke's.

VIO. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
 And though that nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
 I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50
 With this thy fair and outward character.
 I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
 Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
 For such disguise as haply shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke: 55
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
 It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap to time I will commit; 60
 Only shape thou silence to my wit.

CAP. Be you his eunuch and your mute I'll be;
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIO. I thank thee. Lead me on. [exeunt.

SCENE III. *Olivia's house.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

SIR TO. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her
 brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MAR. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights;
 your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TO. Why, let her except before excepted.

MAR. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of
 order. 8

SIR TO. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These
 clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too;
 an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.
 MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady
 talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in
 one night here to be her wooer. 15

SIR TO. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR TO. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to th' purpose?

SIR TO. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

20

MAR. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TO. Fie that you'll say so! He plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

25

MAR. He hath indeed, almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

30

SIR TO. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MAR. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TO. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystroll that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

40

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR AND. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TO. Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR AND. Bless you, fair shrew.

MAR. And you too, sir.

SIR TO. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

45

SIR AND. What's that?

SIR TO. My niece's chambermaid.

SIR AND. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MAR. My name is Mary, sir.

SIR AND. Good Mistress Mary Accost—

SIR TO. You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR AND. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

55

MAR. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TO. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again!

SIR AND. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MAR. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

61

SIR AND. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

MAR. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to th' butt'ry-bar and let it drink.

66

SIR AND. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MAR. It's dry, sir.

SIR AND. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

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MAR. A dry jest, sir.

SIR AND. Are you full of them?

MAR. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends; marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[exit MARIA.]

SIR TO. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary! When did I see thee so put down? 77

SIR AND. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TO. No question.

SIR AND. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TO. Pourquoi, my dear knight? 85

SIR AND. What is 'pourquoi'—do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TO. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR AND. Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TO. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR AND. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

SIR TO. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs and spin it off. 98

SIR AND. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me; the Count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TO. She'll none o' th' Count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man. 104

SIR AND. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world; I delight in masques and revells sometimes altogether.

SIR TO. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR AND. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TO. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR AND. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TO. And I can cut the mutton to't.

SIR AND. And I think I have the backtrick simply as strong as any man in Illyria. 116

SIR TO. Wherefore are these things hid?

Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard. 125

SIR AND. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revells?

SIR TO. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

SIR AND. Taurus? That's sides and heart. 130

SIR TO. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha, higher! Ha, ha, excellent! [*exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.**Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.*

VAL. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd ; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIO. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours ? 6

VAL. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and ATTENDANTS.

VIO. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho ?

VIO. On your attendance, my lord, here. 10

DUKE. Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all ; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her ;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors, 15
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIO. Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds, 20

Rather than make unprofited return.

VIO. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then ?

DUKE. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith !
It shall become thee well to act my woes : 25
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

VIO. I think not so, my lord.

DUKE. Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man : Diana's lip 30
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him— 35
All, if you will, for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord
To call his fortunes thine.

VIO. I'll do my best
To woo your lady. [*aside.*] Yet, a barful strife ! 40
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

SCENE V. *Olivia's house.**Enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

MAR. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open
586

my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse ; my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

CLO. Let her hang me. He that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours. 5

MAR. Make that good.

CLO. He shall see none to fear.

MAR. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of ' I fear no colours '.

CLO. Where, good Mistress Mary ? 10

MAR. In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

CLO. Well, God give them wisdom that have it ; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MAR. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent ; or to be turn'd away—is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

CLO. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MAR. You are resolute, then ? 20

CLO. Not so, neither ; but I am resolv'd on two points.

MAR. That if one break, the other will hold ; or if both break, your gaskins fall.

CLO. Apt, in good faith, very apt ! Well, go thy way ; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a picce of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. 26

MAR. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best. [exit.

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

CLO. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools ; and I that am sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus ? ' Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.' God bless thee, lady !

OLI. Take the fool away. 35

CLO. Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the lady.

OLI. Go to, y'are a dry fool ; I'll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

CLO. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend ; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself : if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patch'd ; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, what remedy ? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLI. Sir, I bade them take away you. 49

CLO. Misprision in the highest degree ! Lady, ' Cucullus non facit monachum ' ; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLI. Can you do it ?

CLO. Dexteriously, good madonna. 55

OLI. Make your proof.

CLO. I must catechize you for it, madonna.

Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLI. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof. 60

CLO. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

OLI. Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLO. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLI. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLO. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLI. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?

MAL. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool. 72

CLO. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

OLI. How say you to that, Malvolio?

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies. 84

OLI. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove. 90

CLO. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

MAR. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLI. From the Count Orsino, is it? 95

MAR. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLI. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MAR. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman. 99

OLI. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman.

Fie on him! [*exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home—what you will to dismiss it. [*exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLO. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! For—here he comes—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater. 108

Enter SIR TOBY.

OLI. By mine honour, half drunk! What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TO. A gentleman.

OLI. A gentleman! What gentleman?

SIR TO. 'Tis a gentleman here. [*hiccups.*] A plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

CLO. Good Sir Toby!

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OLI. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?
SIR TO. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLI. Ay, marry; what is he?

SIR TO. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not; give me faith,
say I. Well, it's all one. [exit.

OLI. What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLO. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught
above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a
third drowns him. 125

OLI. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for
he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd; go look after him.

CLO. He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the
madman. [exit.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you.
I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so
much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you
were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and
therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him,
lady? He's fortified against any denial. 137

OLI. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MAL. Has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a
sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak
with you.

OLI. What kind o' man is he?

MAL. Why, of mankind.

OLI. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLI. Of what personage and years is he? 147

MAL. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy;
as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost
an apple; 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man.
He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one
would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLI. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman. 154

MAL. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [exit.

Re-enter MARIA.

OLI. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

VIO. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIO. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you
tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I
would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is
excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good
beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to
the least sinister usage.

OLI. Whence came you, sir? 166

VIO. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's

out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLI. Are you a comedian?

VIO. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLI. If I do not usurp myself, I am. 175

VIO. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLI. Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise. 181

VIO. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLI. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MAR. Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way. 190

VIO. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLI. Tell me your mind.

VIO. I am a messenger.

OLI. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office. 195

VIO. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLI. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

VIO. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as maidenhead—to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

OLI. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. *[exeunt MARIA and ATTENDANTS.]* Now, sir, what is your text? 206

VIO. Most sweet lady—

OLI. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIO. In Orsino's bosom.

OLI. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

VIO. To answer by the method: in the first of his heart.

OLI. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIO. Good madam, let me see your face. 215

OLI. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. *[unveiling.]* Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not well done? 220

VIO. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLI. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIO. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy. 225

OLI. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every

particle and utensil labell'd to my will : as—item, two lips indifferent red ; item, two grey eyes with lids to them ; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me ?

VIO. I see you what you are : you are too proud ;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 235

My lord and master loves you—O, such love
Could be but recompens'd though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty !

OLI. How does he love me ?

VIO. With adorations, fertile*tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. 240

OLI. Your lord does know my mind ; I cannot love him.
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature 245
A gracious person ; but yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense ; 250
I would not understand it.

OLI. Why, what would you ?

VIO. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ; 255
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out ' Olivia ! ' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth
But you should pity me !

OLI. You might do much.
What is your parentage ? 260

VIO. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

OLI. Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him ; let him send no more—
Unless perchance you come to me again 265
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains ; spend this for me.

VIO. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse ;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love ; 270
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [exit.

OLI. ' What is your parentage ? '
' Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art ; 275
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast ! Soft, soft !
Unless the master were the man. How now !
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections 280
 With an invisible and subtle stealth
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
 What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.

OLI. Run after that same peevish messenger,
 The County's man. He left this ring behind him, 285
 Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him.
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
 I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio. 290

MAL. Madam, I will. *[exit.]*

OLI. I do I know not what, and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
 What is decreed must be; and be this so! *[exit.]*

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

ANT. Will you stay no longer; nor will you not that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me; the
 malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore
 I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone.
 It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound. 8

SEB. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.
 But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you
 will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore
 it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You
 must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which
 I call'd Roderigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline
 whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself
 and a sister, both born in an hour; if the heavens had been
 pleas'd, would we had so ended! But you, sir, alter'd that; for
 some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was
 my sister drown'd. 20

ANT. Alas the day!

SEB. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was
 yet of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not with
 such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will
 boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but
 call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I
 seem to drown her remembrance again with more. 28

ANT. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEB. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANT. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEB. If you will not undo what you have done—that is, kill him whom
 you have recover'd—desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my
 bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of

my mother that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell. {exit.

ANT. 'The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 40

Else would I very shortly see thee there.

But come what may, I do adore thee so

That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. {exit.

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO at several doors.

MAL. Were you not ev'n now with the Countess Olivia?

VIO. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither. 3

MAL. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more: that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so. 10

VIO. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so return'd. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. {exit.

VIO. I left no ring with her; what means this lady? 15

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much

That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion 20

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.

I am the man. If it be so—as 'tis—

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness 25

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be. 30

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man, 35

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman—now alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! {exit.

SCENE III. *Olivia's house.**Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.*

SIR TO. Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes ; and ' diluculo surgere ' thou know'st—

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not ; but I know to be up late is to be up late. 5

SIR TO. A false conclusion ! I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early ; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements ? 9

SIR AND. Faith, so they say ; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TO. Th'art a scholar ; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say ! a stoup of wine.

Enter CLOWN.

SIR AND. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLO. How now, my hearts ! Did you never see the picture of ' we three ' ? 16

SIR TO. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR AND. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus ; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman ; hadst it ? 24

CLO. I did inapetico thy gratillity ; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR AND. Excellent ! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TO. Come on, there is sixpence for you. Let's have a song. 31

SIR AND. There's a testril of me too ; if one knight give a—

CLO. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

SIR TO. A love-song, a love-song.

SIR AND. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

CLOWN sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?

O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low. 40

Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR AND. Excellent good, i' faith !

SIR TO. Good, good ! 45

CLOWN sings.

What is love ? 'Tis not hercafter ;

Present mirth hath present laughter ;

What's to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty,

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty ; 50
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR AND. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TO. A contagious breath.

SIR AND. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith. 54

SIR TO. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

SIR AND. An you love me, let's do't. I am dog at a catch.

CLO. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR AND. Most certain. Let our catch be 'Thou knave'.

C.O. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave' knight? I shall be constrain'd
in't to call thee knave, knight. 65

SIR AND. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace'.

CLO. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR AND. Good, i' faith! Come, begin. [catch sung.]

Enter MARIA.

MAR. What a caterwauling do you keep here ! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me. 72

SIR TO. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and [*sings.*]

Three merry men be we.

Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally, lady. [*sings.*]

There dwelt a man in Babylon,
Lady, lady.

CLO. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR AND. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too ;
he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. 82

SIR TO. [*sings.*] O' the twelfth day of December—

MAR. For the love o' God, peace !

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

SIR TO. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up! 90

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house ; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TO. [*sings.*] Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

MAR. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLO. [*sings.*] His eyes do show his days are almost done.

MAL. Is't even so?

SIR TO. [*sings.*] But I will never die. [*falls down.*]

CLO. [*sings.*] Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR TO. [*sings.*] Shall I bid him go?

CLO. [*sings.*] What an if you do?

105

SIR TO. [*sings.*] Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

CLO. [*sings.*] O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.

SIR TO. [*rising.*] Out o' tune, sir! Ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

110

CLO. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.

SIR TO. Th'art i' th' right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.

A stoup of wine, Maria!

MAL. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*exit.*]

MAR. Go shake your ears.

SIR AND. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's ahungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

121

SIR TO. Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MAR. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

129

SIR TO. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MAR. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

SIR AND. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

SIR TO. What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

134

SIR AND. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

MAR. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TO. What wilt thou do?

144

MAR. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

151

SIR TO. Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR AND. I have't in my nose too.

SIR TO. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

MAR. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR AND. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MAR. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR AND. O, 'twill be admirable ! 160
 MAR. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter ; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [exit.
 SIR TO. Good night, Penthesilca.
 SIR AND. Before me, she's a good wench.
 SIR TO. She's a beagle true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that ?
 SIR AND. I was ador'd once too. 170
 SIR TO. Let's to bed, kinght. • Thou hadst need send for more money.
 SIR AND. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.
 SIR TO. Send for money, knight ; if thou hast her not i' th' end, call me Cut. 176
 SIR AND. If I do not, never trust me ; take it how you will.
 SIR TO. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack ; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight ; come, knight. [exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.**Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and OTHERS.*

DUKE. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
 Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
 That old and antique song we heard last night ;
 Methought it did relieve my passion much,
 More than light airs and recollected terms 5
 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
 Come, but one verse.
 CUR. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.
 DUKE. Who was it ? 10
 CUR. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.
 DUKE. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [exit CURIO. *Music plays.*
 Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
 In the sweet pangs of it remember me ; 15
 For such as I am all true lovers are,
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
 Save in the constant image of the creature
 That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune ?
 VIO. It gives a very echo to the seat 20
 Where Love is thron'd.
 DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly.
 My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
 Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves ;
 Hath it not, boy ?
 VIO. A little, by your favour.
 DUKE. What kind of woman is't ?
 VIO. Of your complexion. 25
 DUKE. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith ?
 VIO. About your years, my lord.
 DUKE. Too old, by heaven ! Let still the woman take
 An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
 So ways she level in her husband's heart. 30

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

VIO. I think it well, my lord.

DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, 35

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;
For women are as roses, whose fair flow'r
Being once display'd doth fall that very hour.

VIO. And so they are ; alas, that they are so !
To die, even when they to perfection grow ! 40

Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.

DUKE. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain ;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it ; it is silly sooth, 45
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

CLO. Are you ready, sir ?

DUKE. Ay ; prithee, sing. [music.]

FESTE'S song.

Come away, come away, death ; 50
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;

Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it ! 55

My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet 60

My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown ;
A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O where,
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there ! 65

DUKE. There's for thy pains.

CLO. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

CLO. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLO. Now the melancholy god protect thee ; and the tailor make
thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal.
I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business
might be everything, and their intent everywhere : for that's it
that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. 77

[exit CLOWN.]

DUKE. Let all the rest give place. [exeunt CURIO and ATTENDANTS.]

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.

- Tell her my love, more noble than the world, 80
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
 The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
 Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune ;
 But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
 That Nature pranks her in attracts my soul. 85
- VIO. But if she cannot love you, sir ?
 DUKE. I cannot be so answer'd.
- VIO. Sooth, but you must.
 Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
 As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her ; 90
 You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd ?
- DUKE. There is no woman's sides
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart
 So big to hold so much ; they lack retention. 95
 Alas, their love may be call'd appetite—
 No motion of the liver, but the palate—
 That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much. Make no compare 100
 Between that love a woman can bear me
 And that I owe Olivia.
- VIO. Ay, but I know—
 DUKE. What dost thou know ?
- VIO. Too well what love women to men may owe.
 In faith, they are as true of heart as we. 105
 My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
 As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship.
- DUKE. And what's her history ?
- VIO. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud, 110
 Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought ;
 And with a green and yellow melancholy
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
 We men may say more, swear more, but indeed 115
 Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.
- DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?
- VIO. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
 And all the brothers too—and yet I know not. 120
 Sir, shall I to this lady ?
- DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.
 To her in haste. Give her this jewel ; say
 My love can give no place, bide no deny. [exeunt.

SCENE V. *Olivia's garden.**Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

SIR TO. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

SIR TO. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame? 5

FAB. I would exult, man; you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TO. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR AND. And we do not, it is pity of our lives. 10

Enter MARIA.

SIR TO. Here comes the little villain.

How now, my metal of India! *

MAR. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*as the men hide she drops a letter.*] Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*exit.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't? 26

SIR TO. Here's an overweecning rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

SIR AND. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue— 30

SIR TO. Peace, I say.

MAL. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TO. Ah, rogue!

SIR AND. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TO. Peace, peace! 35

MAL. There is example for't: the Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR AND. Fie on him, Jezebel!

FAB. O, peace! Now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him. 40

MAL. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

SIR TO. O, for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown, having come from a day-bed—where I have left Olivia sleeping—

SIR TO. Fire and brimstone!

FAB. O, peace, peace!

MAL. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby— 51

SIR TO. Bolts and shackles!

FAB. O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

MAL. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me— 57

SIR TO. Shall this fellow live ?

FAB. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

MAL. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control—

SIR TO. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then ?

MAL. Saying 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech'— 66

SIR TO. What, what ?

MAL. 'You must amend your drunkenness'—

SIR TO. Out, scab !

FAB. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MAL. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight'—

SIR AND. That's me, I warrant you.

MAL. 'Onc Sir Andrew.'

SIR AND. I knew 'twas I ; for many do call me fool. 75

MAL. What employment have we here ? [*taking up the letter.*]

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TO. O, peace ! And the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him !

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand : these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's ; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand. 82

SIR AND. Her C's, her U's, and her T's. Why that ?

MAL. [*reads.*] 'To the unknown belov'd this, and my good wishes.'

Her very phrases ! By your leave, wax. Soft ! And the impression her Lucrece with which she uses to seal ; 'tis my lady. To whom should this be ?

FAB. This wins him, liver and all.

MAL. [*reads.*] 'Jove knows I love,

But who ?

90

Lips, do not move ;

No man must know.'

'No man must know.' What follows ? The numbers alter'd !

'No man must know.' If this should be thee, Malvolio ?

SIR TO. Marry, hang thee, bruck ! 95

MAL. [*reads.*]

'I may command where I adore ;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore ;

M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.'

FAB. A fustian riddle ! 100

SIR TO. Excellent wench, say I.

MAL. 'M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.'

Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

FAB. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him !

SIR TO. And with what wing the staniel checks at it ! 105

MAL. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me : I serve her ; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity ; there is no obstruction in this. And the end—what should that alphabetical position portend ? If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly ! M. O. A. I.—

SIR TO. O, ay, make up that ! He is now at a cold scent.

FAB. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MAL. M—Malvolio ; M—why, that begins my name. 115

FAB. Did not I say he would work it out ?

The cur is excellent at faults.

MAL. M—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : A should follow, but O does.

FAB. And O shall end, I hope. 120

SIR TO. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O !'

MAL. And then I comes behind.

FAB. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MAL. M. O. A. I. This simulation is not as the former ; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ! here follows prose. 127

[Reads.] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them ; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, 140

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champain discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised ! Here is yet a postscript. 154

[Reads.] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling ; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile ; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [exit. 161

FAB. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 161

SIR TO. I could marry this wench for this device.

SIR AND. So could I too.

SIR TO. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

SIR. AND. Nor I neither.

FAB. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

SIR TO. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?

SIR AND. Or o' mine either ?

SIR TO. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave ? 171

SIR AND. I' faith, or I either ?

SIR TO. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MAR. Nay, but say true ; does it work upon him ?

SIR TO. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife. 176

MAR. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me. 183

SIR TO. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !

SIR AND. I'll make one too. [exunt.]

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. *Olivia's garden.*

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.

VIO. Save thee, friend, and thy music !

Dost thou live by thy tabor ?

CLO. No, sir, I live by the church.

VIO. Art thou a churchman ? 4

CLO. No such matter, sir : I do live by the church ; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIO. So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him ; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

CLO. You have said, sir. To see this age ! A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward ! 12

VIO. No, that's certain ; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

CLO. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

VIO. Why, man ?

CLO. Why, sir, her name's a word ; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgrac'd them.

VIO. Thy reason, man ? 20

CLO. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIO. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for nothing.

CLO. Not so, sir ; I do care for something ; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIO. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool ? 29

CLO. No, indeed, sir ; the Lady Olivia has no folly ; she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands

as pilchers are to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIO. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's. 35

CLO. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun—it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIO. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. [*giving a coin.*]

CLO. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIO. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin.—Is thy lady within? 46

CLO. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIO. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

CLO. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus. 50

VIO. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd. [*giving another coin.*]

CLO. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin—I might say 'element' but the word is overworn. [*exit.*]

VIO. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time; 60

And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art;

For folly that he wisely shows is fit;

But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit. 65

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

SIR TO. Save you, gentleman!

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR AND. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIO. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

SIR AND. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. 70

SIR TO. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIO. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

SIR TO. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion. 75

VIO. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TO. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIO. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

SIR AND. That youth's a rare courtier—'Rain odours' well!

VIO. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear. 86

SIR AND. 'Odours', 'pregnant', and 'vouchsafed'—I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLI. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.
[*exeunt all but OLIVIA and VIOLA.*] Give me your hand, sir.

VIO. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLI. What is your name?

VIO. Cesario is your servant's name, fair Princess.

OLI. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. 95

Y'are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIO. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLI. For him, I think not on him; for his thoughts, 100
Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me!

VIO. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLI. O, by your leave, I pray you

I bade you never speak again of him;

But, would you undertake another suit, 105

I had rather hear you to solicit that

Than music from the spheres.

VIO. Dear lady—

OLI. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse 110

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you in a shameful cunning

Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

I have you not set mine honour at the stake, 115

And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving

Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,

Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIO. I pity you.

OLI. That's a degree to love. 120

VIO. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof

That very oft we pity enemies.

OLI. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better 125

To fall before the lion than the wolf!

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. [*clock strikes.*]

Be not afraid, good youth; I will not have you;

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man. 130

There lies your way, due west.

VIO. Then westward—ho!

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI. Stay.

I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me. 135

VIO. That you do think you are not what you are.

OLI. If I think so, I think the same of you.

- VIO. Then think you right : I am not what I am.
 OLI. I would you were as I would have you be !
 VIO. Would it be better, madam, than I am ? 140
 I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
 OLI. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 In the contempt and anger of his lip !
 A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
 Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon. 145
 Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
 I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride,
 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, 150
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause ;
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter :
 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
 VIO. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, 155
 And that no woman has ; nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu, good madam ; never more
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
 OLI. Yet come again ; for thou perhaps mayst move 160
 That heart which now abhors to like his love. [exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Olivia's house.**Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

- SIR AND. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
 SIR TO. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
 FAB. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
 SIR AND. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's
 servingman than ever she bestow'd upon me ; I saw't i' th'
 orchard. 6
 SIR TO. Did she see thee the while, old boy ? Tell me that.
 SIR AND. As plain as I see you now.
 FAB. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
 SIR AND. 'Slight ! will you make an ass o' me ?
 FAB. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and
 reason.
 SIR TO. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a
 sailor. 16
 FAB. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate
 you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart
 and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her ;
 and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should
 have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at
 your hand, and this was baulk'd. The double gilt of this
 opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into
 the north of my lady's opinion ; where you will hang like an
 icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some
 laudable attempt either of valour or policy. 27
 SIR AND. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate ;
 I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TO. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour. 35

FAB. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TO. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, thou thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it. 47

SIR AND. Where shall I find you?

SIR TO. We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go. [exit SIR ANDREW.

FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby. 50

SIR TO. I have been dear to him, lad—some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't?

SIR TO. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

FAB. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty. 61

Enter MARIA.

SIR TO. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TO. And cross-garter'd? 69

MAR. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' church. I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour. 77

SIR TO. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [exeunt.

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

SEB. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

- ANT. I could not stay behind you : my desire,
 More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ; 5
 And not all love to see you—though so much
 As might have drawn one to a longer voyage—
 But jealousy what might befall your travel,
 Being skillless in these parts ; which to a stranger,
 Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
 Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
 The rather by these arguments of fear,
 Set forth in your pursuit.
- SEB. My kind Antonio,
 I can no other answer make but thanks,
 And thanks, and ever thanks ; and oft good turns 15
 Are shuffl'd off with such uncurrent pay ;
 But were my worth as is my conscience firm,
 You should find better dealing. What's to do ?
 Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?
- ANT. To-morrow, sir ; best first go see your lodging. 20
- SEB. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;
 I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
 With the memorials and the things of fame
 That do renown this city.
- ANT. Would you'd pardon me.
 I do not without danger walk these streets : 25
 Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys
 I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
 That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.
- SEB. Belike you slew great number of his people.
- ANT. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature ; 30
 Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
 Might well have given us bloody argument.
 It might have since been answer'd in repaying
 What we took from them ; which, for traffic's sake,
 Most of our city did. Only myself stood out ; 35
 For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
 I shall pay dear.
- SEB. Do not then walk too open.
- ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse ;
 In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
 Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet, 40
 Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
 With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.
- SEB. Why I your purse ?
- ANT. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
 You have desire to purchase ; and your store, 45
 I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
- SEB. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
 An hour.
- ANT. To th' Elephant.
- SEB. I do remember. [exeunt]

SCENE IV. *Olivia's garden.**Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

OLI. I have sent after him ; he says he'll come.
 How shall I feast him ? What bestow of him ?
 For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
 I speak too loud.
 Where's Malvolio ? He is sad and civil, 5
 And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
 Where is Malvolio ?

MAR. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner. He is sure
 possess'd, madam.

OLI. Why, what's the matter ? Does he rave ? 10

MAR. No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your ladyship were
 best to have some guard about you if he come ; for sure the man
 is tainted in's wits.

OLI. Go call him hither. [EXIT MARIA.

I am as mad as he,
 If sad and merry madness equal be. 15

Re-enter MARIA with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio !

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLI. Smil'st thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 19

MAL. Sad, lady ? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction
 in the blood, this cross-gartering ; but what of that ? If it
 please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is :
 ' Please one and please all ' . 23

OLI. Why, how dost thou, man ? What is the matter with thee ?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did
 come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think
 we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLI. Wilt thou got to bed, Malvolio ? 29

MAL. To bed ? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.

OLI. God comfort thee ! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand
 so oft ?

MAR. How do you, Malvolio ?

MAL. At your request ? Yes, nightingales answer daws !

MAR. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady ?

MAL. ' Be not afraid of greatness. ' 'Twas well writ. 36

OLI. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio ?

MAL. ' Some are born great, '—

OLI. Ha ?

MAL. ' Some achieve greatness, '—

OLI. What say'st thou ?

MAL. ' And some have greatness thrust upon them. '

OLI. Heaven restore thee !

MAL. ' Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, '— 46

OLI. ' Thy yellow stockings ' ?

MAL. ' And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd. '

OLI. ' Cross-garter'd ' ?

MAL. ' Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so ; '— 50

OLI. Am I made ?

MAL. ' If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLI. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd ;
I could hardly entreat him back ; he attends your ladyship's
pleasure. 56

OLI. I'll come to him. [*exit SERVANT.*] Good Maria, let this fellow
be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby ? Let some of my
people have a special care of him ; I would not have him miscarry
for the half of my dowry. [*exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

MAL. O, ho ! do you come near me now ? No worse man than
Sir Toby to look to me ! This concurs directly with the letter :
she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him ;
for she incites me to that in the letter. ' Cast thy humble slough '
says she. ' Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let
thy tongue tang with arguments of state ; put thyself into the
trick of singularity ' and consequently sets down the manner
how, as : a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the
habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her ; but
it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And when she
went away now—' Let this fellow be look'd to '. ' Fellow ' not
' Malvolio ' nor after my degree, but ' fellow '. Why, everything
adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a
scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—
What can be said ? Nothing that can be can come between me
and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the
doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 78

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

SIR TO. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils of
hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll
speak to him.

FAB. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir ?

SIR TO. How is't with you, man ?

MAL. Go off ; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private ; go off. 83

MAR. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ! Did not I tell
you ? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MAL. Ah, ha ! does she so ?

SIR TO. Go to, go to ; peace, peace ; we must deal gently with him.
Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio ? How is't with you ?

What man, defy the devil ; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MAL. Do you know what you say ?

MAR. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart !
Pray God he be not bewitched. 96

FAB. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

MAR. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My
lady would not lose him for more than I'll say. 100

MAL. How now, mistress !

MAR. O Lord !

SIR TO. Prithee hold thy peace ; this is not the way. Do you not
see you move him ? Let me alone with him.

FAB. No way but gentleness—gently, gently. The fiend is rough,
and will not be roughly us'd. 106

SIR TO. Why, how now, my bawcock!
How dost thou, chuck?

MAL. Sir!

SIR TO. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity
to play at cherrypit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

MAR. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MAL. My prayers, minx! 115

MAR. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MAL. Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things; I am
not of your clement; you shall know more hereafter. [exit. 120

SIR TO. Is't possible?

FAB. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as
an improbable fiction.

SIR TO. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MAR. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint. 126

FAB. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MAR. The house will be the quieter.

SIR TO. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece
is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus,
for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired
out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time
we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder
of madmen. But see, but see. 135

Enter SIR ANDREW.

FAB. More matter for a May morning.

SIR AND. Here's the challenge; read it. I warrant there's vinegar
and pepper in't.

FAB. Is't so saucy?

SIR AND. Ay, is't, I warrant him; do but read. 140

SIR TO. Give me. [reads.] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art
but a scurvy fellow.'

FAB. Good and valiant.

SIR TO. [reads.] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why
I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.' 145

FAB. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TO. [reads.] 'Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight
she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat; that is not
the matter I challenge thee for.' 150

FAB. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

SIR TO. [reads.] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be
thy chance to kill me'—

FAB. Good.

SIR TO. 'Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.' 155

FAB. Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law. Good!

SIR TO. [reads.] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one
of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope
is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him,
and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK.'

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot.

I'll give't him.

MAR. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart. 166

SIR TO. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailly; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it ocmes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away. 173

SIR AND. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [exit. 173]

SIR TO. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheck a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman—as I know his youth will aptly receive it—into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices. 186

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

FAB. Here he comes with your niece; give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TO. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [exit SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA. 191]

OLI. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too uncharly out;
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
'That it but mocks reproof. 195

VIO. With the same haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's griefs;

OLI. Here, wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture.
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you.
And I beseech you come again to-morrow. 200
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

VIO. Nothing but this—your true love for my master.

OLI. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you? 205

VIO. I will acquit you.
OLI. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [exit. 205]

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

SIR TO. Gentleman, God save thee.

VIO. And you, sir. 209

SIR TO. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy inter-
ceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the
orchard end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation,
for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly. 215

VIO. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me;

my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

SIR TO. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you ; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal. 222

VIO. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

SIR TO. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier and on carpet consideration ; but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob-nob is his word—give't or take't. 229

VIO. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour ; belike this is a man of that quirk. 233

SIR TO. Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury ; therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him ; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked ; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you. 240

VIO. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous office as to know of the knight what my offence to him is : it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TO. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [exit SIR TOBY. 245

VIO. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter ?

FAB. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement ; but nothing of the circumstance more. 250

VIO. I beseech you, what manner of man is he ?

FAB. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him ? I will make your peace with him if I can. 257

VIO. I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [exeunt. 260

Re-enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW.

SIR TO. Why, man, he's a very devil ; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable ; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy. 266

SIR AND. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TO. Ay, but he will not now be pacified ; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 269

SIR AND. Plague on't ; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TO. I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't ;
this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*aside.*] Marry,
I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. 276

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

[*to FABIAN.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel ; I have
persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FAB. [*to SIR TOBY.*] He is as horribly conceited of him ; and pants
and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. 280

SIR TO. [*to VIOLA.*] There's no remedy, sir : he will fight with you
for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his
quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of.
Therefore draw for the supportance of his vow ; he protests
he will not hurt you. 285

VIO. [*aside.*] Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me
tell them how much I lack of a man.

FAB. Give ground if you see him furious.

SIR TO. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will,
for his honour's sake, have one bout with you ; he cannot by
the duello avoid it ; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman
and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't. 294

SIR AND. Pray God he keep his oath ! [*they draw.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

VIO. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

ANT. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me :
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

SIR TO. You, sir ! Why, what are you ?

ANT. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more 300
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TO. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*they draw.*]

Enter OFFICERS.

FAB. O good Sir Toby, hold ! Here come the officers.

SIR TO. [*to ANTONIO.*] I'll be with you anon.

VIO. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. 305

SIR AND. Marry, will I, sir ; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as
good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

1 OFF. This is the man ; do thy office.

2 OFF. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit 310
Of Count Orsino.

ANT. You do mistake me, sir.

1 OFF. No, sir, no jot ; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away ; he knows I know him well. 315

ANT. I must obey. [*to VIOLA.*] This comes with seeking you ;
But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse ? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you 320
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd ;
But be of comfort.

2 OFF. Come, sir, away.

- ANT. I must entreat of you some of that money.
 VIO. What money, sir? 325
 For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
 And part being prompted by your present trouble,
 Out of my lean and low ability
 I'll lend you something. My having is not much;
 I'll make division of my present with you; 330
 Hold, there's half my coffer.
- ANT. Will you deny me now?
 Is't possible that my deserts to you
 Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
 Lest that it make me so unsound a man
 As to upbraid you with those kindnesses 335
 That I have done for you.
- VIO. I know of none,
 Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
 I hate ingratitude more in a man
 Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
 Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption 340
 Inhabits our frail blood.
- ANT. O heavens themselves!
 2 OFF. Come, sir, I pray you go.
 ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
 I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
 Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, 345
 And to his image, which methought did promise
 Most venerable worth, did I devotion,
- I OFF. What's that to us? The time goes by; away.
 ANT. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!
 Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. 350
 In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
 None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
 Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
 Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
- I OFF. The man grows mad. Away with him. Come, come, sir.
 ANT. Lead me on. [exit with OFFICERS.]
- VIO. Methinks his words do from such passion fly
 That he believes himself; so do not I.
 Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
 That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! 360
- SIR TO. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper
 o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
- VIO. He nam'd Sebastian. I my brother know
 Yet living in my glass; even such and so
 In favour was my brother; and he went 365
 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
 For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
 Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [exit.]
- SIR TO. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare.
 His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and
 denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. 372
- FAB. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
 SIR AND. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.
 SIR TO. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR AND. An I do not—

[*exit.*

FAB. Come, let's see the event.

378

SIR TO. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*exunt.*

ACT FOUR.

SCENE I. *Before Olivia's house.**Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.*

CLO. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEB. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

CLO. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEB. I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else.

Thou know'st not me.

10

CLO. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

16

SEB. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me;

There's money for thee, if you tarry longer

I shall give worse payment.

19

CLO. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

SIR AND. Now, sir, have I met you again?

[*striking SEBASTIAN.*] There's for you.

SEB. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

25

Are all the people mad?

SIR TO. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

[*holding SEBASTIAN.*

CLO. 'This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[*exit.*

SIR TO. Come on, sir; hold.

31

SIR AND. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria; though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEB. Let go thy hand.

SIR TO. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd. Come on.

39

SEB. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[*draws.*

SIR TO. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*draws.**Enter OLIVIA.*

OLI. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee hold.

SIR TO. Madam!

45

OLI. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd ! Out of my sight !
Be not offended, dear Cesario—

Rudesby, be gone ! [exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

I prithee, gentle friend, 50

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby 55

Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go ;

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me !

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEB. What relish is in this ? How runs the stream ?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. 60

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

OLI. Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me !

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLI. O, say so, and so be ! [exeunt.

SCENE II. *Olivia's house.*

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

MAR. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard ; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate ; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [exit.

CLO. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't ; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well nor lean enough to be thought a good student ; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter. 10

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA.

SIR TO. Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

CLO. Bonos dies, Sir Toby ; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc 'That that is is' ; so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson ; for what is 'that' but that, and 'is' but is ?

SIR TO. To him, Sir Topas. 17

CLO. What ho, I say ! Peace in this prison !

SIR TO. The knave counterfeits well ; a good knave.

MAL. [within.] Who calls there ?

CLO. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLO. Out, hyperbolical fiend ! How vexest thou this man ! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies ? 26

SIR TO. Well said, Master Parson.

MAL. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad ; they have laid me here in hideous darkness. 30

CLO. Fie, thou dishonest Satan ! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark ?

- MAL. As hell, Sir Topas. 35
 CLO. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complaineſt thou of obstruction ?
 MAL. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I ſay to you this houſe is dark.
 CLO. Madman, thou erreſt. I ſay there is no darkneſs but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.
 MAL. I ſay this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I ſay there was never man thus abuſ'd. I am no more mad than you are ; make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion. 47
 CLO. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl ?
 MAL. That the ſoul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
 CLO. What think'ſt thou of his opinion ?
 MAL. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion. 54
 CLO. Fare thee well. Remain thou ſtill in darkneſs : thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits ; and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſſ the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.
 MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas !
 SIR TO. My moſt exquisite Sir Topas ! 60
 CLO. Nay, I am for all waters.
 MAR. Thou mightſt have done this without thy beard and gown : he ſees thee not.
 SIR TO. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were ; for I am now ſo far in offence with my niece that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber.
[exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA.]
 CLO. [*sings.*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, 70
 Tell me how thy lady does.
 MAL. Fool !
 CLO. [*sings.*] My lady is unkind, perdy.
 MAL. Fool !
 CLO. [*sings.*] Alas, why is ſhe ſo ? 75
 MAL. Fool I ſay !
 CLO. [*sings.*] She loves another—Who calls, ha ?
 MAL. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper ; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't. 80
 CLO. Maſter Malvolio ?
 MAL. Ay, good fool.
 CLO. Alas, ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits ?
 MAL. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriously abuſ'd ; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art. 85
 CLO. But as well ? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
 MAL. They have here propertied me ; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits. 90
 CLO. Advise you what you ſay : the miniſter is here. [*Speaking as SIR TOPAS.*] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens reſtore ! Endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MAL. Sir Topas !

CLO. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir ? Not I, sir. God buy you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will sir, I will.

MAL. Fool, fool, fool, I say !

CLO. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir ? I am shent for speaking to you. 100

MAL. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLO. Well-a-day that you were, sir !

MAL. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light ; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

CLO. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit ? 110

MAL. Believe me, I am not ; I tell thee true.

CLO. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MAL. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree ; I prithee be gone.

CLO. [*singing.*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice, 120
Your need to sustain ;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ha ! to the devil,
Like a mad lad, 125
Pare thy nails, dad.
Adieu, goodman devil. [*exit.*]

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't ;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then ?
I could not find him at the Elephant ; 5
Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service ;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad, 15
Or else the lady's mad ; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,

As I perceive she does. There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes. 20

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST.

OLI. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by ; there, before him
And underneath that consecrated roof, 25
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep 30
According to my birth. What do you say ?
SEB. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
OLI Then lead the way, good father ; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [exeunt.

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. *Before OLIVIA'S house.*

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

FAB. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.
CLO. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
FAB. Anything.
CLO. Do not desire to see this letter.
FAB. This is to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO and LORDS.

DUKE. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends ?
CLO. Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.
DUKE. I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow ? 9
CLO. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
DUKE. Just the contrary : the better for thy friends.
CLO. No, sir, the worse.
DUKE. How can that be ?
CLO. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my
foes tell me plainly I am an ass ; so that by my foes, sir, I profit
in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused ; so
that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your
two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the
better for my foes. 20
DUKE. Why, this is excellent.
CLO. By my troth, sir, no ; though it please you to be one of my
friends.
DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.
CLO. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could
make it another. 26
DUKE. O, you give me ill counsel.
CLO. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your
flesh and blood obey it.

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer. There's another. 31

CLO. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is 'The third pays for all'. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three. 35

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

CLO. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounry till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. [exit. 40

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS.

VIO. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well; 45

Yet when I saw it last it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
A baubling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make 50
With the most noble bottom of our fleet
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

I OFF. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy; 55
And this is he that did the Tiger board
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIO. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side; 60
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

DUKE. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, 65
Hast made thine enemies?

ANT. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither; 70
That most ingrateful boy there by your side
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint, 75
All his in dedication; for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning, 80
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty years removed thing
 While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use 85
 Not half an hour before.

VIO. How can this be ?

DUKE. When came he to this town ?

ANT. To-day, my lord ; and for three months before,
 No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy,
 Both day and night did we keep company. 90

Enter OLIVIA and ATTENDANTS.

DUKE. Here comes the Countess ; now heaven walks on earth.
 But for thee, fellow—fellow, thy words are madness.
 Three months this youth hath tended upon me—
 But more of that anon. Take him aside.

OLI. What would my lord, but that he may not have, 95
 Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?
 Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIO. Madam ?

DUKE. Gracious Olivia—

OLI. What do you say, Cesario ? Good my lord— 100

VIO. My lord would speak ; my duty hushes me.

OLI. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
 As howling after music.

DUKE. Still so cruel ?

OLI. Still so constant, lord. 105

DUKE. What, to perverseness ? You uncivil lady,
 To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
 My soul the faithfull'st off'rings hath breath'd out
 That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do ?

OLI. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him. 110

DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
 Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
 Kill what I love ?—a savage jealousy
 That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this :
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, 115
 And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your favour,
 Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still ;
 But this your minion, whom I know you love,
 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, 120
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
 Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove. 125

VIO. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLI. Where goes Cesario ?

VIO. After him I love
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. 130

- If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love !
- OLI. Ay me, detested ! How am I beguil'd !
- VIO. Who does beguile you ? Who does do you wrong ?
- OLI. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ? 135
Call forth the holy father. *{exit an ATTENDANT.*
- DUKE. Come, away !
- OLI. Whither, my lord ? Cesario, husband, stay.
- DUKE. Husband ?
- OLI. A husband ; can he that deny ?
- DUKE. Her husband, sirrah ?
- VIO. No, my lord, not I.
- OLI. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear 140
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.
- Enter PRIEST.*
- O, welcome, father !
- Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold—though lately we intended 145
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe—what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
- PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love, 150
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strength'n'd by interchangement of your rings
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony ; 155
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,
I have travell'd but two hours.
- DUKE. O thou dissembling cub ! What wilt thou do,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case ?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow 160
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?
Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
- VIO. My lord, I do protest—
- OLI. O, do not swear !
Hold little faith, though thou has too much fear. 165
- Enter SIR ANDREW.*
- SIR AND. For the love of God, a surgeon !
Send one presently to Sir Toby.
- OLI. What's the matter ?
- SIR AND. Has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody
coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help ! I had rather
than forty pound I were at home. 171
- OLI. Who has done this, Sir Andrew ?
- SIR AND. The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a
coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.
- DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario ? 175

SIR AND. Od's lifelings, here he is ! You broke my head for nothing ;
and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

VIO. Why do you speak to me ? I never hurt you.
You drew your sword upon me without cause ; 180
But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN.

SIR AND. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me ; I think
you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby
halting ; you shall hear more ; but if he had not been in drink,
he would have tickl'd you othergates than he did. 186

DUKE. How now, gentleman ? How is't with you ?

SIR TO. That's all one ; has hurt me, and there's th' end on't. Sot,
didst see Dick Surgeon, sot ?

CLO. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago ; his eyes were set at
eight i' th' morning. 191

SIR TO. Then he's a rogue and a passy measures pavin. I hate a
drunken rogue.

OLI. Away with him. Who hath made this havoc with them ?

SIR AND. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

SIR TO. Will you help—an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a
thin fac'd knave, a gull ? 199

OLI. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[Exeunt CLOWN, FABIAN, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you. 205
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons !
A natural perspective, that is and is not.

SEB. Antonio, O my dear Antonio ! 210
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me
Since I have lost thee !

ANT. Sebastian are you ?

SEB. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

ANT. How have you made division of yourself ?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin 215
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

OLI. Most wonderful !

SEB. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother ;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister 220
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me ?
What countryman, what name, what parentage ?

VIO. Of Messaline ; Sebastian was my father. 225
Such a Sebastian was my brother too ;
So went he suited to his watery tomb ;
If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

- SEB. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate. 230
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'
- SIO. My father had a mole upon his brow.
- VEB. And so had mine. 235
- VIO. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numb'ed thirteen years.
- SEB. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years. 240
- VIO. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace metill each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola; which to confirm, 245
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord. 250
- SEB. [to OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man. 255
- DUKE. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[to VIOLA.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. 260
- VIO. And all those sayings will I over swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.
- DUKE. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. 265
- VIO. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments. He, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.
- OLI. He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither; 270
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN, with a letter, and FABIAN.

- A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah? 275
- CLO. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as
a man in his case may do. Has here writ a letter to you; I
625

should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd. 280

OLI. Open't, and read it.

CLO. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman.

[*reads madly*] 'By the Lord, madam—'

OLI. How now! Art thou mad?

CLO. No, madam, I do but read madness.

An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

OLI. Pruthee read i' thy right wits.

CLO. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus; therefore perpend, my Princess, and give ear.

OLI. [*to FABIAN.*] Read it you, sirrah. 290

FAB. [*reads.*] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. THE MADLY-US'D MALVOLIO.'

OLI. Did he write this?

CLO. Ay, Madam. 300

DUKE. This savours not much of distraction.

OLI. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*exit FABIAN.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you, 305

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.

[*to VIOLA.*] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, 310

And since you call'd me master for so long,

Here is my hand; you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

OLI. A sister! You are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

DUKE. Is this the madman?

OLI. Ay, my lord, this same

How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Madam, you have done me wrong, 315

Notorious wrong.

OLI. Have I, Malvolio? No.

MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand;

Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;

Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention; 320

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

- Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frown 325
 Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people ;
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 And made the most notorious geck and gull 330
 That e'er invention play'd on ? Tell me why.
- OLI. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though, I confess, much like the character ;
 But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she 335
 First told me thou wast mad ; then cam'st in smiling,
 And in such forms which here were pre-suppos'd
 Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content ;
 This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee,
 But, when we know the grounds and authors of it, 340
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.
- FAB. Good madam, hear me speak,
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
 Taint the condition of this present hour,
 Which I have wond'red at. In hope it shall not, 345
 Most freely I confess myself and Toby
 Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
 The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance, 350
 In recompense whereof he hath married her.
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
 That have on both sides pass'd. 355
- OLI. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffl'd thee !
- CLO. Why, ' Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some
 have greatness thrown upon them'. I was one, sir, in this
 interlude—one Sir Topas, sir ; but that's all one. ' By the Lord,
 fool, I am not mad ! ' But do you remember—' Madam, why
 laugh you at such a barren rascal ? An you smile not, he's
 gagg'd' ? And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
- MAL. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. *[exit.]*
- OLI. He hath been most notoriously abus'd. 365
- DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace ;
 He hath not told us of the captain yet.
 When that is known, and golden time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister, 370
 We will not part from hence. Cesario, come ;
 For so you shall be while you are a man ;
 But when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[exeunt all but the CLOWN.]

CLOWN *sings.*

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day. 375

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day. 380

But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day. 385

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day. 390

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [exit. 395

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

THE story Shakespeare used as the basis for the plot of *All's Well that Ends Well* he could find in William Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, a collection of tales issued in 1566. Paynter, who was a scholar, though Clerk of the Ordnance at the Tower of London, had read widely in the works of the foreign story-tellers and translated in his *Palace of Pleasure* a selection he made from their work. Paynter took the story Shakespeare remodelled in *All's Well* from Boccaccio's *Decameron*, where it stands as the ninth story of the third day. On that day Boccaccio's company were to discourse of those who by their exertions and tenacity acquired what they greatly admired or regained what they had lost. The story Shakespeare adapted provides an outstanding example of such successful exertion.

Boccaccio's story tells how there lived in the household of Isnard Count Roussilon a famous physician Gerard de Narbonne. The Count had a son Beltram, the physician a daughter Giletta. The children grew up together and Giletta fell in love with Beltram, and although she was rich and much sought in marriage she refused all her suitors because of the secret love she cherished for Beltram. Their fathers having died, Beltram goes to Paris and Giletta mourns at home. When the King of France fell ill however of a complaint that Gerard had known how to cure, Giletta went to Paris and persuaded the King to allow her to cure him as her father would have done. In return for her service she was to have the husband she desired. She chooses Beltram who cannot defy the King's order; but as soon as the marriage ceremony is over he sets out for Tuscany to help the Florentines against the Senesi. To his wife's messengers he replies that he will return to her only when she shall have the ring from his finger and their son in her arms. Giletta goes secretly and in disguise to Florence, substitutes herself for a lady with whom Beltram has made an assignation, and secures the ring and the child, or rather children, for she stays in Florence till she gives birth to twin sons. Meantime Beltram hearing of his wife's absence returns to his estate, and is in the midst of the feast of All Saints' Day at Roussilon when Giletta returns and presents him with his ring and his twin sons. The Count admiring her constancy and determination welcomes her as his wife and they live happily ever after.

As a story to illustrate a set theme Giletta's adventures are doubtless easily accepted; here is both the pursuit of the desired object and of its recovery when lost. Regarded however as the basis of a drama the story's limitations are at once obvious. In the original it is Giletta's story; Beltram is merely a functionary in the action; we are not to inquire into the nature or motives of his conduct. Translated into drama however a principal character who is merely a functionary raises questions that cannot be answered satisfactorily by referring us to a scheme for which he is designed. There is no context such as that into which the mere story fits to which we may appeal. The appeal is now to human nature as we know it, and

Shakespeare's Bertram is judged on that standard as a young man whom no sensible girl could pursue while retaining her self-respect. Yet it is clear that in its original setting the lady's determination and the very extravagance of her devotion are her glory; and it is equally clear that Shakespeare does not intend his audience to regard her with anything but favour. What we must not do is to ignore the convention on which Shakespeare relied and offer an explanation of the action and an analysis of Shakespeare's attitude based on modern social conventions.

In the original story Beltram's conduct is taken for granted: it is felt to be natural for a man of his rank to regard a match with a social inferior as degrading. It is true there is something in human nature that will always plead against such a partial view of our human condition; and the protest against its inhumanity is common in Shakespeare and obviously found a ready response in his audience. Of the ideal queen he says

those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour
And by these claims their greatness, not by blood.

His Beltram therefore has no longer the excuse of the original Beltram for his treatment of his wife, and he therefore becomes in Shakespeare a much more odious and indeed treacherous character. In order to save our respect and liking for Helena, Shakespeare has to blacken Bertram; and yet the more he blackens Bertram the less willing are we to accept Helena's pursuit as worthy of her sense and goodness. From this dilemma there is no escape on critical lines, and Shakespeare naturally recognises this; he simply takes it for granted we will ignore the difficulty and accept his intention without question. That his audience did so we need hardly doubt; to compensate for this concession on their part he gave them good measure elsewhere.

In his *Shakespeare*, a second Folio now preserved at Windsor, Charles I added *Parolles* as an alternative title for *All's Well*. Modern criticism is divided in its verdict on this character; some readers find him not merely an unpleasant but a singularly uninteresting character, others have pronounced him one of Shakespeare's masterpieces. Charles I's entry makes it clear that even the judicious could at one time find in this character the chief interest of the play.

In spite of paradoxical attempts to regard *All's Well* as a more serious or more satisfying play than the popular comedies, it will never find a place beside *Twelfth Night* or *Midsummer-Night's Dream* as one of Shakespeare's most artistic achievements. It may well be that it is an early piece, possibly that mentioned by Meres as *Love's Labours Won*, which Shakespeare revised in later years for the boards, when he was engaged in writing his succession of tragic masterpieces.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE KING OF FRANCE.	COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON, <i>mother to Bertram.</i>
THE DUKE OF FLORENCE.	HELENA, <i>a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.</i>
BERTRAM, <i>Count of Rousillon.</i>	A WIDOW OF FLORENCE.
LAFFU, <i>an old lord.</i>	DIANA, <i>daughter to the Widow.</i>
PAROLLES, <i>a follower of Bertram.</i>	VIOLENTA, } <i>neighbours and</i>
TWO FRENCH LORDS, <i>serving with Bertram.</i>	MARIANA, } <i>friends to the Widow.</i>
STEWARD,	LORDS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, ETC.,
LAVACHE, <i>a clown,</i> } <i>servants to the Countess</i>	FRENCH and FLORENTINE.
A PAGE,	
	of Rousillon.

THE SCENE : *Rousillon ; Paris ; Florence ; Marseilles.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFFU, all in black.

COUNT. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

BER. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew ; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

LAF. You shall find of the King a husband, madam ; you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance. 10

COUNT. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment ?

LAF. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam ; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time. 15

COUNT. This young gentlewoman had a father—O, that 'had', how sad a passage 'tis !—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty ; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's sake, he were living ! I think it would be the death of the King's disease. 21

LAF. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam ?

COUNT. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so—Gerard de Narbon.

LAF. He was excellent indeed, madam ; the King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly ; he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

BER. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

LAF. A fistula, my lord.

30

BER. I heard not of it before.

LAF. I would it were not notorious Was this gentlewoman the
daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

COUNT. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises ; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer ; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity—they are virtues and traitors too. In her they are the better for their simpleness ; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

40

LAF. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

COUNT. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena ; go to, no more, lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have—

46

HEL. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

LAF. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead : excessive grief
the enemy to the living.

COUNT. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

BER. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

LAF. How understand we that ?

COUNT. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape ! Thy blood and virtue 55

Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness

Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy

Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend

Under thy own life's key ; be check'd for silence, 60

But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,

Fall on thy head ! Farewell. My lord,

'Tis an unseason'd courtier ; good my lord,

Advise him.

LAF. He cannot want the best 65

That shall attend his love.

COUNT. Heaven bless him ! Farewell, Bertram.

|exit COUNTESS.

BER. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be servants
to you! [*to HELENA.*] Be comfortable to my mother, your
mistress, and make much of her. 70

LAF. Farewell, pretty lady ; you must hold the credit of your father.

[*exeunt* BERTRAM and LAFEU.

HEL. O, were that all ! I think not on my father ;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like? 75

I have forgot him ; my imagination

Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.

I am undone ; there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one

That I should love a bright particular star 80

And think to wed it, he is so above me.
 In his bright radiance and collateral light
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
 'Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself :
 The hind that would be mated by the lion 85
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
 To see him every hour ; to sit and draw
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 In our heart's table—heart too capable
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour. 90
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
 Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here ?

Enter PAROLLES.

[*aside*]. One that goes with him. I love him for his sake ;
 And yet I know him a notorious liar,
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward 95
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him
 That they take place when virtue's steely bones
 Looks bleak i' th' cold wind ; withal, full oft we see
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

PAR. Save you, fair queen ! 100

HEL. And you, monarch !

PAR. No.

HEL. And no

PAR. Are you meditating on virginity ?

HEL. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you ; let me ask you a
 question. Man is enemy to virginity ; how may we barricado it
 against him ?

PAR. Keep him out.

HEL. But he assails ; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence,
 yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance. 111

PAR. There is none. Man, setting down before you will undermine
 you and blow you up.

HEL. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up !
 Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men ? 116

PAR. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up ;
 marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves
 made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth
 of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational
 increase ; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first
 lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity
 by being once lost may be ten times found ; by being ever kept,
 it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion ; away with't. 125

HEL. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

PAR. There's little can be said in't ; 'tis against the rule of nature. To
 speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers ; which
 is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin ;
 virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of
 all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature.
 Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese ; consumes itself to
 the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach.
 Besides, virginity is pceevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which
 is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not ; you cannot

choose but lose by't. Out with't. Within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase ; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't. 140

HEL. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking ?

PAR. Let me see. Marry, ill to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying ; the longer kept, the less worth. Off with't while 'tis vendible ; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited but unsuitable ; just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek. And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears : it looks ill, it eats drily ; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear ; it was formerly better ; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you anything with it ?

HEL. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, 155
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, 160
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —
I know not what he shall. God send him well !
The court's a learning-place, and he is one— 165

PAR. What one, i' faith ?

HEL. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

PAR. What's pity ?

HEL. That wishing well had not a body in't
Which might be felt ; that we, the poorer born, 170
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*exit PAGE.*]

PAR. Little Helen, farewell ; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

HEL. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

PAR. Under Mars, I. 180

HEL. I especially think, under Mars.

PAR. Why under Mars ?

HEL. The wars hath so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars.

PAR. When he was predominant. 185

HEL. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

PAR. Why think you so ?

HEL. You go so much backward when you fight.

PAR. That's for advantage. 189

HEL. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety ; but the

composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

PAR. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier ; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee ; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away. Farewell. When thou hast leisure, say they prayers ; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee. So, farewell. [exit.

HLL. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull. 205
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those 210
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love ?
The King's disease my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me. [exit.

SCENE II. *Paris. The King's palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters, and divers ATTENDANTS.

KING. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears ;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 LORD. So 'tis reported, sir.

KING. Nay, 'tis most credible. We here receive it,
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, 5
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 LORD. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead 10
For amplest credence.

KING. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes ;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 LORD. It well may serve 15
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

KING. What's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

- 1 LORD. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
- KING. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.
- BER. My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.
- KING. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship 25
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplined of the bravest. He lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me 30
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour. 35
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them ; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place ;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man 45
Might be a copy to these younger times ;
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.
- BER. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb ;
So in approof lives not his epitaph 50
As in your royal speech.
- KING. Would I were with him ! He would always say—
Methinks I hear him now ; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear—' Let me not live '— 55
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out—' Let me not live ' quoth he
' After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses 60
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
Merc fathers of their garments ; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions '. This he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, 65
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.
- 2 LORD. You're loved, sir ;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

KING. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,
 Since the physician at your father's died ? 70
 He was much fam'd.
 BER. Some six months since, my lord.
 KING. If he were living, I would try him yet —
 Lend me an arm—the rest have worn me out
 With several applications. Nature and sickness
 Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count ; 75
 My son's no dearer.
 BER. Thank your Majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, STEWARD, and CLOWN.

COUNT. I will now hear ; what say you of this gentlewoman ?
 STEW. Madam, the care I have had to even your content I wish
 might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours ; for then
 we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our
 deservings, when of ourselves we publish them. 7
 COUNT. What does this knave here ? Get you gone, sirrah. 'The
 complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe ; 'tis my
 slowness that I do not, for I know you lack not folly to commit
 them and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.
 CLO. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.
 COUNT. Well, sir. 15
 CLO. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the
 rich are damn'd ; but if I may have your ladyship's good will to
 go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.
 COUNT. Wilt thou needs be a beggar ? 20
 CLO. I do beg your good will in this case.
 COUNT. In what case ?
 CLO. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage ; and I
 think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o'
 my body ; for they say barnes are blessings. 26
 COUNT. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.
 CLO. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the
 flesh ; and he must needs go that the devil drives.
 COUNT. Is this all your worship's reason ?
 CLO. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.
 COUNT. May the world know them ?
 CLO. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and
 blood are ; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent. 36
 COUNT. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.
 CLO. I am out o' friends, madam, and I hope to have friends for my
 wife's sake.
 COUNT. Such friends are thine enemies, knave. 40
 CLO. Y'are shallow, madam—in great friends ; for the knaves come
 to do that for me which I am weary of. He that ears my land
 spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop. If I be his
 cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the
 cherisher of my flesh and blood ; he that cherishes my flesh and
 blood loves my flesh and blood ; he that loves my flesh and
 blood is my friend ; ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If

men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one ; they may jowl horns together like any deer i' th' herd.

COUNT. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave ? ⁵²

CLO. A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next way :

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find :
Your marriage comes^{by} destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

60

COUNT. Get you gone, sir ; I'll talk with you more anon.

STEW. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you.

Of her I am to speak,

COUNT. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her ; Helen I mean. ⁶⁵

CLO. [*sings*].

' Was this fair face the cause ' quoth she

' Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?

Fond done, done fond,

Was this King Priam's joy ? '

With that she sighed as she stood,

70

With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then :

' Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

' There's yet one good in ten '.

75

COUNT. What, one good in ten ? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

CLO. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' th'

song. Would God would serve the world so all the year !

We'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson.

One in ten, quoth 'a ! An we might have a good woman born

before every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the

lottery well : a man may draw his heart out ere 'a pluck one.

COUNT. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you. ⁸⁶

CLO. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt

done ! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt ;

it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big

heart. I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to

come hither. [*exit*.]

COUNT. Well, now.

STEW. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely. ⁹⁴

COUNT. Faith I do. Her father bequeath'd her to me ; and she

herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as

much love as she finds. There is more owing her than is paid ;

and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

STEW. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd

me. Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own

words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they

touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your

son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such

difference betwixt their two estates ; Love no god, that would not

extend his might only where qualities were level ; Diana no

queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surpris'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in ; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal ; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it. 112

COUNT. You have discharg'd this honestly ; keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tott'ring in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you leave me. Stall this in your bosom ; and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. 118
[*exit* STEWARD.]

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young.
If ever we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn 120
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.
It is the slow and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.
By our remembrances of days foregone, 125
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't ; I observe her now.

HEL. What is your pleasure, madam ?

COUNT. You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

HEL. Mine honourable mistress.

COUNT. Nay, a mother. 130

Why not a mother ? When I said 'a mother',
Methough you saw a serpent. What's in 'mother'
That you start at it ? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwomb'd mine. 'Tis often seen 135
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?
Why, that you are my daughter ?

HEL. That I am not.

COUNT. I say I am your mother.

HEL. Pardon, madam. 145

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honoured name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die. 150
He must not be my brother.

COUNT. Nor I your mother ?

HEL. You are my mother, madam ; would you were—
So that my lord your son were not my brother -

- Indeed my mother ! Or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?
COUNT. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.
God shield you mean it not ! ' daughter ' and ' mother ' 155
So strive upon your pulse. What ! pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see 160
The myst'ry of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son ; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion, 165
To say thou dost not. Therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 'tis so ; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it ; only sin 170
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew ;
If it be not, forswear't ; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 175
To tell me truly.
- HEL. Good madam, parden me.
COUNT. Do you love my son ?
HEL. Your pardon, noble mistress.
COUNT. Love you my son ?
HEL. Do not you love him, madam ?
COUNT. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond 180
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
- HEL. Then I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son. 185
My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love.
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me ; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit,
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him ; 190
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like, 195
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do ; but if yourself, 200
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly that your Dian

- Was both herself and Love ; O, then, give pity
 To her whose state is such that cannot choose 205
 But lend and give where she is sure to lose ;
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies !
 COUNT. Had you not lately an intent—
 speak truly—
 To go to Paris ?
 HEL. Madam, I had. 210
 COUNT. Wherefore ? Tell true.
 HEL. I will tell truth ; by grace itself I swear.
 You know my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
 And manifest experience had collected
 For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me 215
 In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
 As notes whose faculties inclusive were
 More than they were in note. Amongst the rest
 There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
 To cure the desperate languishings whereof 220
 The King is render'd lost.
 COUNT. This was your motive
 For Paris, was it ? Speak.
 HEL. My lord your son made me to think of this,
 Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
 Had from the conversation of my thoughts 225
 Happily been absent then.
 COUNT. But think you, Helen
 If you should tender your supposed aid,
 He would receive it ? He and his physicians
 Are of a mind : he, that they cannot help him ;
 They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit 230
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
 Embowell'd of their doctrine, have let off
 The danger to itself ?
 HEL. There's something in't
 More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
 Of his profession, that his good receipt 235
 Shall for my legacy be sanctified
 By th' luckiest stars in heaven ; and, would your honour
 But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
 The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure.
 By such a day and hour.
 COUNT. Dost thou believe't ? 240
 HEL. Ay, madam, knowingly.
 COUNT. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
 Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
 To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
 And pray God's blessing into thy attempt. 245
 Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
 What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [exeunt.

ACT TWO

SCENE I. *Paris. The King's palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING with divers young LORDS taking leave for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM and PAROLLES ; ATTENDANTS.

- KING. Farewell, young lords ; these war-like principles
Do not throw from you. And you, my lords, farewell ;
Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
- 1 LORD. 'Tis our hope, sir, 5
After well-ent'red soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.
- KING. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords 10
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen ; let higher Italy--
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy--see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when 15
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you aloud. I say farewell.
- 2 LORD. Health, at your bidding, serve your Majesty !
- KING. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;
They say our French lack language to deny, 20
If they demand ; beware of being captives
Before you serve.
- BOTH. Our hearts receive your warnings.
- KING. Farewell. [*to ATTENDANTS.*] Come hither to me.
[*the KING retires attended.*]
- 1 LORD. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us !
- PAR. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.
- 2 LORD. O, 'tis brave wars ! 25
- PAR. Most admirable ! I have seen those wars.
- BER. I am commanded here and kept a coil with
'Too young' and 'The next year' and ' 'Tis too early'.
- PAR. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.
- BER. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, 30
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with. By heaven, I'll steal away.
- 1 LORD. There's honour in the theft.
- PAR. Commit it, Count.
- 2 LORD. I am your accessory ; and so farewell. 35
- BER. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.
- 1 LORD. Farewell, Captain.
- 2 LORD. Sweet Monsieur Parolles !
- PAR. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and
lustrous, a word, good metals : you shall find in the regiment
of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem

of war, here on his sinister cheek ; it was this very sword entrench'd it. Say to him I live ; and observe his reports for me.

I LORD. We shall, noble Captain.

PAR. Mars dote on you for his novices ! [exeunt LORDS.] What will ye do ? 45

Re-enter the KING.

BER. Stay ; the King !

PAR. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords ; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time ; there do muster true gait ; eat, speak, and move, under the influence of the most receiv'd star ; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell. 55

BER. And I will do so.

PAR. Worthy fellows ; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.
[exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.]

Enter LAFEU.

LAF. [kneeling]. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

KING. I'll fee thee to stand up. 60

LAF. Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy ;

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

KING. I would I had ; so I had broke thy pate, 64

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

LAF. Good faith, across !

But, my good lord, 'tis thus : will you be cur'd

Of your infirmity ?

KING. No.

LAF. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox ? Yes, but you will

My noble grapes, an if my royal fox

Could reach them : I have seen a medicine 70

That's able to breathe life into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With spritely fire and motion ; whose simple touch

Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay, 75

To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand

And write to her a love-line.

KING. What's her is this ?

LAF. Why, Doctor She ! My lord, there's one arriv'd,

If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts 80

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one that in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,

For that is her demand, and know her business ? 85

That done, laugh well at me.

KING. Now, good Lafeu,

Bring in the admiration, that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine

By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

LAF. Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither.

[*exit* LAFEU.

KING. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

91

Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA.

LAF. Nay, come your ways.

KING. This haste hath wings indeed.

LAF. Nay, come your ways ;

This is his Majesty ; say your mind to him.

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors 95

His Majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,

That dare leave two together. Fare you well. [*exit.*

KING. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

HEL. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father, 100

In what he did profess, well found.

KING. I knew him.

HEL. The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death

Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice, 105

And of his old experience th' only darling,

He bade me store up as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so :

And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honour 110

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humbleness.

KING. We thank you, maiden ;

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us, and

The congregated college have concluded 115

That labouring art can never ransom nature

From her inaidable estate—I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady 120

To empirics ; or to dissever so

Our great self and our credit to esteem

A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

HEL. My duty then shall pay me for my pains.

I will no more enforce mine office on you ; 125

Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one to bear me back again.

KING. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live. 130

But what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;

I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

HEL. What I can do can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.

He that of greatest works is finisher

Oft does them by the weakest minister. 135

- So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
 When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
 From simple sources, and great seas have dried
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied. 140
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
 Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.
- KING. I must not hear thee. Fare thee well, kind maid ;
 Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid ; 145
 Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
- HEL. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
 It is not so with Him that all things knows,
 As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows ;
 But most it is presumption in us when 150
 The help of heaven we count the act of men.
 Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
 Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
 I am not an impostor, that proclaim
 Myself against the level of mine aim ; 155
 But know I think, and think I know most sure,
 My art is not past power nor you past cure.
- KING. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
 Hop'st thou my cure ?
- HEL. 'The greatest Grace lending grace,
 Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring 160
 Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
 Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
 Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
 Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
 Hath told the thicvish minutes how they pass, 165
 What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
 Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.
- KING. Upon thy certainty and confidence
 What dar'st thou venture ?
- HEL. Tax of impudence,
 A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame, 170
 Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
 Sear'd otherwise ; ne worse of worst—extended
 With vilest torture let my life be ended.
- KING. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
 His powerful sound within an organ weak ; 175
 And what impossibility would slay
 In common sense, sense saves another way.
 Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate
 Worth name of life in thee hath estimate :
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all 180
 That happiness and prime can happy call.
 Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
 Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
 That ministers thine own death if I die. 185
- HEL. If I break time, or flinch in property
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
 And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee ;

But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

KING. Make thy demand.

HEL. But will you make it even ? 190

KING. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

HEL. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command.

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France, 195

My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy state ;

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

KING. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd, 200

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd.

So make the choice of thy own time, for I,

Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must,

Though more to know could not be more to trust, 205

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on.

But rest

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.

Give me some help here, ho ! If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*flourish. exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

COUNT. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

CLO. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

COUNT. To the court ! Why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt ? But to the court !

CLO. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court. He that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court ; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

COUNT. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions. 15

CLO. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks—the pin buttock, the quatch buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

COUNT. Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

CLO. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffety punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth ; nay, as the pudding to his skin. 26

COUNT. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions ?

CLO. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

COUNT. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

CLO. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier : it shall do you no harm to learn. 36

COUNT. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier ?

CLO. O Lord, sir !—There's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them. 41

COUNT. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

CLO. O Lord, sir !—Thick thick ; spare not me.

COUNT. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

CLO. O Lord, sir !—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

COUNT. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think. 46

CLO. O Lord, sir !—Spare not me.

COUNT. Do you cry ' O Lord, sir ! ' at your whipping, and ' spare not me ' ? Indeed your ' O Lord, sir ! ' is very sequent to your whipping. You would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't. 51

CLO. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my ' O Lord, sir ! ' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

COUNT. I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain it so merrily with a fool. 55

CLO. O Lord, sir !—Why, there't serves well again.

COUNT. An end, sir ! To your business : give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back ;

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son. This is not much.

CLO. Not much commendation to them ?

COUNT. Not much employment for you. You understand me ?

CLO. Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs. 64

COUNT. Haste you again. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Paris. The King's palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

LAF. They say miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

PAR. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

BER. And so 'tis.

LAF. To be relinquish'd of the artists— 10

PAR. So I say—both of Galen and Paracelsus.

LAF. Of all the learned and authentic fellows—

PAR. Right ; so I say.

LAF. That gave him out incurable—

PAR. Why, there 'tis ; so say I too. 15

LAF. Not to be help'd—

PAR. Right ; as 'twere a man assur'd of a—

LAF. Uncertain life and sure death.

PAR. Just ; you say well ; so would I have said.

LAF. I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.

PAR. It is indeed. If you will have it in showing, you shall read it in what-do-ye-call't here. 22

LAF. [*reading the ballad title.*] 'A Showing of a Heavenly Effect in an Earthly Actor.'

PAR. That's it ; I would have said the very same.

LAF. Why, your dolphin is not lustier. Fore me, I speak in respect—

PAR. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange ; that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he's of a most facinorious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

LAF. Very hand of heaven. 30

PAR. Ay ; so I say.

LAF. In a most weak—

PAR. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence ; which should, indeed, give us a further usc to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King, as to be— 35

LAF. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and ATTENDANTS.

PAR. I would have said it ; you say well. Here comes the King.

LAF. Lustig, as the Duchman says. I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto. 41

PAR. Mort du vinaigre ! Is not this Helen ?

LAF. Fore God, I think so.

KING. Go, call before me all the lords in court. [*exit an ATTENDANT.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ; 45

And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou has repeal'd, a second time receive

The confirmation of my promis'd gift,

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four LORDS.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye. This youthful parcel 50

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice

I have to use. Thy frank election make ;

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

HEL. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress 55

Fall, when love please. Marry, to each but one !

LAF. I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture

My mouth no more were broken than these boys',

And writ as little beard.

KING. Peruse them well.

Not one of those but had a noble father. 60

HEL. Gentlemen,

Heaven hath through me restor'd the King to health.

ALL. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

HEL. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest

That I protest I simply am a maid. 65

Please it your Majesty, I have done already.

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me :

'We blush that thou shouldst choose ; but, be refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,

We'll ne'er come there again'.

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'We blush that thou shouldst choose ; but, be refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,

We'll ne'er come there again'.

KING. Make choice and see : 70
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.
HEL. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit ?
1 LORD. And grant it.
HEL. Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute. 75
LAF. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.
HEL. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threat'ningly replies.
Love make your fortunes twenty times above 80
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !
2 LORD. No better, if you please.
HEL. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant ; and so I take my leave.
LAF. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons of mine I'd have
them whipt ; or I would send them to th' Turk to make cunuchs of.
HEL. Be not afraid that I your hand should take ;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake.
Blessing upon your vows ; and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed ! 90
LAF. These boys are boys of ice ; they'll none have her. Sure, they
are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er got 'em.
HEL. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood. 95
4 LORD. Fair one, I think not so.
LAF. There's one grape yet ; I am sure thy father drunk wine—but
if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen ; I have known
thee already.
HEL. [to BERTRAM] I dare not say I take you ; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live, 101
Into your guiding power. This is the man.
KING. Why, then, young Bertram, take her ; she's thy wife.
BER. My wife, my liege ! I shall beseech your Highness,
In such a business give me leave to use 105
The help of mine own eyes.
KING. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me ?
BER. Yes, my good lord ;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.
KING. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.
BER. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down 110
Must answer for your raising ? I know her well :
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife ! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever !
KING. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which 115
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous—save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter—thou dislik'st 120
Of virtue for the name ; but do not so.

- From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed ;
 Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none, 125
 It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
 Is good without a name. Vileness is so :
 The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair
 In these to nature she's immediate heir ; 130
 And these breed honour. That is honour's scorn
 Which challenges itself as honour's born
 And is not like the sire. Honours thrive
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers. The mere word's a slave, 135
 Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave
 A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said ?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid, 140
 I can create the rest. Virtue and she
 Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.
 BER. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.
 KING. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.
 HEL. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad. 145
 Let the rest go.
 KING. My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat,
 I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up 150
 My love and her desert ; that canst not dream
 We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know
 It is in us to plant thine honour where
 We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt ; 155
 Obey our will, which travails in thy good ;
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
 Which both thy duty owes and our power claims ;
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever 160
 Into the staggers and the careless lapse
 Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate
 Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity. Speak ; thine answer.
 BER. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit 165
 My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
 What great creation and what dole of honour
 Flies where you bid it, I find that she which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base is now
 The praised of the King ; who, so ennobled, 170
 Is as 'twere born so.
 KING. Take her by the hand,
 And tell her she is thine ; to whom I promise
 A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
 A balance more replete.
 BER. I take her hand.
 650

KING. Good fortune and the favour of the King
 Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brieve,
 And be perform'd to-night. The solemn feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
 Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err. 175
*[exeunt all but LAFEU and PAROLLES who stay behind,
 commenting of this wedding.]*

LAF. Do you hear, monsieur ? A word with you.
 PAR. Your pleasure, sir ?
 LAF. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation. 185
 PAR. Recantation ! My Lord ! my master !
 LAF. Ay ; is it not a language I speak ?
 PAR. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody
 succeeding. My master !
 LAF. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon ? 190
 PAR. To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.
 LAF. To what is count's man : count's master is of another style.
 PAR. You are too old, sir ; let it satisfy you, you are too old.
 LAF. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man ; to which title age cannot
 bring thee.
 PAR. What I dare too well do, I dare not do. 198
 LAF. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow ;
 thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel ; it might pass. Yet
 the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade
 me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now
 found thee ; when I lose thee again I care not ; yet art thou good
 for nothing but taking up ; and that thou'rt scarce worth. 205
 PAR. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee—
 LAF. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy
 trial ; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen ! So, my
 good window of lattice, fare thee well ; thy casement I need not
 open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand. 212
 PAR. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.
 LAF. Ay, with all my heart ; and thou art worthy of it.
 PAR. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.
 LAF. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it ; and I will not bate thee a
 scruple.
 PAR. Well, I shall be wiser. 218
 LAF. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for*thou hast to pull at a smack o'
 th' contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten,
 thou shalt find what it is to be p'foud of thy bondage. I have a
 desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge,
 that I may say in the default ' He is a man I know '. 224
 PAR. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.
 LAF. I would it were hell pains for thy sake, and my poor doing
 eternal ; for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion
 age will give me leave. *[exit.]*
 PAR. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me : scurvy,
 old, filthy, scurvy lord ! Well, I must be patient ; there is no
 fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet
 him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord.

I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again. 235

Re-enter LAFEU.

LAF. Sirrah, your lord and master's married ; there's news for you ; you have a new mistress.

PAR. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord : whom I serve above is my master. 240

LAF. Who ? God ?

PAR. Ay, sir.

LAF. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion ? Dost make hose of thy sleeves ? Do other servants so ? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee. Methink'st thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee. 250

PAR. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

LAF. Go to, sir ; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate ; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller ; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[exit.]*

Enter BERTRAM.

PAR. Good, very good, it is so then. Good, very good ; let it be conceal'd awhile.

BER. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever ! 260

PAR. What's the matter, sweetheart ?

BER. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

PAR. What, what, sweetheart ?

BER. O my Parolles, they have married me ! 265
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

PAR. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot. To th' wars !

BER. There's letters from my mother ; what th' import is I know not yet.

PAR. Ay, that would be known. "To th' wars, my boy, to th' wars !

He wears his honour in a box unseen

That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,

Spending his manly marrow in her arms,

Which should sustain the bound and high curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions ! 275

France is a stable ; we that dwell in't jades ;

Therefore, to th' war !

BER. It shall be so ; I'll send her to my house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And wherefore I am fled ; write to the King

That which I durst not speak. His present gift

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields 280

- Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
 To the dark house and the detested wife. 285
- PAR. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure ?
 BER. Go with me to my chamber and advise me.
 I'll send her straight away. To-morrow
 I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.
- PAR. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard : 290
 A young man married is a man that's marr'd.
 Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go.
 The King has done you wrong ; but, hush, 'tis so. [exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Paris. The King's palace.**Enter HELENA and CLOWN.*

- HEL. My mother greets me kindly ; is she well ?
 CLO. She is not well, but yet she has her health ; she's very merry,
 but yet she is not well. But thanks be given, she's very well,
 and wants nothing i' th' world ; but yet she is not well.
- HEL. If she be very well, what does she ail that she's not very well ?
 CLO. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.
- HEL. What two things ?
 CLO. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly !
 The other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

- PAR. Bless you, my fortunate lady !
 HEL. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good
 fortunes. 15
- PAR. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on,
 have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady ?
- CLO. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she
 did as you say.
- PAR. Why, I say nothing.
- CLO. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue
 shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing,
 to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your
 title, which is within a very little of nothing. 26
- PAR. Away ! th'art a knave.
- CLO. You should have said, sir, ' Before a knave th'art a knave ' ;
 that's ' Before me th'art a knave '. This had been truth, sir.
- PAR. Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have found thee.
- CLO. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me ?
 The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in
 you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter. 35
- PAR. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
 Madam, my lord will go away to-night :
 A very serious business calls on him.
 The great prerogative and rite of love,
 Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge ; 40
 But puts it off to a compell'd restraint ;
 Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
 Which they distil now in the curbed time,
 To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
 And pleasure drown the brim.

- HEL. What's his will else ? 45
 PAR. That you will take your instant leave o' th' King,
 And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
 Strength'ned with what apology you think
 May inake it probable need.
 HEL. What more commands he ?
 PAR. That, having this obtain'd, you presently 50
 Attend his further pleasure.
 HEL. In everything I wait upon his will.
 PAR. I shall report it so.
 HEL. I pray you. [*exit PAROLLES.*] Come, sirrah. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Paris. The King's palace.**Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

- LAF. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.
 BER. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
 LAF. You have it from his own deliverance.
 BER. And by other warranted testimony.
 LAF. Then my dial goes not true ; I took this lark for a bunting.
 BER. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and
 accordingly valiant.
 LAF. I have then sinn'd against his experience and transgress'd
 against his valour ; and my state that way is dangerous, since I
 cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes ; I pray
 you make us friends ; I will pursue the amity. 13

Enter PAROLLES.

- PAR. [*to BERTRAM.*] These things shall be done, sir.
 LAF. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor ?
 PAR. Sir !
 LAF. O, I know him well. Ay, sir ; he, sir, 's a good workman, a
 very good tailor.
 BER. [*aside to PAROLLES.*] Is she gone to the King ?
 PAR. She is. 20
 BER. Will she away to-night ?
 PAR. As you'll have her.
 BER. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
 Given order for our horses ; and to-night,
 When I should take possession of the bride, 25
 End ere I do begin.
 LAF. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner ; but
 one that lies threc-thirds and us's a known truth to pass a thousand
 nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God
 save you, Captain. 30
 BER. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur ?
 PAR. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.
 LAF. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like
 him that leapt into the custard ; and out of it you'll run again,
 rather than suffer question for your residence. 38
 BER. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.
 LAF. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you
 well, my lord ; and believe this of me : there can be no kernel in

this light nut ; the soul of this man is his clothes ; trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur ; I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand ; but we must do good against evil. [exit.

PAR. An idle lord, I swear.

BER. I think so.

PAR. Why, do you not know him ? 50

BER. Yes, I do know him well ; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

HEL. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting ; only he desires 55
Some private speech with you.

BER. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not 60
For such a business ; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you ;
For my respects are better than they seem, 65
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you ; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

HEL. Sir, I can nothing say 70
But that I am your most obedient servant.

BER. Come, come, no more of that.

HEL. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

BER. Let that go. 75
My haste is very great. Farewell ; hie home.

HEL. Pray, sir, your pardon.

BER. Well, what would you say ?

HEL. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is ;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal 80
What law does vouch mine own

BER. What would you have ?

HEL. Something ; and scarce so much ; nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord.

Faith, yes :

Strangers and foes do sunder and not kiss.

BER. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse. 85

HEL. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

BER. Where are my other men, monsieur ?

Farewell !

[*exit* HELENA.]

Go thou toward home, where I will never come

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.

Away, and for our flight.

PAR.

Bravely, coragio !

[*exeunt.*]

ACT THREE

SCENE I. *Florence. The Duke's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended ; two FRENCH LORDS, with a TROOP OF SOLDIERS.

DUKE. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war ;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1 LORD. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part ; black and fearful
On the opposer.

5

DUKE. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 LORD. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion ; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

10

15

DUKE. Be it his pleasure.

1 LORD. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

DUKE. Welcome shall they be

And all the honours that can fly from us

20

Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;

When better fall, for your avails they fell.

To-morrow to th' field.

[*flourish. exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

COUNT. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save that he
comes not along with her.

CLO. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

COUNT. By what observance, I pray you ?

CLO. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing ; mend the ruff and
sing ; ask questions and sing ; pick his teeth and sing. I know
a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for
a song.

COUNT. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

CLO. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court. *[opening a letter]* Our old ling and our Isbels o' th' country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' th' court. The brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach. 16

COUNT. What have we here?

CLO. E'en that you have there. *[exit.]*

COUNT. *[reads.]* 'I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the King and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the "not" eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.' 25

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king,
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire. 30

Re-enter CLOWN.

CLO. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady.

COUNT. What is the matter?

CLO. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would. 36

COUNT. Why should he be kill'd?

CLO. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to 't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your son was run away. *[exit.]*

Enter HELENA and the two FRENCH GENTLEMEN.

2 GENT. Save you, good madam.

HEL. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

1 GENT. Do not say so. 45

COUNT. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't. Where is my son, I pray you.

1 GENT. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence. 50
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

HEL. Look on this letter, madam; here's my passport.

[reads.] 'When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a "then" I write a "never".' 58

This is a dreadful sentence.

COUNT. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 GENT. Ay, madam;

And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains. 61

- COUNT. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer ;
 If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
 Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son ;
 But I do wash his name out of my blood,
 And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he ? 65
- 1 GENT. Ay, madam.
- COUNT. And to be a soldier ?
- 1 GENT. Such is his noble purpose ; and, believe 't,
 The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
 That good convenience claims.
- COUNT. Return you thither ? 70
- 2 GENT. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
- HEL. [reads]. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
 'Tis bitter.
- COUNT. Find you that there ?
- HEL. Ay, madam.
- 2 GENT. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand haply, which his heart was
 not consenting to. 76
- COUNT. Nothing in France until he have no wife !
 There's nothing here that is too good for him
 But only she ; and she deserves a lord
 That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
 And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him ? 80
- 2 GENT. A servant only, and a gentleman
 Which I have sometime known.
- COUNT. Parolles, was it not ?
- 2 GENT. Ay, my good lady, he.
- COUNT. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness. 85
 My son corrupts a well-derived nature
 With his inducement.
- 2 GENT. Indeed, good lady,
 The fellow has a deal of that too much
 Which holds him much to have.
- COUNT. Y'are welcome, gentlemen. 90
 I will entreat you, when you see my son,
 To tell him that his sword can never win
 The honour that he loses. More I'll entreat you
 Written to bear along.
- 1 GENT. We serve you, madam,
 In that and all your worthiest affairs. 95
- COUNT. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
- HEL. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.' *{exeunt COUNTESS and GENTLEMEN.*
- Nothing in France until he has no wife !
 Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France 100
 Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is't I
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event
 Of the none-sparing war ? And is it I
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou 105
 wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
 Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
 Fly with false aim ; move the still-piecing air,

That sings with piercing ; do not touch my lord. 110
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the caitiff that do hold him to't ;
 And though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected. Better 'twere 115
 I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
 With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 'twere
 That all the miseries which nature owes
 Were mine at once. No ; come thou home, Rousillon,
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, 120
 As oft it loses all. I will be gone.
 My being here it is that holds thee hence.
 Shall I stay here to do't ? No, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all. I will be gone, 125
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight
 To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day.
 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [exit.

SCENE III. *Florence. Before the Duke's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES,

SOLDIERS, drum and trumpets.

DUKE. The General of our Horse thou art ; and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

BER. Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake 5
 To th' extreme edge of hazard.

DUKE. Then go thou forth ;
 And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
 As thy auspicious mistress !

BER. This very day,

Great Mars, I put myself into thy file ;
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove 10
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD.

COUNT. Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?
 Might you not know she would do as she has done
 By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

STEW. [reads]. ' I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.

Ambitious love hath so in me offended 5
 That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
 With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
 Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
 My dearest master, your dear son, may hie.
 Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10
 His name with zealous fervour sanctify.

- His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
 I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
 From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
 Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth. 15
 He is too good and fair for death and me ;
 Whom I myself embrace to set him free.'
- COUNT. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words !
 Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much
 As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her, 20
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented.'
- STEW. Pardon me, madam ;
 If I had given you this at over-night,
 She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes
 Pursuit would be but vain.
- COUNT. What angel shall 25
 Bless this unworthy husband ? He cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
 And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife ; 30
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
 That he does weigh too light. My greatest grief,
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger.
 When haply he shall hear that she is gone 35
 He will return ; and hope I may that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
 Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction. Provide this messenger. 40
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Without the walls of Florence.*

A tucket afar off. Enter an old WIDOW of FLORENCE, her daughter DIANA, VIOLENTA, and MARIANA, with other CITIZENS.

- WID. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city we shall lose all the sight.
- DIA. They say the French count has done most honourable service.
- WID. It is reported that he has taken their great'st commander ; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. [tucket]. We have lost our labour ; they are gone a contrary way. Hark ! you may know by their trumpets.
- MAR. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl ; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty. 12
- WID. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.
- MAR. I know that knave, hang him ! one Parolles ; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana : their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these

engines of lust, are not the things they go under ; many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further ; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

DIA. You shall not need to fear me. 26

Enter HELENA in the dress of a pilgrim.

WID. I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house : thither they send one another. I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim ! Whither are bound ? 30

HEL. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

WID. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

HEL. Is this the way ? [a march afar. 35

WID. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you ! They come this way. 35

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;
The rather for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

HEL. Is it yourself ? 40

WID. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

HEL. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

WID. You came, I think, from France ?

HEL. I did so.

WID. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

HEL. His name, I pray you. 45

DIA. The Count Rousillon. Know you such a one ?

HEL. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him ;
His face I know not.

DIA. Whatsome'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so ? 50

HEL. Ay, surely, mere the truth ; I know his lady.

DIA. There is a gentleman that serves the Count
Reports but coarsely of her.

HEL. What's his name ?

DIA. Monsieur Parolles.

HEL. O, I believe with him, 55
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated ; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

DIA. Alas, poor lady ! 60

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

WID. I weet, good creature, wheresoe'er she is
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her

- A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
- HEL. How do you mean ? 65
May be the amorous Count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
- WID. He does, indeed ;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid ;
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard 70
In honestest defence.
- Enter, with drum and colours, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole ARMY.*
- MAR. The gods forbid else !
- WID. So, now they come.
That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son ;
That, Escalus.
- HEL. Which is the Frenchman ?
- DIA. He—
That with the plume ; 'tis a most gallant fellow. 75
I would he lov'd his wife ; if he were honest
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentleman ?
- HEL. I like him well.
- DIA. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same knave
That leads him to these places ; were I his lady 80
I would poison that vile rascal.
- HEL. Which is he ?
- DIA. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy ?
- HEL. Perchance he's hurt i' th' battle.
- PAR. Lose our drum ! well. 85
- MAR. He's shrewdly vex'd at something.
Look, he has spied us.
- WID. Marry, hang you !
- MAR. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !
[exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and ARMY.]
- WID. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you 90
Where you shall host. Of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jacques bound,
Already at my house.
- HEL. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
'To eat with us to-night ; the charge and thanking 95
Shall be for me, and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,
Worthy the note.
- BOTH. We'll take your offer kindly. *[exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two FRENCH LORDS.

- 2 LORD. Nay, good my lord, put him to't ; let him have his way.
- 1 LORD. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in
your respect.
- 2 LORD. On my life, my lord, a bubble.
- BER. Do you think I am so far deceived in him ?

2 LORD. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment. 11

1 LORD. It were fit you knew him ; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you. 14

BER. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

1 LORD. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

2 LORD. I with a troop of Florentines will suddenly surprise him ; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination ; if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything. 28

1 LORD. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum ; he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes. 34

Enter PAROLLES.

2 LORD. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design ; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

BER. How now, monsieur ! This drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

1 LORD. A pox on't ; let it go ; 'tis but a drum. 40

PAR. But a drum ! Is't but a drum ? A drum so lost ! There was excellent command : to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers !

1 LORD. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service ; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

BER. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success. Some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

PAR. It might have been recovered. 51

BER. It might, but it is not now.

PAR. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet'. 55

BER. Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur. If you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit. If you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of our worthiness.

PAR. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

- BER. But you must not now slumber in it. 65
- PAR. I'll about it this evening ; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation ; and by midnight look to hear further from me.
- BER. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it ?
- PAR. I know not what the success will be, my lord, but the attempt I vow.
- BER. I know th'art valiant ; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell. 75
- PAR. I love not many words. [exit.]
- 2 LORD. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done ; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't. 81
- 1 LORD. You do not know him, my lord, as we do. Certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries ; but when you find him out, you have him ever after. 85
- BER. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto ?
- 2 LORD. None in the world ; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost emboss'd him. You shall see his fall to-night ; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. 91
- 1 LORD. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old Lord Lafeu. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night. 96
- 2 LORD. I must go look my twigs ; he shall be caught.
- BER. Your brother, he shall go along with me.
- 2 LORD. As't please your lordship. I'll leave you. [exit.]
- BER. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.
- 1 LORD. But you say she's honest. 101
- BER. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but oncce, And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' th' wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send ; 105 And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature ; Will you go see her ?
- 1 LORD. With all my heart, my lord. [exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter HELENA and WIDOW.

- HEL. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
- WID. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses ; 5
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

- HEL. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word ; and then you cannot, 10
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
- WID. I should believe you ;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.
- HEL. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far, 15
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The Count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolv'd to carry her. Let her in fine consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand. A ring the County wears
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds 25
In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
- WID. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.
- HEL. You see it lawful then. It is no more 30
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns 35
To what is pass'd already.
- WID. I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes 40
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.
- HEL. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, 45
And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it. [exeunt.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine camp.*

Enter SECOND FRENCH LORD with five or six other SOLDIERS in ambush.

2 LORD. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 SOLD. Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

2 LORD. Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

1 SOLD. No, sir, I warrant you. 10

2 LORD. But what linsey-woolsey has thou to speak to us again?

1 SOLD. E'en such as you speak to me.

2 LORD. He must think us some band of strangers i' th' adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges. 22

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. Ten o'clock. Within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue. 29

2 LORD. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

PAR. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say 'Came you off with so little?' And great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazer's mule, if you prattle me into these perils. 40

2 LORD. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

PAR. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

2 LORD. We cannot afford you so. 45

PAR. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

2 LORD. 'Twould not do.

PAR. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

2 LORD. Hardly serve. 50

PAR. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel—

2 LORD. How deep?

PAR. Thirty fathom.

2 LORD. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

PAR. I would I had any drum of the enemy's ; I would swear I recover'd it.

2 LORD. You shall hear one anon.

[*alarum within.*

PAR. A drum now of the enemy's !

60

2 LORD. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

ALL. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

PAR. O, ransom, ransom ! Do not hide mine eyes.

[*they blindfold him.*

1 SOLD. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

PAR. I know you are the Muskos*regiment,

65

And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here German, or Danc, Low Dutch,

Italian, or French, let him speak to me ;

I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

69

1 SOLD. Boskos vauvado. I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerely-bonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

PAR. O !

1 SOLD. O, pray, pray, pray ! Manka revania dulce.

75

2 LORD. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

1 SOLD. The General is content to spare thee yet ;

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on

To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform

Something to save thy life.

PAR. O, let me live,

80

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,

Their force, their purposes. Nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

1 SOLD. But wilt thou faithfully ?

PAR. If I do not, damn me.

1 SOLD. Acordo linta.

85

Come on ; thou art granted space. [*exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*

A short alarum within.

2 LORD. Go, tell the Count Rousillon and my brother

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled

Till we do hear from them.

2 SOLD. Captain, I will.

2 LORD. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves—

90

Inform on that.

2 SOLD. So I will, sir.

2 LORD. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[*exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Florence. • The Widow's house.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

BER. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

DIA. No, my good lord, Diana.

BER. Titled goddess ;

And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality ?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

5

You are no maiden, but a monument ;

When you are dead, you should be such a one

1 LORD. We will not meddle with him till he come ; for his presence must be the whip of the other. 35

2 LORD. In the meantime, what hear you of these wars ?

1 LORD. I hear there is an overture of peace.

2 LORD. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

1 LORD. What will Count Rousillon do then ? Will he travel higher, or return again into France ? 41

2 LORD. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsel.

1 LORD. Let it be forbid, sir ! So should I be a great deal of his act.

2 LORD. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house. Her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand ; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplish'd ; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief ; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

1 LORD. How is this justified ? 52

2 LORD. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true even to the point of her death. Her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place. 56

1 LORD. Hath the Count all this intelligence ?

2 LORD. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

1 LORD. I am heartily sorry that he'll be g'ad of this.

2 LORD. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses ! 62

1 LORD. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears ! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquir'd for him shall at home be encount'ed with a shame as ample.

2 LORD. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipt them not ; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our virtues. 72

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now ? Where's your master ?

SER. He met the Duke in the street, sir ; of whom he hath taken a solemn leave. His lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King. 75

2 LORD. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 LORD. They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord, is't not after midnight ? 80

BER. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length apiece ; by an abstract of success : I have congied with the Duke, donc my adieu with his nearest ; buried a wife, mourn'd for her ; writ to my lady mother I am returning ; entertain'd my convoy ; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs. The last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 LORD. If the business be of any difficulty and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship. 90

BER. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the Fool and the Soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module has deceiv'd me like a double-meaning prophesier. 95

2 LORD. Bring him forth. [*exeunt SOLDIERS.*] Has sat i' th' stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

BER. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

2 LORD. I have told your lordship already the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' th' stocks. And what think you he hath confess'd? 106

BER. Nothing of me, has 'a?

2 LORD. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it. 110

Enter PAROLLES guarded, and FIRST SOLDIER as interpreter.

BER. A plague upon him! muffled! He can say nothing of me.

2 LORD. Hush, hush! Hoodman comes. Portotartarossa.

1 SOLD. He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

PAR. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 SOLD. Bosko chimurcho.

2 LORD. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

1 SOLD. You are a merciful general. Our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note. 121

PAR. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 SOLD. 'First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong.' What say you to that?

PAR. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 SOLD. Shall I set down your answer so? 129

PAR. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

BER. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

2 LORD. Y'are deceiv'd, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—that was his own phrase—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger. 136

1 LORD. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 SOLD. Well, that's set down. 140

PAR. 'Five or six thousand horse' I said—I will say true—or thereabouts' set down, for I'll speak truth.

2 LORD. He's very near the truth in this.

BER. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

PAR. 'Poor rogues' I pray you say.

1 SOLD. Well, that's set down.

PAR. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth—the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 SOLD. 'Demand of him of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that? 151

PAR. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the musterfile, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks lest they shake themselves to pieces. 160

BER. What shall be done to him?

2 LORD. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

1 SOLD. Well, that's set down. 'You shall demand of him whether one Captain Dumain be i' th' camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? What do you know of it? 169

PAR. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories. Demand them singly.

1 SOLD. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

PAR. I know him: 'a was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the shrieve's fool with child—a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

BER. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 SOLD. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

PAR. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy. 180

2 LORD. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 SOLD. What is his reputation with the Duke?

PAR. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 SOLD. Marry, we'll search. 187

PAR. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

1 SOLD. Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you? 190

PAR. I do not know if it be it or no.

BER. Our interpreter does it well.

2 LORD. Excellently.

1 SOLD. [*Reads.*] 'Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold.'

PAR. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertismen to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again. 200

1 SOLD. Nay, I'll read it first by your favour.

PAR. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds. 205

BER. Damnable both-sides rogue!

I SOLD. [*Reads.*]

'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it ;
After he scores, he never pays the score.
Half won is match well made ; match, and well make it
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before. 210
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this :
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss ;
For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear, 215
PAROLLES.'

BER. He shall be whipt through the army with this rhyme in's forehead.

I LORD. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier. 220

BER. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

I SOLD. I perceive, sir, by our General's looks we shall be fain to hang you. 224

PAR. My life, sir, in any case ! Not that I am afraid to die, but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' th' stocks, or anywhere, so I may live. 228

I SOLD. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely ; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain : you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour ; what is his honesty ? 232

PAR. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister ; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths ; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk ; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bedclothes about him ; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty. He has everything that an honest man should not have ; what an honest man should have he has nothing. 243

2 LORD. I begin to love him for this.

BER. For this description of thine honesty ? A pox upon him ! For me, he's more and more a cat.

I SOLD. What say you to his expertness in war ?

PAR. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians—to belie him I will not—and more of his soldiership I know not, except in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end to instruct for the doubling of files—I would do the man what honour I can—but of this I am not certain.

2 LORD. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far that the rarity redeems him. 255

BER. A pox on him ! he's a cat still.

I SOLD. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

PAR. Sir, for a carducue he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation,

the inheritance of it ; and cut th' entail from all remainders and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

I SOLD. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain ?

I LORD. Why does he ask him of me ?

I SOLD. What's he ?

265

PAR. E'en a crow o' th' same nest ; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward ; yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey : marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

270

I SOLD. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine ?

PAR. Ay, and the Captain of his Horse, Count Rousillon.

I SOLD. I'll whisper with the General, and know his pleasure. 275

PAR. [*aside.*] I'll no more drumming. A plague of all drums !

Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger.

Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken ?

I SOLD. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The General says you that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

286

PAR. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death !

I SOLD. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.

[*unmuffling him.*]

So look about you ; know you any here ?

290

BER. Good morrow, noble Captain.

I LORD. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

2 LORD. God save you, noble Captain.

I LORD. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew ? I am for France.

295

2 LORD. Good Captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon ? An I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you ; but fare you well.

[*exeunt BERTRAM and LORDS.*]

I SOLD. You are undone, Captain, all but your scarf ; that has a knot on't yet.

301

PAR. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot ?

I SOLD. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir ; I am for France too ; we shall speak of you there.

[*exit with SOLDIERS.*]

PAR. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,

307

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more ;

But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft

As captain shall. Simply the thing I am

310

Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass

That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword ; cool, blushes ; and, Parolles, live

Safest in shame. Being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive.

315

There's place and means for every man alive.

I'll after them.

[*exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Florence. The Widow's house.**Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA.*

- HEL. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
 One of the greatest in the Christian world
 Shall be my surety ; fore whose throne 'tis needful,
 Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
 Time was I did him a desired office, 5
 Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
 Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
 And answer ' Thanks '. I duly am inform'd
 His Grace is at Marseilles, to which place
 We have convenient convoy. You must know 10
 I am supposed dead. The army breaking,
 My husband hies him home ; where, heaven aiding,
 And by the leave of my good lord the King,
 We'll be before our welcome.
- WID. Gentle madam,
 You never had a servant to whose trust 15
 Your business was more welcome.
- HEL. Nor you, mistress,
 Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
 To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
 As it hath fated her to be my motive 20
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men !
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night. So lust doth play
 With what it loathes, for that which is away. 25
 But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.
- DIA. Let death and honesty
 Go with your impositions, I am yours
 Upon your will to suffer.
- HEL. Yet, I pray you : 30
 But with the word the time will bring on summer,
 When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ;
 Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us.
 All's Well That Ends Well. Still the fine's the crown. 35
 Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.**Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.*

- LAF. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow
 there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd
 and doughy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-
 in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home,
 more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee
 I speak of. 6

- COUNT. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.
- LAF. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand sallets ere we light on such another herb. 13
- CLO. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.
- LAF. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave ; they are nose-herbs.
- CLO. I am no great Nebuchadnezzai, sir ; I have not much skill in grass.
- LAF. Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool ? 20
- CLO. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.
- LAF. Your distinction ?
- CLO. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.
- LAF. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.
- CLO. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.
- LAF. I will subscribe for thee ; thou art both knave and fool.
- CLO. At your service. 30
- LAF. No, no, no.
- CLO. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.
- LAF. Who's that ? A Frenchman ?
- CLO. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name ; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.
- LAF. What prince is that ?
- CLO. The Black Prince, sir ; alias, the Prince of Darkness ; alias, the devil. 39
- LAF. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of ; serve him still.
- CLO. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire ; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world ; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter. Some that humble themselves may ; but the many will be too chill and tender ; and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.
- LAF. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee ; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways ; let my horses be well look'd fo, without any tricks. 53
- CLO. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by, the law of nature. [exit. 54
- LAF. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy. 56
- COUNT. So 'a is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him. By his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness ; and indeed he has no pacc, but runs where he will. 60
- LAF. I like him well ; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty out of a self-gracious remembrance did first propose. His Highness hath promis'd me to do it ; and, to stop

up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 69

COUNT. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

LAF. His Highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; 'a will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd. 75

COUNT. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night. I shall beseech your lordship to remain with ~~me~~ till they meet together.

LAF. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted. 81

COUNT. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

LAF. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter CLOWN.

CLO. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

LAF. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good liv'ry of honour; so belike is that. 91

CLO. But it is your carbonado'd face.

LAF. Let us go see your son, I pray you;

I long to talk with the young noble soldier. 94

CLO. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. *[exeunt.]*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. *Marseilles. A street.*

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA, with two ATTENDANTS.

HEL. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it.
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital 5
As nothing can unroot you. •

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

In happy time!

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

GENT. And you.

HEL. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. 10

GENT. I have been sometimes there.

HEL. I do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n

From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

- Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful. 15
- GENT. What's your will ?
- HEL. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King ;
And aid me with that store of power you have 20
To come into his presence.
- GENT. The King's not here.
- HEL. Not here, sir ?
- GENT. Not indeed.
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
- WID. Lord, how we lose our pains !
- HEL. All's Well That Ends Well yet, 25
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?
- GENT. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ;
Whither I am going.
- HEL. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me, 30
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
- GENT. This I'll do for you. 35
- HEL. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again ;
Go, go, provide. [exunt.]

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The inner court of the Count's palace.*

Enter CLOWN and PAROLLES.

- PAR. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafcu this letter. I
have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held
familiarity with fresher clothes ; but I am now, sir, muddled in
Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong
displeasure. 5
- CLO. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so
strongly as thou speak'st of. I will henceforth eat no fish of
Fortune's butt'ring. Prithee, allow the wind.
- PAR. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir ; I spake but by a
metaphor. 10
- CLO. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose ; or
against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.
- PAR. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper. 14
- CLO. Foh ! prithee stand away. A paper from Fortune's close-stool
to give to a nobleman ! Look here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat, but not a
musk-cat, that has fall'n into the unclean fishpond of her dis-
pleasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal. Pray you, sir, use

the carp as you may ; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [exit.]

PAR. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

LAF. And what would you have me to do ? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her ? There's a cardcue for you. Let the justices make you and Fortune friends ; I am for other business.

PAR. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word. 35

LAF. You beg a single penny more ; come, you shall ha't ; save your word.

PAR. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

LAF. You beg more than word then. Cox my passion ! give me your hand. How does your drum ? 40

PAR. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

LAF. Was I, in sooth ? And I was the first that lost thee.

PAR. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. 45

LAF. Out upon thee, knave ! Dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil ? One brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [trumpets sound.] The King's coming ; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me ; I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat. Go to ; follow. 51

PAR. I praise God for you. [exeunt.]

SCENE III. Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, the two FRENCH LORDS, with ATTENDANTS.

KING. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it ; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

COUNT. 'Tis past, my liege ;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it 5
Natural rebellion, done i' th' blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on. •

KING. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all ;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him 10
And watch'd the time to shoot.

LAF. This I must say—
But first, I beg my pardon : the young lord
Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife 15
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

KING. Praising what is lost
 Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither ; 20
 We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
 All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon ;
 The nature of his great offence is dead,
 And deeper than oblivion do we bury
 Th' incensing relics of it ; let him approach, 25
 A stranger, no offender ; and inform him
 So 'tis our will he should.

GENT. I shall, my liege.

[*exit GENTLEMAN.*]

KING. What says he to your daughter ? Have you spoke ?

LAF. All that he is hath reference to your Highness.

KING. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me 30
 'That sets him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

LAF. He looks well on't.

KING. I am not a day of season,
 For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
 In me at once. But to the brightest beams
 Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth ; 35
 The time is fair again.

BER. My high-repented blames,
 Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

KING. All is whole ;
 Not one word more of the consumed time.
 Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
 Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
 The daughter of this lord ?

BER. Admiringly, my liege. At first 45
 I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
 Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue ;
 Where the impression of mine eye infixing ,
 Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
 Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
 Scorn'd a fair colour or express'd it stol'n, 50
 Extended or contracted all proportions
 To a most hideous object. Thence it came
 That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
 Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
 The dust that did offend it.

KING. Well excus'd. 55
 That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
 From the great compt ; but love that comes too late,
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
 To the great sender turns a sour offence,
 Crying 'That's good that's gone'. Our rash faults 60
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,
 Not knowing them until we know their grave.
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
 Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust ;

- Our own love waking cries to see what's done, 65
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
 Be this sweet Helen's knell. And now forget her.
 Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin.
 The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
 To see our widower's second marriage-day. 70
- COUNT. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless !
 Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse !
- LAF. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
 Must be digested ; give a favour from you,
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, 75
 That she may quickly come. [BERTRAM gives a ring.
- By my old beard,
 And ev'ry hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
 Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,
 The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
 I saw upon her finger.
- BER. Hers it was not. 80
- KING. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,
 While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.
 This ring was mine ; and when I gave it Helen
 I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
 Necessitied to help, that by this token 85
 I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
 Of what should stead her most ?
- BER. My gracious sovereign,
 Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
 The ring was never hers.
- COUNT. Son, on my life,
 I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it 90
 At her life's rate.
- LAF. I am sure I saw her wear it.
- BER. You are deceiv'd, my lord ; she never saw it.
 In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
 Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
 Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought 95
 I stood engag'd ; but when I had subscrib'd
 To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
 I could not answer in that course of honour
 As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
 In heavy satisfaction, and would never 100
 Receive the ring again.
- KING. Plutus himself,
 That knows the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
 Hath not in nature's mystery more science
 Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
 Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know 105
 That you are well acquainted with yourself,
 Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
 You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety
 That she would never put it from her finger
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed— 110
 Where you have never come—or sent it us
 Upon her great disaster.

BER. She never saw it.
 KING. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour ;
 And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me
 Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove 115
 That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so.
 And yet I know not—thou didst hate her deadly,
 And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
 Her eyes myself, could win me to believe
 More than to see this ring. 'Take him away. 120
 [GUARDS seize BERTRAM.
 My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
 Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
 Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him.
 We'll sift this matter further.
 BER. If you shall prove
 This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy 125
 Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
 Where she yet never was. [exit, guarded.
 KING. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

GENT. Gracious sovereign,
 Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not :
 Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130
 Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
 To tender it herself. I undertook it,
 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
 Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
 Is here attending ; her business looks in her 135
 With an importing visage ; and she told me
 In a sweet verbal brief it did concern
 Your Highness with herself.
 KING. [reads the letter.] 'Upon his many protestations to marry me
 when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is
 the Count Rousillon a widower ; his vows are forfeited to me,
 and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking
 no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it
 me, O King ! in you it best lies ; otherwise a seducer flourishes,
 and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET.'

LAF. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this. I'll none
 of him. 147

KING. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
 To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors.
 Go speedily, and bring again the Count. [exeunt ATTENDANTS.
 I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
 Was foully snatch'd.

COUNT. Now, justice on the doers !

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

KING. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
 And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
 Yet you desire to marry.

Enter WIDOW and DIANA.

- What woman's that ? 155
 DIA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
 Derived from the ancient Capilet.
 My suit, as I do understand, you know,
 And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
- WID. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour 160
 Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
 And both shall cease, without your remedy.
- KING. Come hither, Count ; do you know these women ?
- BER. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
 But that I know them. Do they charge me further ? 165
- DIA. Why do you look so strange upon your wife.
- BER. She's none of mine, my lord.
- DIA. If you shall marry,
 You give away this hand, and that is mine ;
 You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine ; 170
 You give away myself, which is known mine ;
 For I by vow am so embodied yours
 That she which marries you must marry me,
 Either both or none.
- LAF. [to BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my
 daughter ; you are no husband for her. 175
- BER. My lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature
 Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your Highness
 Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
 Than for to think that I would sink it here.
- KING. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend 180
 Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your honour
 Than in my thought it lies !
- DIA. Good my lord,
 Ask him upon his oath if he does think
 He had not my virginity.
- KING. What say'st thou to her ?
- BER. She's impudent, my lord, 185
 And was a common gamester to the camp.
- DIA. He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so
 He might have bought me at a common price.
 Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
 Whose high respect and rich validity 190
 Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,
 He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,
 If I be one.
- COUNT. He blushes, and 'tis it.
 Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
 Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue, 195
 Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife :
 That ring's a thousand proofs.
- KING. Methought you said
 You saw one here in court could witness it.
- DIA. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
 So bad an instrument ; his name's Parolles. 200
- LAF. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

KING. Find him, and bring him hither. [exit an ATTENDANT.

BER. What of him ?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' th' world tax'd and debauch'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth. 205
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter
That will speak anything ?

KING. She hath that ring of yours.

BER. I think she has. Certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' th' wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me, 210
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning with her modern grace
Subdu'd me to her rate. She got the ring ; 215
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

DIA. I must be patient.

You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife
May justly diet me. I pray you yet—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband— 220
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

BER. I have it not.

KING. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

DIA. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

KING. Know you this ring ? This ring was his of late. 225

DIA. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

KING. The story, then, goes false you threw it him
Out of a casement.

DIA. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

BER. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

KING. You boggle shrewdly ; every feather starts you. 230
Is this the man you speak of ?

DIA. Ay, my lord.

KING. Tell me, sirrah—but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off—
By him and by this woman here what know you ? 235

PAR. So please your Majesty, my master hath been an honourable
gentleman ; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

KING. Come, come, to th' purpose. Did he love this woman ?

PAR. Faith, sir, he did love her ; but how ?

KING. How, I pray you ?

PAR. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

KING. How is that ?

PAR. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not. 245

KING. As thou art a knave and no knave.

What an equivocal companion is this !

PAR. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's command.

LAF. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

DIA. Do you know he promis'd me marriage ? 250

PAR. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

KING. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st ?

PAR. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said ; but more than that, he loved her—for indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what. Yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed ; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of ; therefore I will not speak what I know. 260

KING. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married ; but thou art too fine in thy evidence ; therefore stand aside.

This ring, you say, was yours ?

DIA. Ay, my good lord.

KING. Where did you buy it ? Or who gave it you ? 265

DIA. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

KING. Who lent it you ?

DIA. It was not lent me neither.

KING. Where did you find it then ?

DIA. I found it not.

KING. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him ?

DIA. I never gave it him. 270

LAF. This woman's an easy glove, my lord ; she goes off and on at pleasure.

KING. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

DIA. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

KING. Take her away, I do not like her now ; 275

To prison with her. And away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

DIA. I'll never tell you.

KING. Take her away.

DIA. I'll put in bail, my liege.

KING. I think thee now some common customer. 280

DIA. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

KING. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while ?

DIA. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't :

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not. 285

Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life ;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife. [*pointing to LAFEU.*]

KING. She does abuse our ears ; to prison with her.

DIA. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir ; [*exit WIDOW.*]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, 290

And he shall surety me. But for this lord

Who hath abus'd me as he knows himself,

Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd ;

And at that time he got his wife with child. 295

Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick ;

So there's my riddle : one that's dead is quick—
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter WIDOW with HELENA.

- KING. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is't real that I see ?
- HEL. No, my good lord ; 300
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.
- BER. Both, both ; O, pardon !
HEL. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter. This it says : 305
' When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done.
Will you be mine now you are doubly won ?
- BER. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. 310
- HEL. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you !
O my dear mother, do I see you living ?
- LAF. Mine eyes smell onions ; I shall weep anon. [*to PAROLLES.*]
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher. So, I thank thee.
Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee ; let thy curtsies
alone, they are scurvy ones.
- KING. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
- [*to DIANA.*] If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower, 320
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express. 325
All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*flourish.*]

EPILOGUE

The King's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended if this suit be won,
That you express content ; which we will pay
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ; 5
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [*exeunt omnes.*]

THE WINTER'S TALE

DOCTOR SIMON FORMAN, the astrologer, alchemist, and medico, saw *The Winter's Tale* performed at the Globe Theatre on 15th May 1611; he wrote out a summary of the plot and his account in his own hand, preserved in the Ashmole Collection in the Bodleian, tallies with the play as we have it. He seems to have been particularly impressed by Autolycus for that character draws from him his only bit of moralising; he describes the rascal's pranks in some detail:

Remember also the Rog that cam in all tottered like coll pixie (perhaps colt-pixie, a sprite like a horse) and howe he cosened the poor man of all his money. and after cam to the shep sher with a pedlers packe & ther cosened them again of all their money And howe he changed apparrell with the Kinge of Bonia his sonn and then how he turned Courtier &c.

and Forman concludes with this remark: 'beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellows'.

It has been suggested that the dance of saltiers in 4. iv, three of whom are announced as having 'danced before the King', may have been inspired by the Satyrs' dance in Ben Jonson's masque *Oberon*, performed at Court on 1st Jan 1611. That some of Shakespeare's company may have formed part of Jonson's band of Satyrs is not improbable; the company had (of course) in their number some well-trained dancers, and in a masque before the King some of the King's servants, for the King had extended his own patronage to Shakespeare's company, would not have been out of place. There were also tame bears in the Court performance; the Globe players obviously took advantage of the existence at this time of a tame bear to employ it in the scene in which Antigonus is pursued by the animal.

The Winter's Tale was performed at Court on 5th November 1611, as the much disputed, but genuine, Revels Accounts for the period show. In his *Bartholomew Fair* Jonson glances at the plays of Shakespeare's final period, especially *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* where probability seemed to him to be too little regarded. He assures his audience in his Introduction that at his Fair things will be different:

If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like these that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries.

The servant-monster is doubtless Caliban and such characters seemed to Jonson to overstep the modesty of nature, 'to make nature afraid'. The public might enjoy Caliban, but many years were to pass before criticism could compass the circuit that would bring it to the point of view that 'the magic of the *Tempest* is lasting and universal'. To the critical Jonson it was inevitable that the

Romances of which *The Winter's Tale* is so characteristic an example should appear extravagant and quite beyond the bounds of nature. Dr. Johnson felt about *Cymbeline*, the third of the Romances, much as Ben Jonson about the other two—there was not in them the matter of fact coherence these two powerful minds demanded.

Shakespeare took the material for his plot from the novel *Pandosto, The Triumph of Time*, which Robert Greene had published in 1588. He also drew on Greene's second pamphlet on *Conny-catching*; there Greene professes to give his readers an insight into the doings of tricksters and cheats and includes an account of how a Foiste robbed a farmer, who defied ordinary devices, by feigning to fall dead at his victim's feet and removing the purse of his deluded but anxious helper, much as Autolycus robs the Clown.

Greene's *Pandosto* had been reprinted in 1607 as *Dorastus and Fawnia*. *Pandosto*, King of Bohemia, becomes Shakespeare's Leontes, King of Sicilia, for Shakespeare reverses the relation in Greene between Sicilia and Bohemia. Shakespeare makes a number of other and more decisive alterations in the sequence of events. *Pandosto's* queen Bellaria dies on learning of the death of her son. This rules out the possibility of their reunion as in Shakespeare; and Greene allows his *Pandosto* to dispose of himself at the end by suicide when he discovers that the long-lost *Fawnia* for whom he has conceived a passion is his own daughter. Shakespeare rejects Greene's treatment of the erring King and his wronged queen; he keeps *Hermione* alive and introduces the device of the statue to give us a scene of reconciliation and final happiness. Husband and wife are restored to one another, and their child recovered by them along with Bohemia, and Bohemia's son is added for full measure.

This reconciliation forms the framework in which is set the story of Florizel and Perdita. Shakespeare recognises that his audience will feel so strongly the artistic necessity for the reunion of the elders that both spectators and readers will allow him to present it to them by means of almost any device. His difficulty lay in providing the reasons for the train of disasters that were to set the stage for the adventures of the younger generation. Shakespeare tries to meet the difficulty by presenting the jealousy of Leontes as if it were a stroke or some sudden visitation of madness or disease. An idyllic world has got to be shattered, but the more idyllic it appears the more difficult it is to believe in the stroke that destroys it.

Consequent on this Shakespeare has to divide his play into two contrasting sections and employ Time as Chorus to bridge the gap of years in which Perdita has grown to womanhood. Certainly it is the wonderful scenes in Bohemia that give the play its vitality, and it may be felt that Shakespeare was so intent on this feature of his scheme that he was reckless in the means he employed to make it so central and significant. But even Robert Bridges as he condemns as melodramatic and absurd the opening scenes admits that they are almost justified in the sequel. 'Our interests are magically shifted—the relief of the contrast almost justifies the uncomfortable distress of the earlier acts' and he recognises that 'we are gratified to find *Hermione* alive at the end'.

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, <i>King of Sicilia.</i>	A MARINER.	
MAMILLIUS, <i>his son, the young Prince of Sicilia.</i>	A GAOLER.	
GAMILLO,	TIME, <i>as Chorus.</i>	
ANTIGONUS,	} <i>lords of Sicilia.</i>	HERMIONE, <i>Queen to Leontes.</i>
CLEOMENES,		PERDITA, <i>daughter to Leontes and Hermione.</i>
DION,		PAULINA, <i>wife to Antigonus.</i>
POLIXENES, <i>King of Bohemia.</i>		EMILIA, <i>a lady attending on the Queen.</i>
FLORIZEL, <i>his son, Prince of Bohemia.</i>		MOPSA, } <i>shepherdesses.</i>
ARCHIDAMUS, <i>a lord of Bohemia.</i>		DORCAS, }
OLD SHEPHERD, <i>reputed father of Perdita.</i>		Other LORDS, GENTLEMEN,
CLOWN, <i>his son.</i>		LADIES, OFFICERS, SERVANTS,
AUTOLYCUS, <i>a rogue.</i>		SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES.

THE SCENE : *Sicilia and Bohemia.*

ACT ONE.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. The palace of Leontes.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

ARCH. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think this coming summer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves ; for indeed—

CAM. Beseech you—

ARCH. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence, in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

ARCH. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAM. Sicilia cannot show himself overkind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters,

loving embassies ; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent ; shook hands, as over a vast ; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves ! 30

ARCH. I think there is not in the world either 'malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius ; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

CAM. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child ; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh ; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

ARCH. Would they else be content to die ?

CAM. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live. 41

ARCH. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [exunt.]

SCENE II. *Sicilia. The palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and ATTENDANTS.

POL. Nine changes of the wat'ry star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden. Time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
And yet we should for perpetuity 5
Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands more
That go before it.

LEON. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's to-morrow. 10
I am question'd by my fears of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No snatching winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly'. Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother, 15
Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer stay.

LEON. One sev'night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

POL. We'll part the time between's then ; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

POL. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th' world, 20
So soon as yours could win me. So it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward ; which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me ; my stay 25

- To you a charge and trouble. To save both,
Farewell, our brother.
- LEON. Tongue-tied, our Queen? Speak you.
- HER. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure 30
All in Bohemia's well—this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
- LEON. Well said, Hermione.
- HER. To tell he longs to see his son were strong;
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. 35
[to Polixenes.] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest 40
Prefix'd for's parting.—Yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' th' clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?
- POL. No, madam.
- HER. Nay, but you will?
- POL. I may not, verily. 45
- HER. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say 'Sir, no going'. Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's 'verily' is 50
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks.
How say you?
My prisoner or my guest? By your dread 'verily', 55
One of them you shall be.
- POL. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to furnish.
- HER. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you 60
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys.
You were pretty lordings then!
- POL. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
- HER. Was not my lord 65
The verier wag o' th' two?
- POL. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' th' sun
And bleat the one at th' other. What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd 70
691

That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'Not guilty', the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

HER. By this we gather 75
You have tripp'd since.

POL. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to 's, for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

HER. Grace to boot! 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not 85
With any but with us.

LEON. Is he won yet?

HER. He'll stay, my lord.

LEON. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

HER. Never?

LEON. Never but once.

HER. What! Have I twice said well? When was't before? 90

I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things. One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages; you may ride's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere 95

With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:

My last good deed was to entreat his stay;

What was my first? It has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace!

But once before I spoke to th' purpose—When? 100

Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEON. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever'.

HER. 'Tis Grace indeed. 105

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th' purpose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

Th' other for some while a friend.

[giving her hand to POLIXENES.]

LEON. [aside.] Too hot, too hot!

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have tremor cordis on me; my heart dances, 110

But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment

May a free face put on; derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,

- And well become the agent. 'T may, I grant ;
 But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers, 115
 As now they are, and making practis'd smiles
 As in a looking-glass ; and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The mort o' th' deer. O, that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows ! Mamillius,
 Art thou my boy ?
- MAM. Ay, my good lord. 120
 LEON. I' fecks !
 Why, that's my bawcock. What ! hast smutch'd thy nose ?
 They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
 We must be neat—not neat, but cleanly, Captain.
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
 Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling 125
 Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf,
 Art thou my calf ?
- MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.
 LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
 To be full like me ; yet they say we are
 Almost as like as eggs. Women say so, 130
 That will say any thing. But were they false
 As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters—false
 As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true
 To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page, 135
 Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain !
 Most dear'st ! my collop ! Can thy dam ?—may't be ?
 Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre.
 Thou dost make possible things not so held,
 Communicat'st with dreams—how can this be ?— 140
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing. 'Then 'tis very credent
 Thou mayst co-join with something ; and thou dost—
 And that beyond commission ; and I find it,
 And that to the infection of my brains 145
 And hard'ning of my brows.
- POL. What means Sicilia ?
 HER. He something seems unsettled.
 POL. How, my lord !
 What cheer ? How is't with you, best brother
 HER. You look
 As if you held a brow of much distraction.
 Are you mov'd, my lord ? •
- LEON. No, in good earnest. 150
 How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
 Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd, 155
 In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzl'd,
 Lest it should bite its master and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend, 160

Will you take eggs for money ?

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEON. You will ? Why, happy man be's dole ! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

POL. If at home, sir, 165
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter ;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me 170
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEON. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lov'st us show in our brother's welcome
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap ; 175
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

HER. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' th' garden. Shall's attend you there ?

LEON. To your own bents dispose you ; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*aside.*] I am angling now, 180
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to !
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband !

[*exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and ATTENDANTS.
Gone already ! 185

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one !
Go, play, boy, play ; thy mother plays, and I
Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave. Contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been, 190
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by 195
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That hath revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none ; 200
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis pow'rful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy 205
With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy !

MAM. I am like you, they say.

LEON. Why, that's some comfort.

What! Camillo there?

CAM. Ay, my good lord. 210

LEON. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man. [*exit* MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;

When you cast out, it still came home.

LEON. Didst note it?

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions; made 215

His business more material.

LEON. Didst perceive it?

[*aside.*] They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding,

'Sicilia is a so-forth'. 'Tis far gone

When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,

That he did stay?

CAM. At the good Queen's entreaty. 220

LEON. 'At the Queen's' be't. 'Good' should be pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks. Not noted, is't, 225

But of the finer natures, by some severals

Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes

Perchance are to this business purblind? Say.

CAM. Business, my lord? I think most understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

LEON. Ha?

CAM. Stays here longer. 230

LEON. Ay, but why?

CAM. To satisfy your Highness, and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

LEON. Satisfy

Th' entreaties of your mistress! Satisfy!

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo, 235

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom—I from thee departed

Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been

Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd 240

In that which seems so.

CAM. Be it forbid, my lord!

LEON. To bide upon't: thou art not honest; or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,

Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining

From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted 245

A servant grafted in my serious trust,

And therein negligent; or else a fool

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,

And tak'st it all for jest.

CAM. My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful: 250

In every one of these no man is free

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,

Among the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage ; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

1 EON. Ha' not you seen, Camillo—
But that's past doubt ; you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn—or heard—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute—or thought—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think—
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess—
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought—then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight. Say't and justify't.

CAM. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. Shrew my heart 280
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

LEON. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? Is meeting noses ? 285
Kissing with inside lip ? Stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty. Horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? Wishing clocks more swift ;
Hours, minutes ; noon, midnight ? And all eyes 290
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked—is this nothing ?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd 296
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEON. Say it be, 'tis true.

CAM. No, no, my lord.

LEON. It is ; you lie, you lie.
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil.

- Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
 Infected as her life, she would not live 305
 The running of one glass.
- CAM. Who does infect her ?
- LEON. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
 About his neck, Bohemia ; who—if I
 Had servants true about me that bare eyes
 To see alike mine honour as their profits, 310
 Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
 Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
 His cupbearer—whom I from meaner form
 Have bench'd and rear'd to worship ; who mayst see,
 Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven, 315
 How I am gall'd—mightst bespice a cup
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
 Which draught to me were cordial.
- CAM. Sir, my lord,
 I could do this ; and that with no rash potion,
 But with a ling'ring dram that should not work 320
 Maliciously like poison. But I cannot
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
 So sovereignly being honourable.
 I have lov'd thee—
- LEON. Make that thy question, and go rot !
 Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled, 325
 To appoint myself in this vexation ; sully
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets—
 Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ;
 Give scandal to the blood o' th' Prince, my son— 330
 Who I do think is mine, and love as mine—
 Without ripe moving to 't ? Would I do this ?
 Could man so blench ?
- CAM. I must believe you, sir.
 I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for't ;
 Provided that, when he's remov'd, your Highness 335
 Will take again your queen as yours at first,
 Even for your son's sake ; and thereby for sealing
 The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
 Known and allied to yours.
- LEON. Thou dost advise me
 Even so as I mine own course have set down. 340
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
- CAM. My lord,
 Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
 As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
 And with your queen. I am his cupbearer ; 345
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,
 Account me not your servant.
- LEON. This is all :
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
 Do't not, thou split'st thine own.
- CAM. I'll do't, my lord. 349
- LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. *[Exit.]*

CAM. O miserable lady! But, for me,
 What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
 Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
 Is the obedience to a master; one
 Who, in rebellion with himself, will have ' 355
 All that are his so too. To do this deed,
 Promotion follows. If I could find example
 Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one, 360
 Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
 Forsake the court. To do't, or no, is certain
 To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
 Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

POL. This is strange. Methinks
 My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? 365
 Good day, Camillo.

CAM. Hail, most royal sir!

POL. What is the news i' th' court?

CAM. None rare, my lord.

POL. The King hath on him such a countenance
 As he had lost some province, and a region
 Lov'd as he loves himself; even now I met him 370
 With customary compliment, when he,
 Wafting his eyes to th' contrary and falling
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;
 So leaves me to consider what is breeding
 That changes thus his manners. 375

CAM. I dare not know, my lord.

POL. How, dare not! Do not. Do you know, and dare not
 Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
 For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
 And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo, 380
 Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror
 Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
 A party in this alteration, finding
 Myself thus alter'd with't.

CAM. There is a sickness
 Which puts some of us in disemper; but 385
 I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
 Of you that yet are well.

POL. How! caught of me?
 Make me not sighted like the basilisk;
 I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
 By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo -- 390
 As you are certainly a gentlemen; thereto
 Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
 Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
 In whose success we are gentle—I beseech you,
 If you know aught which does behove my knowledge 395
 Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
 In ignorant concealment.

- CAM. I may not answer.
- POL. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well ?
 I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo ?
 I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400
 Which honour does acknowledge, whercof the least
 Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
 What incidency thou dost guess of harm
 Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
 Which way to be prevented, if to be ; 405
 If not, how best to bear it. *
- CAM. Sir, I will tell you ;
 Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
 That I think honourable. Therefore mark my counsel,
 Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed as
 I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me 410
 Cry lost, and so goodnight.
- POL. On, good Camillo.
- CAM. I am appointed him to murder you.
- POL. By whom, Camillo ?
- CAM. By the King.
- POL. For what ?
- CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
 As he had seen 't or been an instrument 415
 To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
 Forbiddenly.
- POL. O, then my best blood turn
 To an infected jelly, and my name
 Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best !
 Turn then my freshest reputation to 420
 A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
 Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
 Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
 That e'er was heard or read !
- CAM. Swear his thought over
 By each particular star in heaven and 425
 By all their influences, you may as well
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
 As or by oath remove or counsel shake
 The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
 Is pil'd upon his faith and will continue 430
 The standing of his body. *
- POL. How should this grow ?
- CAM. I know not ; but I am sure 'tis safer to
 Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born
 If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
 That lies enclosed in this trunk which you 435
 Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
 Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
 And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
 Clear them o' th' city. For myself, I'll put
 My fortunes to your service, which are here 440
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utt'ed truth ; which if you seek to prove,

I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the King's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

- POL. I do believe thee : 446
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand ;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure 450
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature ; as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever 455
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me.
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of this theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ; 460
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.
CAM. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your Highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [exeunt.

ACT TWO.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. The palace of Leontes.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and LADIES.

- HER. Take the boy to you ; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
- 1 LADY. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow ?
- MAM. No, I'll none of you.
- 1 LADY. Why, my sweet lord ?
- MAM. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if 5
I were a baby still. I love you better.
- 2 LADY. And why so, my lord ?
- MAM. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best ; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle 10
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
- 2 LADY. Who taught't this ?
- MAM. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows ?
- 1 LADY. * Blue, my lord.
- MAM. Nay, that's a mock. I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
- 1 LADY. Hark ye : 15
The Queen your mother rounds apace. We shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

- 2 LADY. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter her ! 20
- HER. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
- MAM. Merry or sad shall't be ?
- HER. As merry as you will.
- MAM. A sad tale's best for winter. I have one 25
Of sprites and goblins.
- HER. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down ; come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites ; you're pow'rful at it.
- MAM. There was a man—
- HER. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.
- MAM. Dwelt by a churchyard—I will tell it softly ; 30
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
- HER. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIAGONUS, LORDS and OTHERS.

- LEON. Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo with him ?
- I LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them 35
Even to their ships.
- LEON. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion !
Alack, for lesser knowledge ! How accurs'd
In being so blest ! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, 40
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected ; but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider. 45
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted. That false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him ;
He has discover'd my design, and I 50
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open ?
- I LORD. By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
- LEON. I know't too well. 55
Give me the boy. I am glad you did not nurse him ;
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
- HER. What is this ? Sport ?
- LEON. Bear the boy hence ; he shall not come about her ;
Away with him ; and let her sport herself 60

[MAMILLIUS is led out.]

With that she's big with—for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

HER. But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

LEON. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about 65
To say 'She is a goodly lady' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'Tis pity she's not honest—honourable'.
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight 70
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O, I am out!—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself—these shrugs, these hum's and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between, 75
Ere you can say she's honest. But be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultrous.

HER. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord, 80
Do but mistake.

LEON. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees 85
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said
She's an adultrous; I have said with whom.
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows 90
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal—that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

HER. No, by my life, 95
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake.

LEON. No; if I mistake 100
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison.
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

HER. There's some ill planet reigns. 105
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,

- I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are—the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities—but I have 110
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ; and so
The King's will be perform'd !
- LEON. [*to the Guard.*] Shall I be heard ? 115
- HER. Who is't that goes with me ? Beseech your highness
My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;
There is no cause ; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears 120
As I come out : this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord.
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now
I trust I shall. My women, come ; you have leave.
- LEON. Go, do our bidding ; hence ! 125
[exit HERMIONE, guarded, and LADIES.]
- I LORD. Beseech your Highness, call the Queen again.
- ANT. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
- I LORD. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down – and will do't, sir, 130
Please you t' accept it – that the Queen is spotless
I' th' eyes of heaven and to you – I mean
In this which you accuse her.
- ANT. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ; 135
'Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.
- LEON. Hold your peaces.
- I LORD. Good my lord—
- ANT. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves. 140
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for't. Would I knew the villain !
I would land-dam him. Be she honour-flaw'd --
I have three daughters : the eldest is eleven ;
The second and the third, nine and some five ; 145
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all ; fourteen they shall not see
To bring false generations. They are co-heirs ;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.
- LEON. Cease ; no more 150
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose ; but I do sec't and feel't
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

- ANT. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty ; 155
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
- LEON. What ! Lack I crédit ?
- I LORD. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground ; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion, 160
Be blam'd for't how you might.
- LEON. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
Imparts this ; which, if you—or stupified 165
Or seeming so in skill—cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice. The matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.
- ANT. And I wish, my liege, 170
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
- LEON. How could that be ?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's slight,
Added to their familiarity— 175
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed—doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation— 180
For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild—I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle 185
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well ?
- I LORD. Well done, my lord.
- LEON. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190
Give rest to th' minds of others such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence 195
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in public ; for this business
Will raise us all.
- ANT. [*aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Sicilia. A prison.**Enter PAULINA, a GENTLEMAN, and ATTENDANTS.*

PAUL. The keeper of the prison—call to him ;
 Let him have knowledge who I am. [*exit* GENTLEMAN.
 Good lady !
 No court in Europe is too good for thee ;
 What dost thou then in prison ?

Re-enter GENTLEMAN with the GAOLER.

Now, good sir,
 You know me, do you not ?

GAOL. For a worthy lady, 5
 And one who much I honour.

PAUL. Pray you, then,
 Conduct me to the Queen.

GAOL. I may not, madam ;
 To the contrary I have express commandment.

PAUL. Here's ado, to lock up honesty and honour from
 Th' access of gentle visitors ! Is't lawful, pray you,
 To see her women—any of them ? Emilia ?

GAOL. So please you, madam,
 To put apart these your attendants, I
 Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAUL. I pray now, call her. 15
 Withdraw yourselves. [*exeunt* ATTENDANTS.

GAOL. And, madam,
 I must be present at your conference.

PAUL. Well, be't so, prithee. [*exit* GAOLER.
 Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
 As passes colouring.

Re-enter GAOLER, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
 How fares our gracious lady ? 20

EMIL. As well as one so great and so forlorn
 May hold together. On her frights and griefs,
 Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
 She is, something before her time, deliver'd. 25

PAUL. A boy ?

EMIL. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
 Lusty, and like to live. The Queen receives
 Much comfort in't ; says ' My poor prisoner,
 I am as innocent as you '.

PAUL. I dare be sworn.
 These dangerous unsafe lures i' th' King, beshrew them ! 30
 He must be told on't, and he shall. The office
 Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me ;
 If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
 And never to my red-look'd anger be
 The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
 Commend my best obedience to the Queen ; 35
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I'll show't the King, and undertake to be

- Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child : 40
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.
- EMIL. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue ; there is no lady living 45
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 50
Lest she should be denied.
- PAUL. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have ; if wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.
- EMIL. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the Queen. Please you come something nearer. 55
- GAOL. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
- PAUL. You need not fear it, sir.
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great Nature thence 60
Freed and enfranchis'd—not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.
- GAOL. I do believe it.
- PAUL. Do not you fear. Upon mine honour, I 65
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [exunt.]

SCENE III. *Sicilia. The palace of Leontes.**Enter LEONTES, ANTIIGONUS, LORDS, and SERVANTS.*

- LEON. Nor night nor day no rest ! It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus—mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being—part o' th' cause,
She, th' adulteress ; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank 5
And level of my brain, plot-proof ; but she
I can hook to me—say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there ?
- I SERV. My lord ?
- LEON. How does the boy ?
- I SERV. He took good rest to-night ; 10
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.
- LEON. To see his nobleness !
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself, 15
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,

'And downright languish'd. Leave me solely. Go,
 See how he fares. [*exit SERVANT.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him!
 The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me—in himself too mighty, 20
 And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be,
 Until a time may serve; for present vengeance,
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow.
 They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor 25
 Shall she, within my pow'r.

Enter PAULINA, with a CHILD.

I LORD. You must not enter.
 PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
 Than the Queen's life? A gracious innocent soul,
 More free than he is jealous.
 ANT. That's enough. 30
 2 SERV. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
 None should come at him.
 PAUL. Not so hot, good sir;
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings—such as you 35
 Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
 Do come with words as medicinal as true,
 Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
 That presses him from sleep.
 LEON. What noise there, ho?
 PAUL. No noise, my lord; but needful conference 40
 About some gossips for your Highness.
 LEON. How!
 Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
 I charg'd thee that she should not come about me;
 I knew she would.
 ANT. I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine, 45
 She should not visit you.
 LEON. What, canst not rule her?
 PAUL. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
 Unless he take the course that you have done—
 Commit me for committing honour—trust it,
 He shall not rule me.
 ANT. La you now, you hear! 50
 When she will take the rein, I let her run;
 But she'll not stumble.
 PAUL. Good my liege, I come—
 And I beseech you hear me, who professes
 Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
 Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares 55
 Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
 Than such as most seem yours—I say I come
 From your good Queen.
 LEON. Good Queen!

PAUL. Good Queen, my lord, good Queen—I say good Queen ;
And would by combat make her good, so were I 60
A man, the worst about you.

LEON. Force her hence.

PAUL. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off ;
But first I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ; 65
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing. [*laying down the child.*]

LEON. Out !
A mankind witch ! Hence with her, out o' door !
A most intelligencing bawd !

PAUL. Not so.
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me ; and no less honest 70
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEON. Traitors !
Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard.
[*to Antigonus.*] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy Dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard ; 75
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.

PAUL. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't !

LEON. He dreads his wife.

PAUL. So I would you did ; then 'twere past all doubt 80
You'd call your children yours.

LEON. A nest of traitors !

ANT. I am none, by this good light.

PAUL. Nor I ; nor any
But one that's here ; and that's himself ; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander, 85
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's ; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

LEON. A callat 90
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me ! This brat is none of mine ;
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire.

PAUL. It is yours. 95
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father—eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead ; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek ; his smiles ; 100
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.

- 'And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours 105
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !
LEON. A gross hag !
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd
That wilt not stay her tongue.
- ANT. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself 110
Hardly one subject.
- LEON. Once more, take her hence.
PAUL. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
- LEON. I'll ha' thee burnt.
PAUL. I care not.
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant 115
But this most cruel usage of your Queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy—something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
- LEON. On your allegiance, 120
Out of the chamber with her ! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life ? She durst not call me so.
If she did know me one. Away with her !
- PAUL. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours. Jove send her 125
A better guiding spirit ! What needs these hands ?
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies
Will never do him good, not one of you
So, so. Farewell ; we are gone. [exit. 130
- LEON. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child ! Away with't. Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire ,
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done, 135
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With that thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ; 140
For thou set'st on thy wife.
- ANT. I did not, sir.
'These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
- LORDS. We can. My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
- LEON. You're liars all. 145
- I LORD. Beseech your Highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech
So to esteem of us ; and on our knees we beg,

- As recompense of our dear services
 Past and to come, that you do change this purpose, 150
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.
- LEON. I am a feather for each wind that blows.
 Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father? Better burn it now 155
 Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
 It shall not neither. [to ANTIGONUS.] You, sir, come you hither.
 You that have been so tenderly officious
 With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
 To save this bastard's life—for 'tis a bastard, 160
 So sure as this beard's grey—what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life?
- ANT. Anything, my 'ord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose. At least, thus much :
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left 165
 To save the innocent—anything possible.
- LEON. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.
- ANT. I will, my lord.
- LEON. Mark, and perform it—seest thou? For the fail
 Of any point in't shall not only be 170
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
 Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out 175
 Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to it own protection
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
 On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture, 180
 That thou commend it strangely to some place
 Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
- ANT. I swear to do this, though a present death
 Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe.
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens 185
 To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
 Casting their savageness aside, have done
 Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
 In more than this deed does require! And blessing
 Against this cruelty fight on thy side, 190
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [exit with the child.]
- LEON. No, I'll not rear
 Another's issue.
- Enter a SERVANT.*
- SERV. Please your Highness, posts
 From those you sent to th' oracle are come
 An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed, 195
 Hasting to th' court.

I LORD. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

LEON. Twenty-three days
They have been absent ; 'tis good speed ; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ; 200
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady ; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me , 205
And think upon my bidding. [exeunt.]

ACT THREE.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. On the road to the Capital.*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

CLEO. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

DION. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits -
Methinks I so should term them- and the reverence 5
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly,
It was i' th' off'ring !

CLEO. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense 10
That I was nothing.

DION. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as successful to the Queen—O, be't so !—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

CLEO. Great Apollo
Turn all to th' best ! These proclamations, 15
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

DION. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business. When the oracle—
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up—
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go ; fresh horses.
And gracious be the issue ! [exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Sicilia. A court of justice.*

Enter LEONTES, LORDS, and OFFICERS.

LEON. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart—the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly 5
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,

Even to the guilt or the purgation.

Produce the prisoner.

OFFI. It is his Highness' pleasure that the Queen
Appear in person here in court.

Enter HERMIONE, as to her trial, PAULINA, and LADIES.

LEON. Read the indictment.

Silence!

10

OFFI. [*reads.*] 'Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.'

HER. Since what I am to say must be but that

20

Which contradicts my accusation, and

The testimony on my part no other

But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me

To say 'Not guilty'. Mine integrity

Being counted falsehood shall, as I express it,

25

Be so receiv'd. But thus—if pow'r's divine

Behold our human actions, as they do,

I doubt not then but innocence shall make

False accusation blush, and tyranny

Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know—

30

Who least will seem to do so—my past life

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,

As I am now unhappy; which is more

Than history can pattern, though devis'd

And play'd to take spectators; for behold me—

35

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe

A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,

The mother to a hopeful prince—here standing

To prate and talk for life and honour fore

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it

40

As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,

And only that I stand for. I appeal

To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes

Came to your court, how I was in your grace,

45

How merited to be so; since he came,

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd to appear thus; if one jot beyond

The bound of honour, or in act or will

That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts

50

Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin

Cry fie upon my grave!

LEON. I ne'er heard yet

That any of these bolder vices wanted

Less impudence to gainsay what they did

Than to perform it first.

HER. That's true enough;

55

Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON. You will not own it.

HER. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess 60
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd ;
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me ; with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded ;
Which not to have done, I think had been in me 65
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend ; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for conspiracy :
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd 70
For me to try how ; all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man ;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you know 75
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

HER. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not.
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

LEON. Your actions are my dreams. 80
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame—
Those of your fact are so—so past all truth ;
Which to deny concerns more than avails ; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself, 85
No father owning it—which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it—so thou
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

HER. Sir, spare your threats.
The bug which you would fright me with I seek. 90
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went ; my second joy
And first fruits of my body, from his presence 95
I am barr'd, like one infectious ; my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast—
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth—
Hal'd out to murder ; myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred 100
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion ; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' th' open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege
Tell me what blessings I have here alive 105
That I should fear to die. Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this—mistake me not : no life,

- I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour
Which I would free—if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else 110
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle :
Apollo be my judge !
- 1 LORD. This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth, 115
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*exeunt certain OFFICERS.*]
- HER. The Emperor of Russia was my father ;
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes 120
Of pity, not revenge !
- Re-enter OFFICERS, with CLEOMENES and DION.*
- OFFI. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd 125
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in't.
- CLEO., DION. All this we swear
- LEON. Break up the seals and read. 129
- OFFI. [*reads.*] 'Hermione is chaste ; Polixenes blameless ; Camillo
a true subject ; Leontes a jealous tyrant ; his innocent babe truly
begotten ; and the King shall live without an heir, if that which
is lost be not found.'
- LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo !
- HER. Praised !
- LEON. Hast thou read truth ?
- OFFI. Ay, my lord ; even so 135
As it is here set down.
- LEON. There is no truth at all i' th' oracle.
The sessions shall proceed. This is mere falsehood.
- Enter a SERVANT.*
- SERV. My lord the King, the King !
- LEON. What is the business ?
- SERV. O sir, I shall be hated to report it : 140
The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.
- LEON. How ! Gone ?
- SERV. Is dead.
- LEON. Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE swoons.*]
- How now, there !
- PAUL. This news is mortal to the Queen. Look down 145
And see what death is doing.
- LEON. Take her hence.
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd ; she will recover.
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion.

Beseëch you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[*exeunt PAULINA and LADIES with HERMIONE.*

Apollo, pardon 150

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle.
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo—
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.
For, being transported by my jealousies 155
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes ; which had been done
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with 160
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done. He, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard 165
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour. How he glisters
Thorough my rust ! And how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker !

Re-enter PAULINA.

PAUL. Woe the while !
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it, 170
Break too !

I LORD. What fit is this, good lady ?

PAUL. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
What wheels, racks, fires ? what flaying, boiling
In leads or oils ? What old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves 175
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad ; for all 180
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful. Nor was't much
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour, 185
To have him kill a king—poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by ; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter
To be or none or little, though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't ; 190
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts—
Thoughts high for one so tender—cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam. This is not, no, 195
Laid to thy answer ; but the last—O lords,

When I have said, cry 'Woe!'—the Queen, the Queen;
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

I LORD. The higher pow'rs forbid!

PAUL. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath 200

Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier 205

Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods 210
To look that way thou wert.

LEON. Go on, go on.

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitt'rest.

I LORD. Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' th' boldness of your speech.

PAUL. I am sorry for't. 215

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman! He is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction 220

At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again! 225

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children,
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

LEON. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better 230

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithce, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son.
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit 235

The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Bohemia. The sea-coast.*

Enter ANTIGONUS with the CHILD, and a MARINER.

ANT. Thou art perfect then our ship hath touch'd upon

' The deserts of Bohemia ?

MAR. Ay, my lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time ; the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

5

ANT. Their sacred wills be done ! Go, get aboard ;
Look to thy bark. I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your best haste ; and go not
Too far i' th' land ; 'tis like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

ANT. Go thou away ;
I'll follow instantly.

MAR. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' th' business.

[exit.

ANT. Come, poor babe.
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' th' dead
May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side some another—
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming ; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me ;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts ; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her : ' Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita
I prithee call't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more '. And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys ;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well !

15

20

25

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45

There lie, and there thy character ; there these

[laying down the child.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins. Poor wretch,

[laying down a bundle.

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd 50
 To loss and what may follow ! Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds ; and most accurs'd am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell !
 The day frowns more and more. Thou'rt like to have
 A lullaby too rough ; I never saw 55
 The heavens so dim by day. [*noise of hunt within.*] A savage
 clamour !
 Well may I get aboard ! This is the chase ;
 I am gone for ever. [*exit, pursued by a bear.*]

Enter an old SHEPHERD.

SHEP. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty,
 or that youth would sleep out the rest ; for there is nothing in
 the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the
 ancients, stealing, fighting—[*horns.*] Hark you now ! Would
 any but these boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt
 this weather ? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep,
 which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master. If any
 where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good
 luck, an't be thy will ! What have we here ? [*taking up the child.*]
 Mercy on's, a barne ! A very pretty barne. A boy or a child, I
 wonder ? A pretty one ; a very pretty one—sure, some scape.
 Though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman
 in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work,
 some behind-door-work ; they were warmer that got this than
 the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity ; yet I'll tarry till
 my son come ; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa-ho-hoa ! 76

Enter CLOWN.

CLO. Hilloa, loa !

SHEP. What, art so near ? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when
 thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man ?

CLO. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land ! But I am not
 to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky ; betwixt the firmament and
 it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEP. Why, boy, how is it ? 85

CLO. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes
 up the shore ! But that's not to the point. O, the most pitcous
 cry of the poor souls ! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em ;
 now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon
 swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogs-
 head. And then for the land service—to see how the bear tore
 out his shoulder-bone ; how he cried to me for help, and said his
 name was Antigonus, a nobleman ! But to make an end of the
 ship—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it ; but first, how the
 poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them ; and how the poor
 gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder
 than the sea or weather.

SHEP. Name of mercy, when was this, boy ? 100

CLO. Now, now ; I have not wink'd since I saw these sights ; the
 men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the
 gentleman ; he's at it now.

SHEP. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man !

CLO. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her ; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

SHEP. Heavy matters, heavy matters ! But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself ; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee ; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child ! Look thee here ; take up, take up, boy ; open't. So, let's see—it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling. Open't. What's within, boy ?

CLO. You're a made old man ; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold ! all gold ! 116

SHEP. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with't, keep it close. Home, home, the next way ! We are lucky, boy ; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home. 121

CLO. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEP. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

CLO. Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him i' th' ground. 130

SHEP. 'Tis a lucky day, boy ; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*exeunt.*]

ACT FOUR

SCENE I.

Enter TIME, the CHORUS.

TIME. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage that I slide 5
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my pow'r
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing, 15
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Lcontes leaving—
Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia ; and remember well
I mention'd a son o' th' King's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace

Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues 25
 I list not prophesy ; but let Time's news
 Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,
 Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now ; 30
 If never, yet that Time himself doth say
 He wishes earnestly you never may. [exit.]

SCENE II. *Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.**Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

POL. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 'tis a sickness denying thee anything ; a death to grant this.

CAM. It is fifteen years since I saw my country ; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me ; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure. 9

POL. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made. Better not to have had thee than thus to want thee ; thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done ; which if I have not enough considered—as too much I cannot—to be more thankful to thee shall be my study ; and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, prithee, speak no more ; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues. 27

CAM. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown ; but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared. 32

POL. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care, so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness ; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd—a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate. 39

CAM. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note. The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

POL. That's likewise part of my intelligence ; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place ; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee be my

present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

50

POL. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [exunt.]

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A road near the shepherd's cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year,
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, 5
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay, 10
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile;
but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? 15
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget, 20
Then my account I well may give
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.
My father nam'd me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd
under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.
With die and drab I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue
is the silly-cheat. Gallows and knocking are too powerful on the
highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to
come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize! 30

Enter CLOWN.

CLO. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound
and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUT. [aside.] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

CLO. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see: what am I to
buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five
pound of currants, rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice?
But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays
it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the
shearers—three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but

they are most of them means and bases ; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies ; mace ; dates—none, that's out of my note ; nutmegs, seven ; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg ; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' th' sun.

AUT. [*grovelling on the ground.*] O that ever I was born !

CLO. I' th' name of me !

AUT. O, help me, help me ! Pluck but off these rags ; and then, death, death ! 50

CLO. Alack, poor soul ! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUT. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

CLO. Alas, poor man ! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

AUT. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten ; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me. 60

CLO. What, by a horseman or a footman ?

AUT. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

CLO. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee ; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. [*helping him up.*]

AUT. O, good sir, tenderly, O !

CLO. Alas, poor soul !

AUT. O, good sir, softly, good sir ; I fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out. 70

CLO. How now ! Canst stand ?

AUT. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*] ; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

CLO. Dost lack any money ? I have a little money for thee.

AUT. No, good sweet sir ; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going ; I shall there have money or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you ; that kills my heart. 80

CLO. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you ?

AUT. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames ; I knew him once a servant of the Prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court. 85

CLO. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipt out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

AUT. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well ; he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compass'd a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus. 95

CLO. Out upon him ! prig, for my life, prig ! He haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

AUT. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Scene III]

THE WINTER'S TALE

CLO. Not 'a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia, if you had but look'd big and spit at him, he'd have run.

AUT. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

CLO. How do you now? 105

AUT. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

CLO. Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUT. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

CLO. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. 112

AUT. Prosper you, sweet sir! [exit CLOWN.
Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue! [sings.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. 120 [exit.

SCENE IV. Bohemia. The Shepherd's cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

FLO. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord, 5
I'o chide at your extremes it not becomes me -
O, pardon that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts 10
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

FLO. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground. 15

PER. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the Fates 20
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

FLO. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, 25

- Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter
 Became a bull and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
 A ram and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30
 As I seem now. Their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
 Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
 Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.
- PER. O, but, sir, 35
 Your resolution cannot hold when 'tis
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r of the King.
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
 Or I my life.
- FLO. Thou dearest Perdita, 40
 With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
 The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's ; for I cannot be
 Mine own, nor anything to any, if
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant, 45
 Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle ;
 Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming.
 Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial which 50
 We two have sworn shall come.
- PER. O Lady Fortune,
 Stand you auspicious !
- FLO. See, your guests approach.
 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth.
- Enter SHEPHERD, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised ; CLOWN,
 MOPSA, DORCAS, with OTHERS.*
- SHEP. Fie, daughter ! When my old wife liv'd, upon 55
 This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
 Both dame and servant ; welcom'd all ; serv'd all ;
 Would sing her song and dance her turn ; now here
 At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle ;
 On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire 60
 With labour, and the thing she took to quench it
 She would to each one sip. You are retired,
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting. Pray you bid
 These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is 65
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
 That which you are, Mistress o' th' Feast. Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.
- PER. [to POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome. 70
 It is my father's will I should take on me

- 'The hostess-ship o' th' day. [*to CAMILLO.*]
 You're welcome, sir.
 Give me those flow'rs there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
 For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
 Seeming and savour all the winter long. 75
 Grace and remembrance be to you both !
 And welcome to our shearing.
- POL. Shepherdess—
 A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
 With flow'rs of winter.
- PER. Sir, the year growing ancient. 80
 Not yet on summer's death nor on the birth
 Of trembling winter, the fairest flow'rs o' th' season
 Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
 Which some call nature's bastards. Of that kind
 Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
 To get slips of them.
- POL. Wherefore, gentle maiden, 85
 Do you neglect them ?
- PER. For I have heard it said
 There is an art which in their piedness shares
 With great creating nature.
- POL. Say there be ;
 Yet nature is made better by no mean
 But nature makes that mean ; so over that art 90
 Which you say adds to nature, is an art
 That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
 A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 By bud of nobler race. 'This is an art 95
 Which does mend nature -change it rather ; but
 'The art itself is nature.
- PER. So it is.
- POL. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
 And do not call them bastards.
- PER. I'll not put
 The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ; 100
 No more than were I painted I would wish
 This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
 Desire to breed by me. Here's flow'rs for you :
 Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
 The marigold, that goes to bed wi' th' sun, 105
 And with him rises weeping ; these are flow'rs
 Of middle summer, and I think they are given
 To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.
- CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
 And only live by gazing.
- PER. Out, alas ! 110
 You'd be so lean that blasts of January
 Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
 I would I had some flow'rs o' th' spring that might
 Become your time of day—and yours, and yours,
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet 115
 Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,

- For the flowers now that, frightened, thou let'st fall
 From Dis's waggon!—daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim 120
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and 125
 The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flow'r-de-luce being one. O, these I lack
 To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
 To strew him o'er and o'er!
- FLO. What, like a corse?
- PER. No; like a bank for love to lie and play on; 130
 Not like a corse; or if—not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flow'rs.
 Methinks I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun pastorals. Sure, this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.
- FLO. What you do 135
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever. When you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms
 Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you 140
 A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function. Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds, 145
 That all your acts are queens.
- PER. O Doricles,
 Your praises are too large. But that your youth,
 And the true blood which peeps fairly through't,
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
 You woo'd me the false way.
- FLO. I think you have
 As little skill to fear as I have purpose
 To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray.
 Your hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair
 That never mean to part.
- PER. I'll swear for 'em. 155
- POL. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
 Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does or seems
 But smacks of something greater than herself,
 Too noble for this place.
- CAM. He tells her something
 That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is 160
 The queen of curds and cream.
- CLO. Come on, strike up.
- DOR. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry, garlic,
 To mend her kissing with!

MOP. Now, in good time !

CLO. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our manners.

Come, strike up.

[*music.*

Here a dance of SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

POL. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this 166

Which dances with your daughter ?

SHEP. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself

To have a worthy feeding ; but I have it

Upon his own report, and I believe it :

170

He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter ,

I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon

Upon the water as he'll stand and read,

As 'twere my daughter's eyes ; and, to be plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose

175

Who loves another best.

POL. She dances fealty.

SHEP. So she does any thing ; though I report it

That should be silent. If young Doricles

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that

Which he not dreams of.

180

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes. 185

CLO. He could never come better ; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

SERV. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without bawdry, which is strange ; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, ' jump her and thump her ' ; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer ' Whoop, do me no harm, good man ' -- puts him off, slights him, with ' Whoop, do me no harm, good man '.

POL. This is a brave fellow. 199

CLO. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares ?

SERV. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' th' rainbow ; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' gross ; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns. Why he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses ; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't. 208

CLO. Prithee bring him in ; and let him approach singing.

PER. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

[*exit SERVANT.*

CLO. You have of these pedlars that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

PER. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing :

Lawn as white as driven snow ; 215
 Cypress black as e'er was crow ;
 Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;
 Masks for faces and for noses ;
 Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
 Perfume for a lady's chamber ; 220
 Golden quoifs and stomachers,
 For my lads to give their dears ;
 Pins and poking-sticks of steel—
 What maids lack from head to heel.
 Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ; 225
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.
 Come, buy.

CLO. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me ; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves. 230

MOP. I was promis'd them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

DOR. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

MOP. He hath paid you all he promis'd you. May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again. 237

CLO. Is there no manners left among maids ? Will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whisp'ring. Clammer your tongues, and not a word more.

MOP. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a pair of sweet gloves. 245

CLO. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money ?

AUT. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

CLO. Fear not thou, man ; thou shalt lose nothing here.

AUT. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

CLO. What hast here ? Ballads ?

MOP. Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print a-life, for then we are sure they are true. 255

AUT. Here's one to a very doleful tune : how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.

MOP. Is it true, think you ?

AUT. Very true, and but a month old.

DOR. Bless me from marrying a usurer !

AUT. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad ? 265

MOP. Pray you now, buy it.

CLO. Come on, lay it by ; and let's first see moe ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

AUT. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appeared upon the coast on

Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true. 275

DOR. Is it true too, think you?

AUT. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

CLO. Lay it by too. Another.

AUT. 'This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

MOP. Let's have some merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man'. There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you. 285

MOP. We can both sing it. If thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation. Have at it with you. 290

Song

AUT. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

DOR. Whither?

MOP. O, whither?

DOR. Whither?

MOP. It becomes thy oath full well
Thou to me thy secrets tell. 295

DOR. Me too! Let me go thither

Or thou goest to th' grange or mill.

DOR. If to either, thou dost ill.

AUT. Neither.

DOR. What, neither?

AUT. Neither.

DOR. Thou has sworn my love to be. 300

MOP. Thou hast sworn it more to me

Then whither goest? Say, whither?

CLO. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves; my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[*exit with DORCAS and MOPSA.*]

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*cant AUTOLYCUS, singing:*]

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape, 310

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedlar; 315

Money's a meddler

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

Re-enter SERVANT.

SERV. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' th' mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 324

SHEP. Away! We'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

POL. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

SERV. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' squier. 331

SHEP. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

SERV. Why, they stay at door, sir. [exit

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

POL. [to SHEPHERD.] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[to CAMILLO.] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. [to Florizel.] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young

And handed love as you do, I was wont 340

To load my she with knacks; I would have ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it

To her acceptance: you have let him go

And nothing marted with him. If your lass 345

Interpretation should abuse and call this

Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited

For a reply, at least if you make a care

Of happy holding her.

FLO. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are.

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd 350

Up in my heart, which I have given already,

But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir, whom, it should seem,

Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand—this hand, 355

As soft as dove's down and as white as it,

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted

By th' northern blasts twice o'er.

POL. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash

The hand was fair before! I have put you out.

But to your protestation; let me hear 360

What you profess.

FLO. Do, and be witness to't.

POL. And this my neighbour too?

FLO. And he, and more

Than he, and men—the earth, the heavens, and all:

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,

- Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love ; for her employ them all ;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition. 365
- POL. Fairly offer'd. 370
CAM. This shows a sound affection.
- SHEP. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him ?
- PER. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
- SHEP. Take hands, a bargain ! 375
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
- FLO. O, that must be
I' th' virtue of your daughter. One being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
Enough then for your wonder. But come on,
Contract us fore these witnesses. 380
- SHEP. Come, your hand ;
And, daughter, yours.
- POL. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you ; Have you a father ?
- FLO. I have, but what of him ?
- POL. Knows he of this ?
- FLO. He neither does nor shall. 385
- POL. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs ? Is he not stupid 390
With age and alt'ring rheums ? Can he speak, hear,
Know man from man, dispute his own estate ?
Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing
But what he did being childish ?
- FLO. No, good sir ;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed 395
Than most have of his age.
- POL. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife ; but as good reason
The father--all whose joy is nothing else 400
But fair posterity--should hold some counsel
In such a business.
- FLO. I yield all this ;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
- POL. Let him know't. 405
- FLO. He shall not.

- POL. Prithce let him.
- FLO. No, he must not.
- SHEP. Let him, my son ; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
- FLO. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.
- POL. [*discovering himself.*] Mark your divorce, young sir,
Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base 410
To be acknowledg'd—thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook ! Thou, old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know 415
The royal fool thou cop'st with—
- SHEP. O, my heart !
- POL. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack—as never 420
I mean thou shalt—we'll bar thee from succession ;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Farre than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words.
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee 425
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman—yea, him too
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open, 430
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. [*exit.*]
- PER. Even here undone !
I was not much afeard ; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly 435
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. [*to Florizel.*] Will't please you, sir, be gone ?
I told you what would come of this. Bcseech you,
Of your own state take care. This dream of mine— 440
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.
- CAM. Why, how now, father !
Speak ere thou diest.
- SHEP. I cannot speak nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. [*to FLORIZEL.*] O sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore-three 445
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones ; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. [*to PERDITA.*] O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him !—Undone, undone !

- 'If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [exit.]
- FLO. Why look you so upon me ?
I am but sorry, not afeard ; delay'd, 455
But nothing alt'red. What I was, I am :
More straining on for plucking back ; not following
My leash unwillingly.
- CAM. Gracious, my lord,
You know your father's temper. At this time
He will allow no speech—which I do guess 460
You do not purpose to him—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear ;
Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.
- FLO. I not purpose it.
I think Camillo ?
- CAM. Even he, my lord. 465
- PER. How often have I told you 'twould be thus !
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known !
- FLO. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith ; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together 470
And mar the seeds within ! Lift up thy looks.
From my succession wipe me, father ; I
Am heir to my affection.
- CAM. Be advis'd.
- FLO. I am -and by my fancy ; if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ; 475
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
- CAM. This is desperate, sir.
- FLO. So call it ; but it does fulfil my vow :
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may 480
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair below'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend, 485
When he shall miss me—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion. Let myself and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver : I am put to sea 490
With her who here I cannot hold on shore.
And most opportune to her need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor 495
Concern me the reporting.
- CAM. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

- FLO. Hark, Perdita. [takes her aside.
[to Camillo.] I'll hear you by and by.
- CAM. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy if 500
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
- FLO. Now, good Camillo, 505
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.
- CAM. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services i' th' love
That I have borne your father?
- FLO. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd. It is my father's music 510
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
- CAM. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction. 515
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see, 520
There's no disjunction to be made but by,
As heavens forfend! your ruin—marry her;
And with my best endeavours in your absence
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
- FLO. How, Camillo, 525
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee.
- CAM. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
- FLO. Not any yet;
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty 530
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.
- CAM. Then list to me.
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight: make for Sicilia, 535
And there present yourself and your fair princess—
For so, I see, she must be—fore Leontes.
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping 540
His welcomes forth; asks thee there 'Son, forgiveness!'
As 'twere i' th' father's person; kisses the hands

Scene IV]

THE WINTER'S TALE

- Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkin lness and his kindness-- th'one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time. 545
- FLO. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?
- CAM. Sent by the King your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with 550
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down ;
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there 555
And speak his very heart.
- FLO. I am bound to you.
There is some sap in this.
- CAM. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough ; no hope to help you, 560
But as you shake off one to take another ;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love, 565
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
- PER. One of these is true :
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
- CAM. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years 570
Be born another such.
- FLO. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' th' rear o' our birth.
- CAM. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
- PER. Your pardon, sir, for this 575
I'll blush you thanks.
- FLO. My prettiest Perdita !
But, O, the thorns we stand upon ! Camillo—
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicine of our house—how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ; 580
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.
- CAM. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there. It shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir, 585
735

That you may know you shall not want—one word.

[*they talk aside.*]

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

AUT. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting. They throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer ; by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and what I saw, to my good use I rememb'ed. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song that he would not stir his petticoes till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in cars. You might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse ; I would have fil'd keys off that hung in chains. No hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses ; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the King's son and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA, *come forward.*]

CAM. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there 610

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLO. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes ?

CAM. Shall satisfy your father.

PER. Happy be you !

All that you speak shows fair.

CAM. [*seeing AUTOLYCUS.*] Who have we here ?

We'll make an instrument of this ; omit 615

Nothing may give us aid.

AUT. [*aside.*] If they have overheard me now--why, hanging.

CAM. How now, good fellow ! Why shak'st thou so ? Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir. 620

CAM. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal that from thee.

Yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange ; therefore discase thee instantly--thou must think there's a necessity in't--and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his-side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. [*giving money.*]

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*aside*] I know ye well enough.

CAM. Nay, prithee dispatch. The gentleman is half flay'd already.

AUT. Are you in earnest, sir ? [*aside.*] I smell the trick on't.

FLO. Dispatch, I prithee.

AUT. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot with conscience take it. 636

CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle. [FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS *exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress--let my prophecy

Come home to ye !--you must retire yourself

Into some covert ; take your sweetheart's hat 640

And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
 Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
 The truth of your own seeming, that you may—
 For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
 Get undescried. ●

PER. I see the play so lies 645

That I must bear a part.

CAM. No remedy.

Have you done there?

FLO. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

CAM. Nay, you shall have no hat.

[giving it to PERDITA.

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUT. Adieu, sir.

FLO. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot! 650

Pray you a word. [they converse apart.

CAM. [aside.] What I do next shall be to tell the King

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail

To force him after; in whose company 655

I shall re-view Sicilia, for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

FLO. Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.

CAM. The swifter speed the better. 659

[exit FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.

AUT. I understand the business, I hear it. To have an open ear,
 a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse;
 a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses.
 I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an
 exchange has this been without boot! What a boot is here with
 this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and
 we may do anything extempore. The Prince himself is about a
 piece of iniquity--stealing away from his father with his clog at
 his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the
 King withal, I would not do't. I hold it the more knavery to
 conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession. 672

Re-enter CLOWN and SHEPHERD.

Aside, aside—here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's
 end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man
 work. 675

CLO. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way
 but to tell the King she's a changeling and none of your flesh
 and blood.

SHEP. Nay, but hear me.

CLO. Nay—but hear me. 680

SHEP. Go to, then.

CLO. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood
 has not offended the King; and so your flesh and blood is not to
 be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her,
 those secret things—all but what she has with her. This being
 done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you. 687

SHEP. I will tell the King all, every word—yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law. 691

CLO. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him ; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

AUT. [*aside.*] Very wisely, puppies !

SHEP. Well, let us to the King. There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

AUT. [*aside.*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLO. Pray heartily he be at palace. 700

AUT. [*aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance. Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics ! Whither are you bound ?

SHEP. To th' palace, an it like your worship.

AUT. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known—discover.

CLO. We are but plain fellows, sir. 710

AUT. A lie : you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie ; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel ; therefore they do not give us the lie. 715

CLO. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

SHEP. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir ?

AUT. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings ? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court ? Receives not thy nose court-odour from me ? Reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt ? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, that toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier ? I am courtier cap-a-pe, and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there ; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair. 727

SHEP. My business, sir, is to the King.

AUT. What advocate hast thou to him ?

SHEP. I know not, an't like you.

CLO. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant ; say you have none.

SHEP. None, sir ; I have no pheasant, cock or hen.

AUT. How blessed are we that are not simple men !

Yet nature might have made me as these are, 735
Therefore I will not disdain.

CLO. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

CLO. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant ; I know by the picking on's teeth. 742

AUT. The fardel there ? What's i' th' fardel ? Wherefore that box ?

SHEP. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box which none must know but the King ; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

AUT. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEP. Why, sir ?

AUT. The King is not at the palace ; he is gone aboard a new ship to 750

purge melancholy and air himself ; for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

SHEP. So 'tis said, sir—about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

AUT. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly ; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, and heart of monster.

CLO. Think you so, sir ?

760

AUT. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter ; but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman—which, though it be great pity! yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace ! Some say he shall be ston'd ; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote !—all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

770

CLO. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir ?

AUT. He has a son—who shall be flay'd alive ; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest ; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead ; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion ; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital ? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the King. Being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs ; and if it be in man besides the King to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

788

CLO. He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold ; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember—ston'd and flay'd alive

SHEP. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

797

AUT. After I have done what I promised ?

SHEP. Ay, sir.

AUT. Well, give me the moiety. • Are you a party in this business ?

CLO. In some sort, sir ; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it. •

AUT. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son ! Hang him, he'll be made an example.

805

CLO. Comfort, good comfort ! We must to the King and show our strange sights. He must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister ; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed ; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

811

AUT. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side ; go on the right-hand ; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

CLO. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

815

739

SHEP. Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

[*exeunt* SHEPHERD and CLOWN.]

AUT. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me : she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good ; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him. If he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them. There may be matter in it. [*exit.*]

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. The palace of LEONTES.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and OTHERS.

CLEO. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow. No fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done : forget your evil ; 5
With them forgive yourself.

LEON. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself ; which was so much
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and 10
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

PAUL. True, too true, my lord.
If, one by one, you wedded all the world
Or from the all that are took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd 15
Would be unparallel'd.

LEON. I think so. Kill'd !
She I kill'd ! I did so ; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did. It is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

CLEO. Not at all, good lady. 20
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

PAUL. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

DION. If you would not so, 25
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little
What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well ? 30
What holier than, for royalty's repair,

- For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again.
With a sweet fellow to't?
- PAUL. There is none worthy,
Respecting her ~~that's~~ gone. Besides, the gods 35
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes ;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? Which that it shall, 40
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary, 45
Oppose against their wills. [to LEONTES.] Care not for issue ;
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
- LEON. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione, 50
I know, in honour, O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! Then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—
- PAUL. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
- LEON. Thou speak'st truth. 55
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife. One worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offend her now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin 'Why to me'—
- PAUL. Had she such power, 60
She had just cause.
- LEON. She had ; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
- PAUL. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her ; then I'd shriek, that even your ears 65
Should rift to hear me ; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine'.
- LEON. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals ! Fear thou no wife ;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
- PAUL. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave ? 70
- LEON. Never, Paulina ; so be blest my spirit !
- PAUL. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
- CLEO. You tempt him over-much.
- PAUL. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

- CLEO. Good madam—
- PAUL. I have done. 75
- Yet, if my lord will marry—if you will, sir,
No remedy but you will—give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not berso young
As was your former ; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy 80
To see her in your arms.
- LEON. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.
- PAUL. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath ;
Never till then.
- Enter a GENTLEMAN.*
- GENT. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel, 85
Son of Polixenes, with his princess—she
The fairest I have yet beheld— desires access
To your high presence.
- LEON. What with him ? He comes not
Like to his father's greatness. His approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 90
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train ?
- GENT. But few,
And those but mean.
- LEON. His princess, say you, with him ?
- GENT. Ay ; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
- PAUL. O Hermione, 95
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now ! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme : ' She had not been, 100
Nor was not to be equall'd '. Thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once ; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
- GENT. Pardon, madam.
The one I have almost forgot—your pardon ;
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye, 105
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
- PAUL. How ! not women ? 110
- GENT. Women will love her that she is a woman
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
- LEON. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. *[exeunt.*
- Still, 'tis strange
- He thus should steal upon us.

- PAUL. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births. 115
- LEON. Prithee no more ; cease. Thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches 120
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.
- Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and ATTENDANTS.*
- They are come.
Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince ;
For she did print your royal father off, 125
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome ! 130
And your fair princess—goddess ! O, alas !
I lost a couple that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society, 135
Amity too, of your brave father, whom.
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.
- FLO. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend, 140
Can send his brother ; and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you ; whom he loves, 145
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.
- LEON. O my brother—
Good gentleman !—the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behind-hand slackness ! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less 155
Th' adventure of her person ?
- FLO. Good, my lord,
She came from Libya.
- LEON. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd ?
- FLO. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her ; thence, 160
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me
 For visiting your Highness. My best train
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signify 165
 Not only my success in Libya, sir,
 But my arrival and my wife's in safety
 Here where we are.

LEON. The blessed gods
 Purge all infection from our air whilst you
 Do climate here ! You have a holy father, 170
 A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin,
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,
 Have left me issueless ; and your father's blest,
 As he from heaven merits it, with you, 175
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you !

Enter a LORD.

LORD. Most noble sir,
 That which I shall report will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, 180
 Bohemia greets you from himself by me ;
 Desires you to attach his son, who has—
 His dignity and duty both cast off--
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

LEON. Where's Bohemia ? Speak. 185

LORD. Here in your city ; I now came from him.
 I speak amazedly ; and it becomes
 My marvel and my message. To your court
 Whiles he was hast'ning—in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple—meets he on the way 190
 The father of this seeming lady and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince.

FLO. Camillo has betray'd me ;
 Whose honour and whose honesty till now
 Endur'd all weathers.

LORD. Lay't so to his charge ; 195
 He's with the King your father.

LEON. Who ? Camillo ?

LORD. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake. They kneel, they kiss the earth ;
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak. 200
 Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
 With divers deaths in death.

PER. O my poor father !
 The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
 Our contract celebrated.

LEON. You are married ?

FLO We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ; 205

- The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.
 The odds for high and low's alike.
- LEON. My lord,
 Is this the daughter of a king?
- FLO. She is,
 When once she is my wife.
- LEON. That 'once', I see by your good father's speed, 210
 Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
 Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
 Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
 Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
 That you might well enjoy her.
- FLO. Dear, look up. 215
 Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
 Should chase us with my father, pow'r no jot
 Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
 Remember since you ow'd no more to time
 Than I do now. With thought of such affections, 220
 Step forth mine advocate; at your request
 My father will grant precious things as trifles.
- LEON. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
 Which he counts but a trifle.
- PAUL. Sir, my liege,
 Your eye hath too much youth in't. Not a month 225
 Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
 Than what you look on now.
- LEON. I thought of her
 Even in these looks I made. [to FLORIZEL.] But your petition
 Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father.
 Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, 230
 I am friend to them and you. Upon which errand
 I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
 And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord. |*exunt.*

SCENE II. *Sicilia. Before the palace of Leontes**Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN.*

- AUT. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?
- I GENT. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child. 7
- AUT. I would most gladly know the issue of it.
- I GENT. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration. They seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder that knew no more but seeing could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow—but in the extremity of the one it must needs be. 19

Enter another GENTLEMAN.

- POL. Masterly done ! 65
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
- LEON. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.
- PAUL. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.
- LEON. O sweet Paulina, 70
Make me to think so twenty years together !
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.
- PAUL. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you ; but
I could afflict you farther.
- LEON. Do, Paulina ; 75
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
- PAUL. Good my lord, forbear. 80
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?
- LEON. No, not these twenty years.
- PER. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
- PAUL. Either forbear, 85
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend,
And take you by the hand, but then you'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted 90
By wicked powers
- LEON. What you can make her do
I am content to look on ; what to speak
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.
- PAUL. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still ; 95
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
- LEON. Proceed*
No foot shall stir.
- PAUL. Music, awake her : strike. [music. 100
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ; approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;
I'll fill your grave up. Stir ; nay, come away.
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs.
- [HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal.
Start not ; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her 105
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.

- When she was young you woo'd her ; now in age
Is she become the suitor ?
- LEON. O, she's warm ! 110
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
- POL. She embraces him.
CAM. She hangs about his neck.
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
- POL. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead.
- PAUL. That she is living, 115
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears she lives
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam. Kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady ; 120
Our Perdita is found.
- HER. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? Where liv'd ? How found 125
Thy father's court ? For thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
- PAUL. There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together, 130
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
- LEON. O peace, Paulina ! 135
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine ;
But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many 140
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted, and here justified 145
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What ! look upon my brother. Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the King, whom heavens directing, 150
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away.

[*exeunt.*]

GLOSSARY

ABATE, to shorten, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.432; to except, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.540; to lessen, *Tam. Shrew*, Ind. 1.135.
 ABHOR, to loathe, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 4.iii.17; shudder from, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.v.14.
 ABJECT, despicable, *Com. Err.*, 4.iv.100; servile, *Mer. Ven.*, 4.i.92.
 ABORTIVE, premature, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.1.104.
 ABSOLUTE, without qualification, *Tem.*, 1.ii.109. [3.ii.175.
 ABEY, to pay penalty for, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.1.14.
 ACCOMMODATIONS, resources, *M. Meas.*, 3.1.14. [3.1.61.
 ACCOMPLISH, to furnish, *Mer. Ven.*, 3.1.14.
 ACHE, pronounced 'aitch' at *Much Ado*, 3.1.48, where it is represented by H.
 ACHERON, one of the five rivers of the lower world, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.1.357.
 ADAM, (i) the picture of old Adam, because the officer had a coat of strong leather, and Adam, after the Fall, wore skins, *Com. Err.*, 4.iii.13. (ii) Adam Bell, famous as an archer, *Much Ado*, 1.1.224. [2.1.195.
 ADAMANT, lode-stone, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.1.14.
 ADDITION, title, *All's Well*, 2.iii.125.
 ADDRESS, to prepare, *As You Like*, 5.iv.150.
 ADMIRATION, wonder, *Win. Tale*, 5.ii.11.
 ADMISSION, tire of Venetian admittance, in Venetian fashion, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iii.49.
 ADOPTIOUS, adoptious christendoms, names given (by love), *All's Well*, 1.1.162.
 ADVERTISEMENT, information, warning, *All's Well*, 4.iii.197.
 ADVICE, thought, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 2.iv.203.
 AFFECT, to love, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.22.
 AFFECTION, affectation, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.4.
 AFFRONT, to confront, *Win. Tale*, 5.i.75.
 AFFY, to betroth, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.iv.49.
 AGATE, a stone used in seal-rings suitable for carving, *L. Lab. Lost*, 2.1.235.
 AGLET-BABY, small figure on lace-tag, *Tam. Shrew*, 1.1.77. [1.1.46.
 A-HOLD, directly into the wind, *Tem.*, 1.1.1.
 AIM, cry aim, exclaim 'good shot', *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.ii.37.
 AJAX, Greek hero (with pun on 'jakes'), *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.572.
 A-LIFE, dearly, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.255.
 ALL-HALLOND EVE, Hallowe'en, eve of All Saint's day, *M. Meas.*, 2.1.120.
 ALL-HALLOWMAS, All Saints' day, 1st Nov., *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.1.185.
 ALL HID, hide and seek, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.iii.74. [Win., 1.iv.138.
 ALLICHOLY, melancholy, *Mer. Wives*

AMES-ACT, both accs, lowest throw with two dice, *All's Well*, 2.iii.77.
 AMORT, all amori, almost dead, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.iii.36.
 ANATOMY, skeleton, *Com. Err.*, 5.1.238.
 ANGEL, gold coin with image of angel, worth about ten shillings, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.vii.56.
 ANTHROPOPHAGINIAN, man-eater, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4.v.8.
 AQUA-VITE, whisky, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.271.
 ARMIGERO, esquire, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.1.9. [Lost, 5.ii.636.
 ARMIPOTENT, strong in arms, *L. Lab. Atte*, goddess of mischief, more Aies, more provocation, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.1.676.
 ATONE, agree, *As You Like*, 5.iv.104.
 AWFUL, law-abiding, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 4.1.46.
 BACARE, go back, *Tam. Shrew*, 2.1.73.
 BACK-FRIEND, the officer who arrests you from behind, *Com. Err.*, 4.ii.37.
 BACK-TRICK, a movement in some dance, *Tw. Night*, 1.iii.115.
 BAFFLE, shame, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.142.
 BAIT, to set on dogs at a tethered bear, to assail, *Tw. Night*, 3.1.116; to catch as with a bait, *Com. Err.*, 2.1.94.
 BALDRICK, cross belt from shoulder to carry bugle, *Much Ado*, 1.1.209.
 BALK, to miss a chance, *Tw. Night*, 3.1.23; chop logic, *Tam. Shrew*, 1.1.34.
 BANBURY CHEESE, a thin milk cheese, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.1.115.
 BANDY, to exchange words, or strokes (as at tennis), *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.29.
 BARRASON, a devil, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.265.
 BARFUL, difficult, *Tw. Night*, 1.iv.40.
 BARM, yeast, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.1.38.
 BARN, child, *Much Ado*, 3.iv.42.
 BARNACLE, a goose, *Tem.*, 4.1.247.
 BASE, bid the base, run, as in the game of Prisoners' Base, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 1.1.97.
 BASILISK, the fabled cockatrice that kills with its look, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.388.
 BASTA, enough, *Tam. Shrew*, 1.1.193.
 BASTARD, sweet wine from Spain, *M. Meas.*, 3.1.3.
 BATE, to flutter, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.1.180; blunt, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.1.6.
 BAT-FOWLING, catching birds at night by dazzling them with a light, *Tem.*, 2.1.176.
 BATLER, wooden instrument for beating clothes, *As You Like*, 2.iv.46.
 BAWBLING, of small account, *Tw. Night*, 5.1.48. [3.1.107.
 BAWCOCK, fine fellow, *Tw. Night*,

GLOSSARY

BAÿ, to hunt and bring to a stand, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 4.i.110.
BAGLE, small hound, *Tw. Night*, 2.iii.168.
BEAM, in contrast to the 'mote', as in Matthew's gospel, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.158.
BEAR-HERD or **BEAR-WARD** (berrord), one who keeps a bear for exhibition, *Much Ado*, 2.i.34. [*Tale*, 3.iii.111.
BEARING-CLOTH, christening robe, *Win. Belli-wether*, leader of the flock with a bell at its neck, *As You Like*, 3.ii.71.
BE-METE, to thrash, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.ii.112. [*Tale*, 1.ii.314.
BENCHED, raised to authority, *Win. Ben venuto*, welcome, *Tam. Shrew*, 1.ii.278. [*S.* 1.350.
BERGOMASK, rustic dance, *Mid. N. Dr.*,
BERRORD, see **BEAR-HERD**.
BESIREW (a good-natured imprecation), a plague on, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.46.
BETHEM, provide, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.1.131.
BIAS, (metaphor from bowls), natural tendency, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.104.
BILBO, sword, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.v.98.
BITT, a weapon like a pole-axe, *Much Ado*, 3.ii.38.
BLANK, white spot in centre of target, *Win. Tale*, 2.ii.5.
BLAZON, (i) coat of arms, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.62; (ii) description, *Much Ado*, 2.i.265.
BLEAR, to hoodwink, *Tam. Shrew*, 5.i.104. [*Ado*, 1.1.63.
BLOCK, wooden mould for hats, *Much Blow*, to puff up, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.40, defile, *Tem.*, 3.1.63.
BOB, quip, *As You Like*, 2.vii.55.
BODKIN, sharp-pointed instrument, *Win. Tale*, 3.ii.83.
BOLT, arrow, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.165.
BOLT, to sift, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.356.
BOMBARD, leather bottle, *Tem.*, 2.ii.21.
BOMBAST, cotton-wool stuffing, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.769.
BONKS, rural musical instrument, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 4.1.27; bobbins, *Tw. Night*, 2.iv.44.
BOOT, profit, *Tam. Shrew*, 5.ii.176.
BOOT-HOSE, long stocking, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.63. [*Tem.*, 4.1.81.
BOSKY, with trees and undergrowth,
BOTCHER, aatcher of old clothes, *All's Well*, 4.ii.173.
BOTTOM, (i) valley, *As You Like*, 4.ii.77; (ii) ship, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.1.42; (iii) ball of thread, with verb meaning to wind on a core, *Two Gent. Vef.*, 3.ii.53.
BOURN, boundary, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.134.
BRACH, hound, *Tam. Shrew*, Ind.i.16.
BRAVERY, display as of clothes or feelings, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.iii.57.
BRAWL, a dance, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.i.8.
BRIB'D, stolen, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.22.
BROCK, badger, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.95.
BROWNIST, Puritan sect, *Tw. Night*, 3.ii.29.
BUCK, a stag, named by sportsmen according to its age: 1st fawn, 2nd pricket, 3rd sorell, 4th sore, 5th buck

of the first head, 6th buck, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.9.
BUCKING, putting dirty clothes through the 'buck' or wash, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.ii.115.
BUCKLESBURY, street where apothecaries sold herbs, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iii.62.
BUIF, stout leather, *Com. Err.*, 4.ii.36.
BULLY, term of affection, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 4.ii.18.
BUM-BAILY, bailiff, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.168.
BURBAN, bass accompaniment, *As You Like*, 3.ii.232; refrain, *Tem.*, 1.ii.380.
BUSKIN'D, wearing high boots, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.1.71.
BUZZARD, poor type of hawk, *Tam. Shrew*, 2.1.206.
CADDIS, garter-tape, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.205.
CADMUS, founder and king of Thebes, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 4.1.109.
CAIN-COLOURED, reddish, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.ii.21.
CALLAT, slut, *Win. Tale*, 2.ii.90.
CANARY, (i) sweet wine from the Canaries, *Tw. Night*, 1.ii.79; (ii) Spanish dance, *All's Well*, 2.1.73.
CANKER, worm in flower, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.ii.3; wild rose, *Much Ado*, 1.ii.27.
CANON, church law, then any rule, *All's Well*, 1.1.137.
CANTON, song, *Tw. Night*, 1.v.254.
CANZONE, short soup, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.115.
CARBONADO, to score meat for broiling, *All's Well*, 4.v.92.
CARCANET, necklace, *Com. Err.*, 2.1.4.
CARDEUSE 'quait d'ecu', French silver coin, *All's Well*, 4.ii.259.
CARDUI'S BENEFICIUS, the blessed thistle, a cure-all, *Much Ado*, 3.iv.65.
CARPLE CONSPIRATION, for reasons other than valour, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.225.
CATAIAN, Chinaman, *Tw. Night*, 2.iii.73.
CATER-COUSINS, (quarter cousins), in-laws, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.ii.119.
CAT-O'-MOUNTAIN, a spotted creature, *Tem.*, 4.1.260.
CERECLOTH, shroud of waxed linen, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.vii.51.
CHAMPAIGN, flat, open country, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.142.
CHANGEING, child adopted by fairies, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.1.120.
CHAPE, scabbard, or its metal point, *All's Well*, 4.iii.136. [*S.* 1.16.
CHAPMAN, merchant, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.ii.6.
CHARACTER, to write, *As You Like*, 3.ii.6. [*S.* 1.70.
CHARGE-HOUSE, school, *L. Lab. Lost*,
CHEATER, officer of the Exchequer, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.66. [*S.* 1.11.
CHEVERIL, pliable leather, *Tw. Night*,
CHOUGH, crow or jackdaw, *Tem.*, 2.1.257.
CICATRICE, scar, *All's Well*, 2.1.42.
CINQUEPACE, brisk dance, *Tw. Night*, 1.ii.122.
CITTERN, guitar-shaped instrument, often with carved head, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.603.
CLACK-DISH, beggar's dish, *M. Meas.*, 3.ii.118.

GLOSSARY

- CLLARSTORIS, upper range of windows, *Tw. Night*, 4.ii.37.
- CLIFFE, to call, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.19.
- CLERK, scholar, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 5.i.93.
- CLEW, ball of thread, *All's Well*, 1.iii.173.
- CLIP, embrace, *Win. Tale*, 5.ii.52.
- CLOUT, mark at archery, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.i.127.
- COCK, perversion of 'God', in oaths, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.276.
- COCKATRICE, see BASILISK.
- COCKLE, the tare, that grow with the corn, so of evil disposition, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.iii.379.
- COCKENTY, useless fellow, *Tw. Night*, 4.i.11. [3.i.111.]
- COG, cheat, wheedle, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4.ii.155.
- COIL, confusion, *Tem.*, 1.ii.207.
- COISTREL, knave, *Tw. Night*, 1.iii.37.
- COLLIED, overcast and troubled, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.i.145.
- COLOUR, (often) deceitful appearance, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 4.ii.3.
- COMBINATION, alliance, *Tw. Night*, 5.i.369.
- COMMODITY, merchandise, *Much Ado*, 3.iii.162.
- COMFITTOR, partner, *Tw. Night*, 4.ii.10.
- COMPLIXION, appearance as governed by the predominant 'humour', *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.ii.81.
- COMPT, reckoning and so Day of Judgement, *All's Well*, 5.iii.57.
- CON, learn, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.ii.89.
- CONCEIT, thought, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.i.92.
- CONGIEB, taken ceremonious farewell, *All's Well*, 4.iii.83.
- CONY-CATCH, to cheat, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.31.
- COPAFAIN, high-crowned hat, *Tam. Shrew*, 5.i.57.
- COPY, example to follow, as at head of a copy-book, *All's Well*, 1.ii.46.
- CORANTO, a dance, *Tw. Night*, 1.iii.120.
- CORNUTO, cuckold, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.v.63.
- COROLLARY, some extra, *Tem.*, 4.i.57.
- CORPORAL, a senior rank in Shakespeare's day, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.i.177.
- COSTARD, head, from name for large apple, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.i.13.
- COUNTER, used with hunting when dogs follow the scent in the wrong direction; play on this meaning and counter = debtors' prison in *Com. Err.*, 4.ii.39. [3.ii.115.]
- COUNTERFEIT, portrait, *Mer. Ven.*
- COUNTER-GATE, debtors' prison, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iii.67.
- COUSIN, COZ, a relative of some kind, or courtesy title, *Much Ado*, 1.ii.1.
- COZEN, to cheat, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4.v.61.
- COZIER, cobbler, *Tw. Night*, 2.iii.86.
- CROWN-IMPERIAL, a kind of lily, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.126.
- CRY, pack of hounds, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 4.i.121. [4.ii.20.]
- CULLION, low fellow, *Tam. Shrew*.
- CUNNING, (i) noun, knowledge, skill; (ii) adj., learned, clever (not always in bad sense as to-day), *Tam. Shrew*, 1.i.97.
- CUPID'S FLOWER, love-in-idleness, the pansy, *Mid. N. D.*, 2.i.168 and 4.i.70.
- CURIOUS, careful, *All's Well*, 1.ii.20.
- CURST, sharp in tone or temper, *Tw. Night*, 3.ii.39.
- CUSTALORUM, nonsense for 'Custos Rotulorum', Keeper of the Rolls, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.6.
- CUT, working-horse or gelding, so as term of contempt, and the point of *Tw. Night*, 2.v.81; of dog with docked tail, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iv.46.
- CYPRESS, garment of crape, *Tw. Night*, 3.i.118.
- DAFF, put off, thrust aside, *Much Ado*, 2.iii.155.
- DANCING HORSE, a performing horse called Morocco exhibited by its owner Banks about 1590, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.ii.53.
- DAPHNE, a nymph loved by Apollo and turned to a laurel tree to escape his pursuit, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.231.
- DAUBERY, pretence, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4.ii.155.
- DAY-BED, couch, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.45.
- DEBILE, feeble, *All's Well*, 2.iii.33.
- DEBOSHED, debauched, *Tem.*, 3.ii.25.
- DEGREE, step, stage, *As You Like*, 5.iv.83.
- DEMI-CANNON, gun of large calibre, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.iii.88.
- DENIER, French copper coin of small value, *Tam. Shrew*, Ind.i.7.
- DEPOSE, assert on oath, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.196. [1.i.21.]
- DEPUTATION, office of deputy, *M. Meas.*
- DESCANT, comment (from the term that refers to the upper and more elaborate part of a musical composition), *Two Gent. Ver.*, 1.ii.94.
- DETERMINATE, purposed, conclusive, *Tw. Night*, 2.i.9. [3.ii.229.]
- DETERMINATION, decision, *M. Measure*.
- DEUCE-ACE, throw of two and one at dice, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.ii.46.
- DIAL, watch, *As You Like*, 2.vii.20.
- DIFFERENCE, distinction of rank or descent or character, *All's Well*, 2.ii.119. [1.ii.112.]
- DIGRESSION, transgression, *L. Lab. Lost*
- DILEMMAS, alternatives, *All's Well*, 3.vi.67. [4.iv.524.]
- DISCONTENTING, vexed, *Win. Tale*.
- DISCOURSE, power or process of thought, *M. Meas.*, 1.ii.178.
- DISCOVER, to reveal what is known to the speaker, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 3.i.4.
- DISMOUNT, draw sword from its scabbard, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.213.
- DISPOSE, noun, disposal, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 2.vii.86. [Like, 4.i.100.]
- DISPOSITION, behaviour, mood, *As You*
- DISTANCE, space between fencers, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.i.201.
- DISTEMPERATURE, lack of order and so inclemency in weather or illness in man, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.106.

GLOSSARY

DISTINCTION, discrimination, *All's Well*, 2.iii.118.
DISTINCTLY, in several separate parts, *Tem.*, 1.ii.200.
DISTINGUISHMENT, distinction, *Win. Tale*, 2.i.86.
DISTRACT, adj., divided, and so divided in mind, crazed, *Com. Err.*, 4.iii.37.
DIVERS, different, *As You Like*, 3.ii.290.
DIVISION, arrangement, *Much Ado* 5.i.213.
DOCTRINE, precept, principle, learning, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.346.
DOIT, a Dutch coin of small value, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.iii.135.
DOLLAR, English name for German thaler, a large silver coin, *Tem.*, 2.i.18; Shakespeare puns on dollar and colour elsewhere.
DOMINICAL, dominical letter which was printed in red in the almanacs reference to the lady's hair and complexion, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.44.
DOOM, judgment, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 3.i.185.
DOUBLET AND HOSE, the dress of a man, hence his characteristics, *As You Like*, 3.ii.204.
DOWLE, leather, *Tem.*, 3.iii.65.
DOXY, beggar's trull, *Win. Tale*, 4.iii.2.
DRAW DRY-FOOT, to track by the scent of the footmarks, *Com. Err.*, 4.ii.39.
DRAWER, tapster, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.143.
DREIBLING, filling wide of the mark, *M. Meas.*, 1.iii.2.
DAU, design, intention, *Tim.*, 5.i.29.
DROLLERY, puppet-show, *Tem.*, 3.iii.21.
DRUMMET, to move slowly, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iii.130.
DUCAT, gold coin of about ten shillings value, Italian silver coin, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.iii.1.
DUELLO, the rules and etiquette of duelling, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.ii.169.
DUMP, melancholy tune, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 3.ii.85.
DURANCE, lasting nature, *Com. Err.*, 4.iii.24, with the idea of imprisonment implied.

EAN, to give birth, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.ii.82.
EAR, plough, cultivate, *All's Well*, 1.iii.43.
ERNEST, token payment as pledge of some service or obligation, *Win. Tale*, 4.ii.635.
ECSTASY, out of one's normal state, madness, stupor, *Tem.*, 3.iii.108.
EFFIGIES, image, *As You Like*, 2.vii.193.
EGREGIOUS, notable, *All's Well*, 2.ii.213.
ELD, old age, *M. Meas.*, 3.i.36.
ELM, the elm tree used as a prop for vines, *Com. Err.*, 2.ii.173.
EMBOSSSED, (i) swollen, *As You Like*, 2.vii.67; (ii) with mouth covered with foam from exertion, *Tam. Shrew*, Ind.1.15.
EMPIRIC, unprofessional or quack practitioner and his type of prescription, *All's Well*, 2.i.121.

ENEW, to drive, as the falcon, the prey into the water, *M. Meas.*, 3.i.92.
ENGINE, contrivance, weapon of war, *Tem.*, 2.i.155.
ENSCONCE, take shelter, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iii.77.
ENTERIAIN, receive, as a follower, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.10.
EPHESIAN, companion, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4.v.16.
EPITHET, EPITHETON, expression, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.7.
ERGO, therefore, *Com. Err.*, 4.ii.51.
ERINGO, candied sweetmeat, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.19.
EVITATE, avoid, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.215.
EXACTLY, completely, *Tem.*, 1.ii.238.
EXCEPT, object, play on legal phrase 'except as before excepted' at *Tit. Night*, 1.iii.6.
EXCEPTION, objection, disapproval, *All's Well*, 1.ii.40.
EXCERIMENT, what grows from the body as nails or hair, *Com. Err.*, 2.ii.77.
EXEMPT, separated from, free from, *As You Like*, 2.i.15.
EXHIBITION, a maintenance allowance, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 1.iii.69.
EXORCISI, one who calls up spirits, *All's Well*, 5.iii.298.
EXPRESSURE, expression, *Tw. Night*, 2.iii.147. [4.ii.17.
EXTEMPORAL, extempore, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.iii.18.
EXTIRP, to weed out, *M. Meas.*, 3.ii.95.
EXTRAVAGANCY, wandering, *Tw. Night*, 2.ii.10.
EYAS, young hawk in training, so *Evans-musket* of a boy at *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iii.18. [1.ii.268.
EYE-GLASS, lens of eye, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.122, punning on meaning 'to face up to'.
FACE, to trim a garment, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.ii.122, punning on meaning 'to face up to'.
FACTRINOUS, wicked, *All's Well*, 2.ii.28.
FACE, way of acting, *Win. Tale*, 3.ii.83.
FACTION, a party, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 4.ii.37.
FADGI, come off, *Tw. Night*, 2.ii.31.
FADING, refrain of popular song, *Win. Tale*, 4.ii.193.
FAIRING, present, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.2.
FAME, rumour, *Much Ado*, 2.ii.90, reputation, *Tw. Night*, 3.iii.23.
FANATICAL PHANTASME, individual with crazy but fixed notions, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.16.
FANTASTIC, capricious, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 2.vii.47. [5.ii.15.
FANTASY, imagination, *Mid. N. Dr.*
FAP, drunk, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.ii.160.
FARBOROUGH, third borough, constable, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.ii.182.
FARDEL, pack or burden, *Win. Tale*, 4.ii.707.
FARTHINGALE, hooped petticoat, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iii.55.
FASHIONS, a disease in horses, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.49.
FAULT, break in the scent in hunting, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.117.

GLOSSARY

- FAVOUR, token of someone's favour, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.30; features, *M. Meas.*, 4.ii.29.
- FEAT, neat, becoming, *Tem.*, 2.ii.264.
- FEATLY, with neatness and agility, *Tem.*, 1.ii.379. [3.i.60.]
- FEATURE, figure (not face), *Much Ado*.
- FEDARY, FEDERARY, accomplice, *Win. Tale*, 2.i.90.
- FEE, fee-simple, the most complete and absolute form of tenure or possession, *All's Well*, 4.iii.259.
- FEEDER, servant, *As You Like*, 2.iv.94.
- FIRSTINATELY, speedily, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.i.5.
- FIGO, FIG, FIGO, contemptuous expression, often accompanied by insulting gesture, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.27.
- FIGHTS, protective screens used in fighting at sea, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.123.
- FIGURE, appearance, real, imaginary, or assumed, *Much Ado*, 1.ii.12; *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4.ii.193; figure of speech, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 2.i.137.
- FILLS, shafts, fill-horse, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.ii.87.
- FINE, end, *All's Well*, 4.iv.35; conclusion of legal agreement as in *fine and recovery*, a process to break an entail and convert the tenure to fee-simple (see FEE-SIMPLE), *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4.ii.188.
- FIT, spasm or attack of some disease or illness, *Com. Err.*, 4.iii.85.
- FIVES, a disease of horses, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.50.
- FLAP-DRAGON, something served in flaming spirits at Christmas parties, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.38; verb, to gulp down, as one would such a mouthful, *Win. Tale*, 3.iii.95.
- FLAW, gust of wind, or passion, *M. Meas.*, 2.ii.11.
- FILFER, to sneer, *Much Ado*, 5.i.58.
- FLESH (to give a hound the flesh of the victim to rouse its keenness) so to introduce an untried soldier to bloodshed; well fleshed, having tasted success, *Two Night*, 4.i.38.
- FLEW'D, with large chaps, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 4.i.117.
- FLOTE, sea, *Tem.*, 1.ii.234.
- FLOWER-DE-LUCE, iris, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.127.
- FLUX, secretion, *As You Like*, 3.ii.61.
- FOIL, put to the foil, overthrow, deprive of commendation, *Tem.*, 3.i.46.
- FOIN, thrust with rapier, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.iii.22.
- FOISON, harvest, *Tem.*, 4.i.110.
- FONDLY, foolishly, *Com. Err.*, 4.ii.57.
- FOREHORSE, leading horse as in a tandem, *All's Well*, 2.i.30.
- FRAMPOLD, unpleasant, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.82.
- FRANKLIN, freeholder but not numbered among the county families, *Win. Tale*, 4.ii.54. [3.ii.64.]
- FRESHEN, springs of fresh water, *Tem.*.
- FRICTS, the points marked on the neck of a stringed instrument where the fingers may stop the string, *Tam. Shrew*, 2.i.148.
- FRIEZE, coarse cloth, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.134. [Tem., 4.i.225.]
- FRIPPERY, second-hand clothes shop.
- FULLAM, kind of loaded dice, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.82.
- FUSTIAN, coarse cloth, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.i.42.
- GABERDINE, kind of cloak, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.iii.107.
- GAGE, pledge, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.i.130.
- GAINSAY, to deny, *Win. Tale*, 3.ii.54.
- GALEN, Greek who became physician to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius; his voluminous writings on medical topics were authoritative in Shakespeare's day, *All's Well*, 2.iii.11.
- GALLIARD, a lively dance usually in triple time, *Two Night*, 1.iii.125.
- GALLIASS, large type of galley, *Tam. Shrew*, 2.i.370. [4.iv.321.]
- GALLIMAUFRY, hotch potch, *Win. Tale*.
- GAMUT, musical scale, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.i.65. [1.v.23.]
- GASKINS, wide breeches, *Two Night*.
- GAWDs, gay trifles, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.i.33.
- GECK, butt, *Two Night*, 5.i.330.
- GENEROUS, well born, and so acting like a gentleman, *Two Night*, 1.v.86.
- GFNIUS, the spirit that is assigned to each individual as a guardian, so peculiar bent or nature, *Two Night*, 3.iv.123.
- GENTILITY, gentlemanly conduct, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.i.127.
- GENTLE, of good birth, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.93. [4.iv.762.]
- GERMAN, GERMANE, akin, *Win. Tale*.
- GEST, time limit, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.41.
- GHOSTLY, concerned with spiritual welfare, *M. Meas.*, 4.iii.44.
- GIG, whipping-top, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.iii.163. [5.i.345.]
- GIGLETT, -OT, a wanton, *M. Meas.*.
- GILLYVOR, gillyflower, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.82. [Like, 2.vii.57.]
- GLANCE, satirical comment, *As You Glass*, hour glass, *Tem.*, 1.ii.240.
- GLEEK, to joke, gibe, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.i.134.
- GOD-DEN, GOD-I-GODEN (and similar forms) God give you good even! *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.i.42.
- GOD DILD YOU, God yield, or repay, you! *As You Like*, 3.iii.65.
- GOOD YEAR, a common exclamation, without any particular meaning, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iv.110.
- GOSS, gorse, *Tem.*, 4.i.180.
- GOSSIP, one associated with parents at baptism of their child, a godparent, *Win. Tale*, 2.iii.41.
- GOSSIPING, enjoying the 'gossips' feast' at the 'rebirth' of the lost sons, *Com. Err.*, 5.i.418.
- GOULD, loaded dice, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.82. [5.i.123.]
- GOVERNMENT, control, *Mid. N. Dr.*.
- GRACFUL, blest with the grace of God, *Win. Tale*, 5.i.171.

GLOSSARY

- GRAFT, to insert shoots and so to incorporate, *All's Well*, 1.ii.54.
- GRAIN, in grain, dyed in a colour that will not wash out, *Tw. Night*, 1.v.222.
- GRAMERCY, expression of thanks, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.ii.110.
- GRANGE, a lonely house in the country, *M. Meas.*, 3.i.255.
- GRATE, to fret, annoy, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.5. [5.1.527.]
- GRATULATE, gratifying, *M. Meas.*, 4.ii.130.
- GREASILY, indecently, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.1.130.
- GREEK, light fellow or wench, *Tw. Night*, 4.1.17.
- GREENS EYES, a ballad tune not tending to godliness, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.1.55.
- GRIEVANCE, inconvenience, affliction, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 1.1.17.
- GRIEVE, regret, *Win. Tale*, 4.1.18.
- GRIZE, step, *Tw. Night*, 3.1.121.
- GROAT, fourpenny piece, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.1.139.
- GUARD, trimming to a garment, *M. Meas.*, 3.1.98.
- GUILDER, Dutch coin, but for money generally, *Com. Err.*, 1.1.8.
- GUST, taste, *Tw. Night*, 1.iii.28.
- GYVLS, fetters, *M. Meas.*, 4.ii.9.
- II, see ACHE, *Much Ado*, 3.1v.48.
- HABILIMENTS, costume, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.iii.166.
- HABIT, costume, (sometimes combined with idea of corresponding) demeanour, *As You Like*, 3.ii.279.
- HABITED, dressed, *Win. Tale*, 4.1v.538.
- HACK, of doubtful meaning, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.1.45.
- HACKNEY, promiscuous wench, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.1.29.
- HAGGARD, wild female hawk in training, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.1.177.
- HAIR, against the hair, contrary to nature, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.iii.36.
- HAI BFED, axe-like weapon with long handle, *Com. Err.*, 5.1.185.
- HALF-CHIEF'D, applied to inefficient or deficient bit, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.53.
- HALIDOM, HOLIDAME, an oath (on holy relics) reduced by Shakespeare's time to a mere assertion, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 4.ii.131. [3.ii.380.]
- HARBINGER, forerunner, *Mid. N. Dr.*
- HAY, country dance, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.1.134.
- HAZARD, game with dice, so to venture, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.1x.18.
- HECATE, divinity of classical antiquity, associated with ghost world and worshipped in trifling shape at cross-roads; *triple Hecate*, as Cynthia in heaven, Diana on earth, and Proserpine in hell, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 5.1.373.
- HEFT, heaving, *Win. Tale*, 2.1.45.
- HEROD, the ranting character of Herod in the Miracle plays, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.1.16.
- HEST, command, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.65.
- HIGH AND LOW, dice loaded to throw high or low numbers, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.83.
- HIGHT, named, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.1.168.
- HIND, female deer, *As You Like*, 3.ii.91.
- HINT, (sometimes spelt 'hent' as at *Oth.* (Q1) 1.iii.142), occasion, *Tem.*, 1.ii.134.
- HIPPED, lame, owing to injury to hip-bone, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.46.
- HOBY-HORSE, 'the figure of a horse' fastened round the waist of a morris dancer; the antics of this particular character in the dance were offensive to the Puritans, and so of a loose character, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.1.27.
- HOLDING, consistency, *All's Well*, 4.ii.27.
- HOLIDAME, see HALIDOM.
- HOLY THISTLE, see CARDUUS BENEDICTUS.
- HONORIFICABILITUDINATIBUS, ablative plural of medieval Latin word, stock example of long word, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.1.37.
- HORN-BOOK, sheet containing alphabet, etc., for children, protected with transparent covering of horn, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.1.41.
- HOSE, includes various types of breeches and clothing (not stockings) for the lower limbs, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 2.vii.55.
- HOX, hamstring, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.244.
- HOY, ferry, small vessel, *Com. Err.*, 4.iii.35.
- HULL, to furl sails and drift with the tide, *Tw. Night*, 1.v.191.
- HUMOUR, corresponding to the four elements (earth, air, fire, water) were the four humours—black bile, blood, bile, phlegm. According as one or other predominated in a man's system so his temperament was choleric or phlegmatic or melancholy, and his complexion in keeping. The term was overworked, and parodied in Nym's use of it, e.g. *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.1.120.
- HYMEN, whose presence was invoked at Greek marriages, and so became regarded as god of marriage, the torch was one of his symbols, *Tem.*, 4.1.23.
- HYPERBOLE, figure of speech characterised by exaggeration, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.407.
- IDIA, image, *Much Ado*, 4.1.224.
- IGNOMINY, IGNOMY, disgrace, *M. Meas.*, 2.1v.111.
- IGNORANT, causing ignorance, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.397.
- IMAGINARY, deceptive, *Com. Err.*, 4.iii.10.
- IMBRUE, cover with blood, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 5.1.335.
- IMMEDIATELY, for that particular case, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.1.45.
- IMP, child, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.581.
- IMPART, express, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.ii.255.
- IMPEACH, to expose to judgment, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.1.214.
- IMPEACHMENT, reproach, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 1.iii.15.
- IMPERTINENCY, IMPERTINENT, what is beside the point, *Tem.*, 1.ii.138.

GLOSSARY

IMPETICOS, put into the packet of his long motley coat, *Tw. Night*, 2.iii.25.
 IMPORT, content, *All's Well*, 2.iii.269.
 IMPORTANCE, importunity, *Tw. Night*, 5.i.350. [2.i.59.
 IMPORTANT, importunate, *Much Ado*,
 IMPORTUNE, require, *M. Meas.*, 1.i.57.
 IMPOSITION, charge, *M. Meas.*, 1.ii.182;
Mer. Ven., 1.ii.93.
 IMPUDENT, shameless, *All's Well*,
 4.iii.305.
 IMPUGN, question the process, *Mer*
Ven., 4.i.174.
 IMPUTATION, report, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.iii.13.
 INCAPABLE, beyond the capacity, *Tem.*,
 1.ii.111.
 INCARNATION and similar formations
 used of the devil are comic versions
 of 'incarnate', *Mer. Ven.*, 2.ii.23.
 INCONTINENT, at once (with pun on
 normal sense), *As You Like*, 5.ii.36.
 INCONY, fine, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.i.128.
 INCORPORATE, bound up together, *Mid*
N. Dr., 3.ii.208. [1.i.136.
 INDIRECT, treacherous, *As You Like*,
 INDIRECTLY, not straightforwardly, *M.*
Meas., 4.vi.1.
 INDUSTRIOUS, zealous, *Tem.*, 4.i.33.
 INDUSTRY, diligence, *Two Gen. Ver.*,
 1.ii.22.
 INEQUALITY (meaning doubtful) differ-
 ence in rank, or unequal to the case,
M. Meas., 5.i.65.
 INTUITION, what flows in from the
 stars and affects the character or
 destiny of man, *M. Meas.*, 3.i.9.
 INFORMAL, without reason, *M. Meas.*,
 5.i.234.
 INKLE, tape, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.204.
 INLAND, familiar with good society, *As*
You Like, 3.ii.322 (inland, near
 centres of culture).
 INSINUATE, to assume a cordial form of
 address, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.724.
 INSTALMENT, stall seat in chapel, *Mer*
Wives Win., 5.v.61.
 INTELLIGENT, informative, communica-
 tive, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.378.
 INTENIBLE, unable to retain, *All's Well*,
 1.iii.193.
 INTERLUDE, an early type of dramatic
 entertainment, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.u.5.
 IWIS, assuredly, *Tam. Shrew*, 1..62.

JACK, often used to indicate contempt,
Mer. Wives Win., 1.iv.106; with
 reference to knave at cards, *Tem.*,
 4.i.197; associated with 'Jill' as
 common name and as measure of
 drink, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.i.47.
 JACK-A-LENT, dummy set up at Lent as
 a cock-sky, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.121.
 JACK-AN-APES, vain fellow, *All's Well*,
 3.v.82. [1.i.245.
 JADE, poor class of horse, *Tam. Shrew*,
 JAY, bedizzened wench, *Mer. Wives*
Win., 3.iii.35.
 JEALOUS, suspicious, *Two Gen. Ver.*,
 3.i.28.
 JEALOUSY, fear, *Tw. Night*, 3.iii.8.
 JERK, sharp stroke of wit or whip, *L.*
Lab. Lost, 4.ii.119.

JERKIN, sleeveless jacket worn over
 doublet, for hard wear, often made of
 leather, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.42.
 JET, strut, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.29.
 JIG, brisk dance, *Much Ado*, 2.i.62.
 JILL, see JACK.
 JOINT-STOOL (join-, join'd-) stool care-
 fully carpenter'd, *Tam. Shrew*,
 2.i.197.
 JOURNAL, daily, *M. Meas.*, 4.iii.84.
 JOWL, to dash, *All's Well*, 1.iii.52.
 JUDAS, tradition gave him red hair, *As*
You Like, 3.iv.7.
 JUMP, to agree, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.ix.32.
 JUVENAL, youth, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.ii.8.
 KFEI, cool, keep pot from boiling over,
L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.907.
 KEN, to know, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.ii.35.
 KENNEL, channel, gutter, *Tam. Shrew*,
 4.iii.98.
 KERNEL, seed, pip, *All's Well*, 2.ii.253.
 KERSEY, coarse woollen cloth, *L. Lab.*
Lost, 5.ii.413.
 KIBE, chilblain, *Tem.*, 2.i.267.
 KICKSHAWS, fancy trifle of food or
 deportment, *Tw. Night*, 1.iii.108.
 KICKY-WICKY, wife, *All's Well*, 2.ii.273.
 KILN-HOLF (doubtful), *Mer. Wives Win.*,
 4.ii.48.
 KINDLY, (term used of the littering of
 rabbits) born, *As You Like*, 3.ii.317.
 KINDLY, according to nature, *Much Ado*,
 4.i.73.
 KISSING-COMFIT, comfit for sweetening
 breath, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.19.
 KNAP, to bite, *Mer. Ven.*, 3.i.9.
 KNAVE, a servant, *Mer. Wives Win.*,
 3.v.87.
 KNOT-GRASS, a weed thought to check
 the growth of animals, so derisively
 at *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.329.
 KNOTTED, curious-knotted, elaborately
 laid out, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.i.236.
 LABEL, attached on a slip or 'label' to
 her will, *Tw. Night*, 1.v.230.
 LABRAS, lips (labra), *Mer. Wives Win.*,
 1.i.147.
 LACE, to trim a garment with, *Much Ado*,
 3.iv.18; laced mutton, courtesan,
Two Gen. Ver., 1.i.95.
 LADY-SMOCK, flower, *L. Lab. Lost*,
 5.u.882. [4.i.23.
 LAMP, *Hymen's lamps*, torches, *Tem.*,
 LAMPASS, disease of horses, *Tam. Shrew*,
 3.ii.43.
 LAND-DAMN, the context makes the
 general meaning of 'punish' clear,
 but the precise meaning is doubtful,
Win. Tale, 2.1.143.
 LAPLAND, regarded as the haunt of
 witches and sorcerers, *Com. Err.*,
 4.iii.11.
 LAPSE, lapsed, arrested (tho' how it
 comes to mean this is not clear), *Tw.*
Night, 3.iii.36. [4.vi.14.
 LARD, to enrich, *Mer. Wives Win.*,
 LATCH, to touch, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.36.
 LATH, dagger of lath, of wood, *Tw.*
Night, 4.ii.122. [Win., 1.i.146.
 LATTEN, an alloy like brass, *Mer. Wives*
 LAUGHTER, a sitting of eggs, *Tem.*, 2.i.32.

GLOSSARY

- LEAGUER, camp, *All's Well*, 3.vi.22.
 LEARN, to teach, *Tem.*, 1.ii.365.
 LEASING, lying, *Tw. Night*, 1.v.91.
 LEER, complexion, *As You Like*, 4.i.60;
 glance, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.42.
 LEET, court under jurisdiction of lord
 of the manor, *Tam. Shrew*, Ind.ii.85.
 LEGION, name taken by unclean spirit
 in Mark, v.9, 'for we are many';
 so host of fiends, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.80.
 LEIGER, ambassador, representative,
M. Meas., 3.i.60.
 LEMAN, sweetheart, *Tw. Night*, 2.iii.24.
 LENTEN, *lenten* entertainment, poor recep-
 tion, meagre like the restricted diet
 of Lent, *Tw. Night*, 1.v.8.
 L'ENVOY, conclusion of poem, marked
 off as such by form, *L. Lab. Lost*,
 3.i.66.
 LESS (sometimes used in negative or
 virtual negative expressions where
 meaning is 'more'), *Win. Tale*,
 3.ii.54.
 LET, to prevent, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 3.i.113.
 LETHAL, 'the river of oblivion' in the
 underworld whose waters caused
 forgetfulness of one's past existence,
Tw. Night, 4.i.61.
 LETTER, affect the letter, employ allitera-
 tion, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.52.
 LITTERED, learned, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.40.
 LEVEL, aim (from gunnery), *All's Well*,
 2.i.155. [5.i.316.
 LEWD, of the baser sort, *Much Ado*,
 LEWDSTER, lecherous person, *Mer*
Wives Win., 5.iii.21.
 LIABLY, fit, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.79.
 LIBBARD, leopard, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.544.
 LIBERAL, liberal arts, those suitable for
 a gentleman, *Tem.*, 1.ii.73; going
 beyond manners, gross, *Mer. Ven*
1.ii.170.
 LIBERTY, licence, *M. Meas.*, 1.iii.29.
 LIEF, *had as lief*, would as willingly,
As You Like, 3.ii.239.
 LIGHT O' LOVE, dance tune, light wench,
Much Ado, 3.iv.38 and 40.
 LIMBER, not rigid, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.47.
 LIMBO, slang for prison, *Com. Err.*,
 4.ii.32.
 LIME, *limed*, held, as a bird with bird-
 lime, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.70; to doctor
 wine or sack with lime, *Mer. Wives*
Win., 1.iii.14. [5.i.10.
 LINE-GROVE, grove of lime-trees, *Tem.*
 LINK, torch, used as blacking, *Tam.*
Shrew, 4.i.118.
 LINSLEY-WOOLSEY, mixture of flax and
 wool; so unintelligible medley at
All's Well, 4.i.11.
 LIST, strip of cloth, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.64.
 LIVELIHOOD, life, animal vigour, *All's*
Well, 1.i.44.
 LIVELY, like life itself, *Win. Tale*, 5.iii.19.
 LIVER, regarded as seat of more violent
 passions: love, courage, anger, *Tw.*
Night, 1.i.37; *As You Like*, 3.ii.387;
livers white as milk, of cowards,
Mer. Ven., 3.ii.86.
 LIVER-VEIN, style of a lover, *L. Lab. Lost*,
 4.iii.70. [1.i.183.
 LODGE-STAR, guiding-star, *Mid. N. Dr.*,
 LOOSE, at his very loose, at the moment
 of discharge, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.730.
 LORD'S SAKES, for the Lord's sake, the
 formula in which those imprisoned
 for debt begged alms of the passers-
 by, *M. Meas.*, 4.iii.17. [2.i.168.
 LOVE-IN-IDLENESS, pansy, *Mid. N. Dr.*,
 LOZEL, rascal, *Win. Tale*, 2.iii.108.
 LUBBER, lout, *Tw. Night*, 4.i.13.
 LUCE, pike, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.14.
 LUNE, mad fit, *Win. Tale*, 2.ii.30;
 spelt 'hnes' at *Mer. Wives Win.*,
 4.ii.18.
 LURCH, steal, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.22.
 LURE, dummy bird to entice hawk to
 return, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.i.176.
 LUXURIOUS, lascivious, *Much Ado*,
 4.i.40.
 MACHIAVEL, regarded as the type of
 ruthless schemer, *Mer. Wives Win*
 3.i.93. [Lost, 1.ii.88.
 MACULAT, spotted, impure, *L. Lab.*
 MADRIGAL, song (though the 'madrigal'
 was a part-song of a very special
 type), *Mer. Wives Win*, 3.i.16.
 MAGNIFICO, Venetian magnate, *Mer*
Ven., 3.ii.282.
 MAIN-COURSE, mainsail, *Tem.*, 1.i.33.
 MALAPPROPRI, presumptuous, *Tw. Night*,
 4.i.43.
 MALIGNANT, exerting evil influence,
Two Gent. Ver., 3.i.238. [5.ii.233.
 MAIMSLEY, sweet wine, *L. Lab. Lost*,
 MALI-HORSE, brewer's day-horse, *Tam*
Shrew, 4.i.113. [4.i.177.
 MAN, to tame a hawk, *Tam. Shrew*.
 MANAGE, training or handling of a
 horse, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.482.
 MANNER the stolen article when found
 on the thief, so caught in the act,
Win. Tale, 4.ii.717. *L. Lab. Lost*,
 1.i.199 (where the company of a
 woman was the unlawful possession).
 MANTLE, scum on stagnant water.
Tem., 4.i.182.
 MARGENT, margin of book, *L. Lab. Lost*,
 5.ii.8; commentary or explanation
 written in margin, *L. Lab. Lost*,
 2.i.245.
 MARK, a sum of money (not a coin)
 value 13s. 4d., *Com. Err.*, 1.i.22.
 MARMOSET, small monkey, *Tem.*,
 2.ii.160.
 MARTLET, house-martin, swallow, *Mer*
Ven., 2.ii.28.
 MATE, bewilder, *Com. Err.*, 3.ii.54.
 MAUGRE, in spite of, *Tw. Night*, 3.i.148.
 MEACOCK, feeble, cowardly, *Tam*
Shrew, 2.i.305.
 MLAL, stain, *M. Meas.*, 4.ii.79.
 MEAN, middle part, tenor or alto,
L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.328; singer of such
 a part, *Win. Tale*, 4.iii.42.
 MECHANICAL, manual worker, *Mid*
N. Dr., 3.ii.9.
 MEDICINE, the elixir of life or alchemist's
 stone that turned all to gold, *All's*
Well, 5.iii.102.
 MEDLAR, a tree whose fruit is eaten
 when almost rotten (with pun on
 'meddler'), *As You Like*, 3.ii.108.

GLOSSARY

- MELANCHOLY, of various kinds, *see As You Like*, 4.i.10. [4.ii.63.]
- MERCATANTE, merchant, *Tam. Shrew*.
- MERCURY, messenger of the gods, so messenger, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.72; patron of rogues and cheats, *Win. Tale*, 4.iii.25.
- MERE, complete, absolute, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4.v.58.
- MESS, four, usual number in subdivisions of company at banquet, *L. Lab. Lost.*, 4.iii.203.
- METAMORPHOSE, transform, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 1.i.66.
- METE, *mete-yard*, measuring stick, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.iii.149; aim at, *L. Lab. Lost.*, 4.i.125.
- METHUCLIN, spiced drink, *L. Lab. Lost.*, 5.ii.233.
- MEW, shut up, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.i.71.
- MICKLE, *cp.* Scots 'muckle', great, *Com. Err.*, 3.i.45.
- MIDDLE-EARTH, between heaven and hell, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.78.
- MIGHT, *might not merit*, the intention not the performance, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 5.i.92.
- MIL E-END, where train-bands drilled, *All's Well*, 4.iii.251.
- MILLINER, vendor of gloves, hats, etc., *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.191.
- MILL-SIXPENCE, milled coin, not hammered as older pieces, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.139.
- MINIMUS, of smallest size, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.329.
- MISGRAFFED, unsuitably mated, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.i.137.
- MISPRISION (i) undervaluing, scorning, *All's Well*, 2.iii.150; (ii) mistaking, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.90.
- MODERN, ordinary, commonplace, *As You Like*, 2.vii.156; *modern grace*, common attractions, *All's Well*, 5.iii.214.
- MODEST, reasonable, *Two Night*, 1.v.169.
- MODESTY, without exaggeration, *Much Ado*, 2.iii.190.
- MODESTY, reasonable limits. *Com. Shrew*, 1.ii.66.
- MODULI, copy, *All's Well*, 4.iii.64.
- MOMT, delt, *Com. Err.*, 3.i.32.
- MONARCHO, title assumed by mad Italian as emperor of the world, so of those with such notions, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.i.92.
- MONTANT, fencing term for particular thrust, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.iii.25.
- MONUMENTAL, *ring*, a momento from the possessor's ancestors, *All's Well*, 4.iii.16.
- MOONISH, fickle, changing like the moon, *As You Like*, 3.ii.376.
- MOP, grimace, *Tem.*, 4.i.47.
- MOPF, wander in body or mind, *Tem.*, 5.i.240.
- MORRIS, MORRIS-DANCE, costume dance of fantastic kind; characters included Robin Hood, Maid Marian, *All's Well*, 2.ii.23; *mine men's morris*, a game played on squares cut in the turf, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.98.
- MORT, the note on the horn that announces the death of the deer, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.118.
- MOSE, in the chine, of horses, glanders, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.48.
- MOTION, puppet-show, *Win. Tale*, 4.iii.91; *Two Gent. Ver.*, 2.i.85.
- MOTLEY, cloth woven of green and yellow threads, *As You Like*, 2.vii.34; *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.46; coat, long coat to ankles, worn by idiots or professional fools.
- MOUNTEBANK, quack, *Com. Err.*, 1.ii.101.
- MOW, grimace, *Tem.*, 4.i.47.
- MURRAIN, plague, *Tem.*, 3.ii.76.
- MUSCADEL, strong sweet wine, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.168.
- MUSIC, musicians, *Mer. Ven.*, 5.i.53.
- MUSK, secretion from musk-deer, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.60.
- MUTINY, dispute, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.i.167.
- MUTUAL, common (as in 'Our Mutual Friend'), *Mer. Ven.*, 5.i.77.
- MYNHEERS (suggested for 'Anheires'), sirs, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.i.196.
- MYRMIDONS, followers of Achilles, *Two Night*, 2.iii.27.
- MYSTERY, craft, calling, *M. Meas.*, 4.ii.25.
- NAIL, measure of length for cloth, one-sixteenth of a yard, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.iii.108.
- NAPKIN, handkerchief, *As You Like*, 4.iii.92. [2.i.64.]
- NAYWARD, opposite belief, *Win. Tale*.
- NAYWORD, byword, *Two Night*, 2.iii.127; password, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.ii.5.
- NAZARITE, of Nazareth, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.iii.30 (the term 'Nazarene' was introduced by the Authorized Version of 1611).
- NEAF, fist, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 4.i.18.
- NEAR-LEGGED, before, fore-legs close, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.52.
- NEAT, animal, ox, cow, calf, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.125.
- NEB, mouth, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.183.
- NFEZF, sneeze, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.56.
- NICE, coy, shy, mannerly, fastidious, *All's Well*, 5.i.15; *nice wenches*, those affecting shyness, wantons, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.i.20.
- NICELY, subtly, ingeniously, *Two Night*, 3.i.13.
- NICHOLAS, *Saint*, patron saint, of boys and scholars, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 3.i.292.
- NICK, out of all nick, beyond reckoning (nicks used on sticks to keep reckoning), *Two Gent. Ver.*, 4.ii.73.
- NIGHTGOWN, dressing-gown, *Much Ado*, 3.iv.17.
- NOBLE, a gold coin worth 6s. 8d. (with pun on angel), *Much Ado*, 2.iii.29.
- NOISE, often applied to musical sounds. *Tem.*, 3.ii.130.
- NOLE, head, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.17.
- NON-COME, Dogberry's term is of doubtful meaning, *Much Ado*, 3.v.57.
- NONPARIL, without an equal, *Two Night*, 1.v.238.

GLOSSARY

- NOSE-HERB, scented plant, *All's Well*, 4.v.17.
- NOVUM, a game with dice, in which throws of nine and five were important, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.540 (the five characters were to enact the Nine Worthies).
- NUMBERS, verses, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.iii.53.
- NUNCIO, messenger, *Tw. Night*, 1.iv.27.
- NUT-HOOK, beadle, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.151.
- O, you fiery oes and eyes of light, the stars, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.188.
- OBLIGATION, bond, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.9. [*Ven.* 2.vi.7.]
- OBLIGED, obliged faith, pledged, *Mer. Obloquy*, shame, *All's Well*, 4.ii.44.
- OBSCENE, abominable, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.i.232.
- OBSEQUIOUS, showing proper duty, *M. Meas.*, 2.iv.28.
- OBSERVANCE, attention required by respect or love, *All's Well*, 2.v.73.
- OBSERVATION, of a rite, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 4.i.101; of life itself, *As You Like* 2.vii.41.
- OBSTRUCTION, obstruction in the blood, hindrance, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.21; cold obstruction, death, where all that makes for life is shut off, *M. Meas.*, 3.i.120.
- OCCASION, quarrelling with occasion, deliberately misunderstanding the situation, *Mer. Ven.*, 3.v.48.
- OD'S, UD'S, term of 'God' in oaths and exclamations, *As You Like*, 3.v.43.
- ODLI.ADES, inviting glances, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.57.
- O'ERFLOURISH'D, decorated outwardly, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.354.
- O'ERPARTED, given too difficult a part, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.578.
- OFFICE, to act as servant, *All's Well*, 3.ii.125.
- OLD, extreme (in some form), *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.30.
- OPPOSITE, adversary, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.255, adv., hostile, unfriendly, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.133.
- ORB, circle, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.9 (fair rings); the circle or sphere in which the planets were supposed to move, so of Diana or the moon, *Much Ado*, 4.i.56.
- ORDINARY, meal (from name given to meal in a tavern), *All's Well*, 2.iii.149.
- ORTHOGRAPHY, orthographer, pedantic in his use of words, *Much Ado*, 2.iii.18.
- OSTENT, show, appearance, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.ii.181. [*4.i.205.*]
- OSTENTATION, display, *Much Ado*.
- OTHERGATES, in another and very different way, *Tw. Night*, 5.i.186.
- OUNCE, lynx, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.ii.30.
- OUPHE, elf, goblin, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.55.
- OUT-VIE, to outbid (as at cards), *Tam. Shrew*, 2.i.377.
- OVERTURE, disclosure, declaration, *Tw. Night*, 4.v.196.
- OWE, to possess, *Tem.*, 1.ii.454.
- OYES (*Fr.* oyez) the call of the public crier to secure attention, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.39.
- PACE, training (as of horses), discipline, *All's Well*, 4.v.60.
- PACK, to plot, pack'd, confederate, *Much Ado*, 5.i.285; *Com. Err.*, 5.i.219.
- PACKING, plotting, *Tam. Shrew*, 5.i.105.
- PAGEANT (the wagon on which a scene in the Miracle plays was staged at the various stations appointed for performance) so of a ship, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.i.11; a show, sometimes with the notion of unreality or deception, *Tem.*, 4.i.155.
- PAIN, toil, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.i.73.
- PAINFUL, toilsome, *Tam. Shrew*, 5.ii.149.
- PAINTED, specious, false, *As You Like*, 2.i.3.
- PAINTED CLOTH, canvas hangings painted with figures and moral sentences were a cheap substitute for figured tapestries; right painted cloth, the answer taken from the mottoes, etc., on the hangings, *As You Like*, 3.ii.258.
- PALABRAS, paucas pallabris, few words, *Tam. Shrew*, Ind.i.5; *Much Ado*, 3.v.16.
- PALE, enclosure, *Com. Err.*, 2.i.100.
- PALMFR, pilgrim, *All's Well*, 3.v.37.
- PANTALOOON, originally a stock character in Italian comedy; withered dotard—so figure of old age, *As You Like*, 2.vii.158. [*4.iv.56.*]
- PANTLER, pantry-man, *Win. Tale*.
- PARACELsus, Swiss alchemist of early 16th century; criticised academic medical opinion as represented in Galen; *Both of Galen and Paracelsus*, all schools of medical thought, *All's Well*, 2.iii.11.
- PARAGON, perfect example, *Tem.*, 2.i.70.
- PARCLL, group, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.ii.97.
- PARD, panther or leopard, *As You Like*, 2.vii.150.
- PARISH-TOP kept to provide recreation in cold weather, *Tw. Night*, 1.iii.38.
- PARITOR, summoner to the Bishop's court (the pranks inspired by Cupid giving him most work), *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.i.176. [*1.ii.5.*]
- PARLE, conversation, *Two Gent. Ver.*.
- PARLOUS, perilous, *As You Like*, 3.ii.40.
- PARTS, abilities, talents, *As You Like*, 1.i.129.
- PARTIAL, favour, *M. Meas.*, 2.i.31.
- PARTI-COATED, motley, the garb of the fool, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.754.
- PARTLET, *Dame Partlet*, traditional name for the hen, *Win. Tale*, 2.iii.75.
- PASH, head, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.128.
- PASSADO, a lunge in rapier fighting, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.ii.168.
- PASSANT (of heraldic figures), walking, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.17.
- PASSING, surpassing, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 2.i.67.
- PASSION, Christ's sufferings (in oaths, etc.), *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.i.57; a

GLOSSARY

- passionate speech, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 5.1.307; *verb*, feel sorrow, *Tem.*, 5.1.24.
- PASSY, *measures pavin* (from Italian *passamezzo pavana*), a variety of pavan, which was slow and stately, *Tw. Night*, 5.1.192.
- PATCH, fool, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.9.
- PATENT, *virgin patent*, privilege of liberty as maid, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.1.80.
- PATINE, circular metal plate (patine, plate used in the Eucharist), *Mer. Ven.*, 5.1.59.
- PAUNCH, pierce his belly, *Tem.*, 3.ii.86.
- PAVIN, *see* PASSY.
- PLACH, proclaim, *M. Meas.*, 4.iii.10.
- PEAK, to sneak, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.v.63.
- PIARI, cataract (with play on usual sense), *Two Gent. Ver.*, 5.ii.12.
- PECUHAR, belonging to particular individual, personal, *M. Meas.*, 1.ii.86.
- PEDANT, schoolmaster, *Tw. Night*, 3.ii.70; *pedascul* (contemptuously), pedant, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.1.48.
- PEISE, *peize the time*, make it heavy and slow, *Mer. Ven.*, 3.ii.22.
- PELLION, the giants placed mount Ossa on mount Pelion in their attempt to scale the heavens, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.1.70.
- PELTING, paltry, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.1.91.
- PENNSIONERS, royal body-guard, formed by Henry VIII, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.70.
- PEPIN, father of Charlemagne, and so someone who lived long ago, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.1.113.
- PERDURABLY, *fin'd*, eternally punished, *M. Meas.*, 3.1.116.
- PERDY (*French*, *par dieu*), *Tw. Night*, 4.ii.73.
- PERFRINGENT, with the affectations of one who has seen the world, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.1.12. [4.ii.222.]
- PREEMPTORY, unabashed, *L. Lab. Lost*.
- PERIET, certain, *Cym.*, 3.1.71; *verb*, to instruct, *M. Meas.*, 4.iii.138.
- PERFECTION, performance, *M. Meas.*, 3.1.251.
- PERFORCE, forcibly, *Com. Err.*, 4.iii.89.
- PERFUMER, one who kept the rooms fresh with perfume, *Much Ado*, 1.iii.50.
- PERJURE, noun, a perjurer, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.iii.43; *perjur'd note*, the paper pinned to the perjurer setting out his guilt, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.iii.121.
- PIRPNID, ponder, *As You Like*, 3.ii.60.
- PERSONAGE, figure, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.292.
- PERSONFCTIVE, a picture that appeared coherent and intelligible only from one particular point of view, illusion, *Tw. Night*, v.1.209.
- PERTAUNT-LIKE, 'pertaunt' was perhaps a winning declaration at the card game of Post and Pair—perhaps a hand of four Queens (see Dr. Percy Simpson's letter, *T.L.S.*, 24 Feb. 45), *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.1.67.
- PHANTASIME, a fantastic fellow, *L. Lab. Lost* 4.1.92.
- PHEEZE, castigate, *Tam. Shrew*, Ind.1.1; *Pheazar*, comic formation, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.9.
- PHILOMBEL, the nightingale, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.ii.13.
- PHILOSOPHER, *weeping*, Heraclitus, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.ii.43.
- PHOEBE, PHOEBUS, the moon-goddess, the sungod, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.1.209 and 1.ii.29 (*Phibbus*). [1.1.156.]
- PHOENIX, a unique wonder, *All's Well*.
- PHYSIC, cure, *As You Like*, 1.1.78.
- PIA MATER, brain, *Tw. Night*, 1.v.108.
- PICKED, finical, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.1.11.
- PICKT-HATCH, a quarter of ill-repute in London, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.16.
- PIKE, spike on buckler, *Much Ado*, 5.1.19.
- PILCHER, pilchard, *Tw. Night*, 3.1.32.
- PIN, peg in the centre of target, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.1.129; *pin and web*, cataract, blindness, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.291; *pin buttock*, narrow buttock, *All's Well*, 2.ii.17.
- PINFOLD, pound for stray animals. *Two Gent. Ver.*, 1.1.103.
- PIONED, *pioned and twilled bums*, meaning doubtful, *Tem.*, 4.1.64.
- PIP, a *pip out*, thirty-two when thirty-one (at card game) is needed, *Tam. Shrew*, 1.1.32.
- PIPE-WINE, wine from cask, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.ii.77.
- PITCH, height, *Tw. Night*, 1.1.12.
- PIACKER, slit in petticoat to allow it to slip on, *Win. Tale*, 4.1v.239.
- PIIN-LONG, cuckoo, which sings a simple fixed tune, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.1.120.
- PLANCED, of boards, *M. Meas.*, 4.1.28.
- PLANTAIN, plant with broad flat leaves, thought good for wounds, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.1.68.
- PLANIATION, colonization, settlement, *Tem.*, 2.1.137.
- PLASH, pool, *Tam. Shrew*, 1.1.23.
- PLAUSIBLE, pleased, *M. Meas.*, 3.1.235.
- PLAUSIVE, persuasive, *All's Well*, 1.ii.53; plausible, cunning, *All's Well*, 4.1.25.
- PLEACHED, *thicked-pleached alley*, the boughs closely intertwined, *Much Ado*, 1.ii.8.
- PLEASANT, jocular, *M. Meas.*, 3.1.105.
- PLFASK-MAN, toady, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.1.463.
- PLUME, plumage, *Tem.*, 3.iii.65.
- POINT, lace for keeping hose attached to doublet, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.1.45; *point-devise*, in all particulars, precisely, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.144.
- POISE, weight, balance, *M. Meas.*, 2.1v.68.
- POKE, pocket, *As You Like*, 2.vii.20.
- POKING-STICKS, for ruffs, *Win. Tale*, 4.1v.223.
- POLE-CLIFT, vineyard, the poles perhaps for the vines to climb on, *Tem.*, 4.1.68.
- POLITIC, *politic authors*, writers on state affairs, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.143.
- POLYITICIAN, intriguer, *Tw. Night*, 2.1.73.

GLOSSARY

- POMANDER, scent-ball, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.590.
- POMELWATER, kind of apple, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.4.
- POOR-JOHN, salted fish, *Tem.*, 2.ii.26.
- PORRIDGE, pottage or soup, *Com. Err.*, 2.ii.98.
- PORT, (i) gate, *All's Well*, 3.v.33; (ii) rank, wealth, *Mer. Ven.*, 3.ii.283.
- POSSESSION, possessed as by an evil spirit, *Com. Err.*, 5.i.44.
- POSSET, 'night-cap' of hot milk and spiced liquor, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 5.v.163.
- POST, *sheriff's post*, sheriff's notice-board, *Tw. Night*, 1.v.140; door-post of tavern, *Com. Err.*, 1.ii.64.
- POST, courier, *Mer. Ven.*, 5.i.46; in post, in haste (as with post-horses), *Com. Err.*, 1.ii.63.
- POSTERN, side-door, *Win. Tale*, 1.ii.438.
- POSY, inscription inside a ring, *Mer. Ven.*, 5.i.148.
- POTTLE, two-quart measure, so tankard, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.1.191.
- PRACTICE, intrigue, treachery, *Tw. Night*, 5.i.339. [*Ado*, 2.i.346.
- PRACTISE, use some device, plot, *Much*
- PRATISE, *praise in departing*, keep your praise till the end of the entertainment, *Tem.*, 3.iii.39.
- PREAMBULATE, to go before, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.68.
- PREDICENCE, what is said before, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.i.77. [1.ii.112.
- PRELUDENT, example, *L. Lab. Lost*.
- PRECEPTUAL, *preceptual medicine*, suitable precepts or advice on conduct, *Much Ado*, 5.i.24.
- PRECISE, scrupulous, puritanical, *M. Meas.*, 1.iii.50 (also at 3.i.95 and 98, where the Folio reads 'prezic').
- PRECISIAN, puritan-like adviser, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.i.5.
- PRE-CONTRACT, engagement of marriage, *M. Meas.*, 4.i.70.
- PREDOMINANT, in the ascendant or influential position, *All's Well*, 1.i.185.
- PREGNANT, full of resource, *Tw. Night*, 2.ii.26.
- PREJUDICATE, pass judgment on a matter before it is formally raised, *All's Well*, 1.v.8.
- PREPARATIONS, accomplishments, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.206.
- PREROGATIVE, precedence, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.i.6; *All's Well*, 2.iv.39.
- PRFSAGE, promise, *Tw. Night*, 3.ii.61.
- PRESENCE, company, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.i.61.
- PRESENT, immediate, *M. Meas.*, 2 iv.152; present money, ready money, *Mer. Ven.*, 3.ii.275.
- PRESENTATION, show, disguise, *As You Like*, 5.iv.101.
- PRESS, *pressing to death*, refers to the pressing to death, with weights, of accused who would not plead, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.520.
- PRESTER JOHN, a fabled and mysterious king of the East or Ethiopia, *Much Ado*, 2.i.238.
- PRESUPPOS'D, *forms presuppos'd*, dressed as the false letter suggested, *Tw. Night*, 5.i.337.
- PRETENCE, purpose, *Win. Tale*, 3.ii.16.
- PREVENT, anticipate, *Tw. Night*, 3.i.80.
- PRICK, *noun*, to mark centre of target, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.i.125.
- PRICKET, see BUCK.
- PRIG, thief, *Win. Tale*, 4.iii.96.
- PRIMERO, card-game, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4 v.93.
- PRINCIPALITY, Principalities, Arch-angels, and Angels, formed the third order of Heavenly beings, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 2.iv.148.
- PRISCIAN, Roman grammarian, a little *scratch'd*, his rules violated somewhat, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.25.
- PRIVILEGE, justification, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.220.
- PRIZE, contest, *Mer. Ven.*, 3.ii.141.
- PRIZIR, prize-fighter, *As You Like*, 2.iii.8. [2.v.119.
- PROBATION, examination, *Tw. Night*.
- PROCLIDIR, *quick proceeders*, with play on idea of proceeding to a university degree in Arts, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.ii.11.
- PRODIGIOUS, of evil omen, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 5.i.401.
- PROGENY, offspring, a daughter at *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.732.
- PROGNOSTICATION, according to the almanac's forecast, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.778.
- PROLIXIOUS, time-wasting, *M. Meas.*, 2.iv.162.
- PROLONG, postpone, *Much Ado*, 4.i.254.
- PROMETHEAN, life-giving, like the fire Prometheus stole from heaven, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.iii.300.
- PROPIR-FALSE, good-looking but deceitful at heart, *Tw. Night*, 2 ii.27.
- PROPERTY, to treat as a mere inanimate thing, *Tw. Night*, 4.ii.88.
- PROPOSE, purpose, *Much Ado*, 3.i.12.
- PROVINCIAL, of a particular province and subject to his superior there, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.314.
- PUGGING, *thieving* (doubtful), *Win. Tale*, 4.iii.7.
- PUNK, *harlot*, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.122.
- PUNTO, thrust in fencing, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.24.
- PURGATION, clearance of guilt, *Win. Tale*, 3.ii.7. *Like*, 4.ii.75.
- PURLIFU, land bordering forest, *As You*
- PURPLE-IN-GRAIN, see GRAIN.
- PUSH-PIN, children's game, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.165.
- PUTTER-OUT, of five for one, the voyager who put down a sum with a dealer on condition that he obtained on return five times the original, but forfeited the lot if he failed to return by a fixed date, *Tem.*, 3.ii.48.
- PYTHAGORAS, the Greek philosopher who is supposed to have believed in the transmigration of souls, *As You Like*, 3.ii.164.
- QUAINT, charming, delicate, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.ii.7; *quaint mazes*, intricate paths, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.99.
- QUALIFY, to moderate, *M. Meas.*, 1.i.66-

GLOSSARY

- QUALITY**, profession, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 4.i.58.
QUANTITY, proportion, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.i.232.
QUAN, wench, *All's Well*, 2.ii.24.
QUEASY, squeamish, *Much Ado*, 2.i.347.
QUESTANT, seeker for fame, *All's Well*, 2.i.16.
QUESTION, in contempt of, without doubt, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.82.
QUICK, living, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.132; pregnant, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.665.
QUICKEN, to make alive, *Tem.*, 3.i.16.
QUILLET, quibble, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.iii.284.
QUINTAIN, a post to tilt at, *As You Like*, 1.ii.230.
QUINTESSENCE, the fifth essence in the eleventh, so the most subtle manifestation, *As You Like*, 3.ii.129.
QUIP, retort, *As You Like*, 5.iv.71.
QUIRK, shock, *All's Well*, 3.ii.47; turn of mind, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.233.
QUIT, requite, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.409; release, *Tw. Night*, 5.i.308.
QUITTANCE, acquittance, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.9.
QUOT, close-fitting cap, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.221.
QUONDAM, former, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.16.
QUONIAM, since, because, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.585.
QUOTE, indicate (as a reference in a book does), *L. Lab. Lost*, 2.i.245, to interpret, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.774.
QUOTIDIAN, a fever that comes on every day, *As You Like*, 3.ii.339.
RABATO, a kind of stiff collar, *Much Ado*, 3.iv.6.
RACE, herd, *Mer. Ven.*, 5.i.72; strain, e.g., sensual race, lust, *M. Meas.*, 2.iv.160.
RACE, RAZI, race of ginger, root of ginger, *Win. Tale*, 4.iii.45.
RACK, leave not a rack, not even a cloud, *Tem.*, 4.i.156.
RACKERS, distorters, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.17.
RAISINS OF THE SUN, sun-dried grapes, *Win. Tale*, 4.iii.46.
RANK, overgrown, gross stinking, *As You Like*, 2.vii.46.
RAP, rapt, absorbed, *Tem.*, 1.ii.77.
RASCAL, a lean and worthless deer, *As You Like*, 3.iii.50.
RATE, estimation, *Tem.*, 2.i.103; style of living, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.i.127.
RATHER, the rather, the sooner, *All's Well*, 3.v.39; ratherest, most of all, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.16.
RATIFY, only numbers ratified, correct in form only, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.116.
RATULORUM, corruption of Custos Rotulorum (Keeper of the Rolls) *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.7.
RAVEL, become tangled, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 3.ii.52.
RAVIN, adj., ravenous, *All's Well*, 3.ii.116; verb, devour, *M. Meas.*, 1.ii.123.
RAY'D, bemired, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.i.3.
RAZE, lay flat, *M. Meas.*, 2.ii.171; rature, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.13.
REACH, taught to, amounted to, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.38.
READ, to give learned instruction in, *Tam. Shrew*, 1.ii.150.
REASON, observation, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.i.2.
REAVE, reft (participle), taken from, *Com. Err.*, 1.i.116.
REBATE, blunt, *M. Meas.*, 1.iv.60.
RECHATE, call on hunting-horn (so of cuckold's horns), *Much Ado*, 1.1.208.
RECK, to heed, *As You Like*, 2.iv.76.
RECKLESS, heedless, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 5.ii.52.
RECOLLECT, recollected terms, artificial diction, *Tw. Night*, 2.iv.5.
RECOMMEND, deliver, *Tw. Night*, 5.i.85.
RECORD, sing, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 5.iv.6.
REORDER, kind of flageolet, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 5.i.123.
RECOURSE, admittance, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 5.i.112.
RECOVERY, see FINE.
RECREATION, refreshment, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.156.
RECTOR, ruler, *All's Well*, 4.iii.56.
RED LATTICE, red-lattice phrases, language of alehouse, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.23.
REECHY, smoky, *Much Ado*, 3.iii.123.
REED VOICE, piping voice, *Mer. Ven.*, 3.iv.67.
REFFL, refute, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.94.
REINS, loins, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.v.20.
RILIGIOUS, conscientious, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.373.
RELINQUISH, relinquish'd of the artists, given up by doctors, *All's Well*, 2.iii.10.
REMAINDER, cut the entail from all remainders, (legal terms) give away all that may remain after he has parted with his (inheritance) salvation, *All's Well*, 4.iii.261; remainder biscuit, left over after voyage, *As You Like*, 2.vii.39.
REMISSION, apt remission, ready pardon, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.496.
REMONSTRANCE, rash remonstrance, sudden demonstration, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.390.
REMORSEFUL, compassionate, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 4.3.13.
RENDIR, report, *As You Like*, 4.iii.121.
RENGADO, turncoat, *Tw. Night*, 3.ii.65.
REPAIR, to return, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 4.i.64.
REPASTURE, food, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.i.86.
REPETITION, reference to the past, *All's Well*, 5.iii.22.
REPLENISHED, full, complete, *Win. Tale*, 2.i.79.
REPLICATION, reply, *L. Lab. Lost*, 4.ii.14.
REQUIRING, request, *M. Meas.*, 3.i.235.
REQUIT, repaid, *Tem.*, 3.iii.71.
RERE-MICE, bats, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.ii.4.
RESEMBLANCE, probability, *M. Meas.*, 4.ii.178.
RESPECT, noun, regard, *Tw. Night*, 2.iii.88; without respect, apart from its proper context, *Mer. Ven.*, 5.i.99; verb, consider, *Com. Err.*, 4.iv.39.
RESPECTIVE, regardful, *Mer. Ven.*, 5.i.156.
REST, term from card game of primero

GLOSSARY

- signifying the stake on which the game turned, its loss ending the game—so hazarding everything or making an end of the matter, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.ii.95. [2.ii.2.]
- RETORT, give back, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.24.
- RETROGRADE, with apparent backward motion in the heavens, *All's Well*, 1.i.186. [1.v.256.]
- REVERBERATE, re-echoing, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.128.
- REVERSE, back-handed thrust in fencing, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.iii.24.
- REVIEW, see again, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.656.
- REVOLVE, turn over in mind, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.128.
- RHENISH, Rhine wine, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.ii.85.
- RHEUM, a flow of tears, saliva, etc., rheumatic diseases, diseases brought on by such an excessive flow, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.105.
- RIALTO, the Exchange of Venice, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.iii.18.
- RING-CARRIER, a go-between, *All's Well*, 3.v.89.
- RIPE, sinking-ripe, ready to sink, *Com. Err.*, 1.i.78; *Mid. N. Dr.*, 5.i.42.
- RIVAL, partner, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.156.
- ROAD, roadstead, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.i.19.
- ROGUE, vagrant, *Win. Tale*, 4.iii.94.
- ROMAN, *Roman hand*, the Roman or Italian hand that replaced the English style of writing, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.28.
- RONYON, scabby creature, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4.ii.163.
- ROPE-TRICKS, knavery (Grumio's word for rhetoric), *Tam. Shrew*, 1.ii.109.
- ROUNDEL, a dance in a circle, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.ii.1.
- ROYNISH, scurvy, *As You Like*, 2.iii.8.
- RUDESBY, rude fellow, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.10.
- RUSSET, homespun cloth, so plain, genuine, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.413.
- russet-pated, grey-headed, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.21.
- SACK, a white wine of Sherry class from Spain or Canaries, *Tem.*, 2.ii.113.
- SACKERSON, a performing bear at Paris garden, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.269.
- SAD, serious, grave; *speaking sad brow and true maid*, in all truth and sincerity, *As You Like*, 3.ii.200.
- SAFFRON, crocus-yellow (alluding to yellow starch'd ruffs, etc.), *All's Well*, 4.v.2.
- SAIN, *tofore been sain*, said before, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.i.77.
- SALE-WORK, ordinary ready-made quality, *As You Like*, 3.v.43.
- SALT, wanton, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.399.
- SALTIER, perhaps for 'Satyrs', *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.320.
- SANCTIMONIOUS, sacred, *Tem.*, 4.i.16; hypocritical, *M. Meas.*, 1.ii.7.
- SANDBLIND, almost blind, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.ii.31. [4.i.117.]
- SANDED, sand colour'd, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.vii.166.
- SANS, without, *As You Like*, 2.vii.166.
- SATURN, planet under which saturnine and morose characters were born, *Much Ado*, 1.ii.10.
- SCAMMELS, (various suggestions, e.g. seamells, seamews), *Tem.*, 2.ii.162.
- SCARRE, (meaning uncertain) *All's Well*, 4.ii.38. [2.ix.55.]
- SCHEDULE, document, list, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.ii.231.
- SCHOOLS, the learned faculties (here medical), *All's Well*, 1.ii.231.
- SCIENCE, knowledge, *All's Well*, 5.iii.103.
- SCION, cutting for grafting, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.93.
- SCONCE, fort, so of some protection, *Com. Err.*, 2.ii.34; the head, *Com. Err.*, 1.ii.79.
- SCORCH, cut, *Com. Err.*, 5.i.183.
- SCORE, the notch on a tally (stick) to record debt, *Tam. Shrew*, Ind.ii.21.
- SCRIP, document, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 1.ii.3; scrip and scrippage, shepherd's pouch and contents, *As You Like*, 3.ii.152.
- SCRUBBED, undersized, *Mer. Ven.*, 5.i.162. [5.v.17.]
- SCUT, tail of a deer, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.231.
- SFA-COAL, coal carried by sea from Newcastle, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iv.8.
- SEAL, seal'd quarts, measures stamped as correct, *Tam. Shrew*, Ind.ii.86.
- SECOND, a support, *Win. Tale*, 2.iii.27.
- SECURE, free from suspicion, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.i.208; securely, carelessly, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.ii.217.
- SEE, the See, Rome, *M. Meas.*, 3.ii.206.
- SEEMING, outward show true or false, *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.75; *Much Ado*, 4.i.55.
- SE'NNIGHT, week (from ancient custom of beginning day at sunset), *As You Like*, 3.ii.297. [4.iv.24.]
- SENSELESS, without feelings, *Com. Err.*, 1.ii.79.
- SENSIBLE, capable of physical or spiritual feeling, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 5.i.180.
- SILNTECE, moral saving, maxims, *M. R. Ven.*, 1.ii.9.
- SENTENTIOUS, full of wise saws, *As You Like*, 5.iv.60.
- SEQUENT, following, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.371.
- SEQUESTER, *sequest'ed stag*, separated from the herd, *As You Like*, 2.i.33.
- SERI, withered, *Com. Err.*, 4.ii.19.
- SERGEANT, bailiff, *Com. Err.*, 4.ii.61.
- SERPIGO, skin disease, *M. Meas.*, 3.i.31.
- SFVERAL, a private enclosure as opposed to common land, *L. Lab. Lost*, 2.i.222.
- SHEEP-BITER, term of abuse, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.5.
- SHEER, for sheer ale, for ale alone, *Tam. Shrew*, Ind.ii.22.
- SHEFT, blamed, *Tw. Night*, 4.ii.100.
- SHIFT, contrive to help oneself or another, *Tem.*, 5.i.256.
- SHIP-TIRE, type of head-dress, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iii.48.
- SHOT, reckoning, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 2.v.5.
- SHOULDER-SHOTTEN, damaged in the shoulder, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.52.
- SHOVEL-BOARD, *Edward shovel-board*, shilling of Edward VI's reign used for shovel-halfpenny, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.139.
- SHREW, shrewish, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.ii.32; malicious, *All's Well*, 3.v.65.

GLOSSARY

- SHRILVE, sheriff, *All's Well*, 4.iii.174.
 SHRIFT, confession and absolution, *M. Meas.*, 4.ii.195.
 SICLE, shekel, *M. Meas.*, 2.ii.149.
 SIEGH, seat, *M. Meas.*, 4.ii.94.
 SILLY, helpless, *Two Gent. Ver.*, 4.i.72.
 SIMPLE, an ingredient in a compound, *As You Like*, 4.i.15.
 SINGULARITY, trick of singularity, habit of being different from others, *Tw. Night*, 2.v.134. [5.i.68.
 SINGLE, to single out, *L. Lab. Lost*.
 SINISTER, left, *All's Well*, 2.i.42.
 SIR-REVERENCE, corruption of 'save your reverence', *Com. Err.*, 3.ii.90.
 SISTER, Sisters Three, the three Fates, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 5.i.327.
 SKILL, it skills not, it is no matter, *Tw. Night*, 5.i.279.
 SKIPPER, giddy youth, (size (now in 2.i.331. Albert Museum),
 SLEEPFALL, 3.ii.44.
 SQUAB, distort, *All's Well*, 5.iii.49; change, *As You Like*, 2.vii.187.
 WARRANTY, permission, *Mer. Ven.*, 1.i.132.
 WARREN, game preserve, *Much Ado*, 2.i.191; warrener, game-keeper, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iv.25.
 WASSAIL, (originally the salutation on drinking) carousing, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.318.
 WATCH, to tame hawk by denying it sleep, *Tam. Shrew*, 4.i.179.
 WRATHER-FEND, shelter, *Tem.*, 5.i.10.
 WRED, garment, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.256.
 WELKIN, sky, *Tem.*, 1.ii.14.
 WEZAND, windpipe, *Tem.*, 3.ii.87.
 WHEEL, spinning-wheel (a turning wheel being emblem of Fortune), *As You Like*, 1.ii.29; Turn't the wheel, going round to turn the spit for the roast, *Com. Err.*, 3.ii.144.
 WHY, pale, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iv.20.
 WHIRLIGIG, top (turning like Fortune's wheel), *Tw. Night*, 5.i.362.
 WHIST, hushed, *Tem.*, 1.ii.378.
 WHITE, play on white of target and name of Bianca, *Tam. Shrew*, 5.ii.186.
 WHITING-TIME, bleaching-time, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iii.115.
 WHITSTER, bleacher, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iii.12.
 WIDE-CHAPPED, open-mouthed, *Tem.*, 1.i.53.
 WIMPLED, hooded, blind, *L. Lab. Lost*, 3.i.169.
 WINCOT, Wilmecot (home of Shake-
 SPRINGE, snare, *Win. Tale*, 4.iii.34.
 SQUARE, to quarrel, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 2.i.30; squarer, quarreller, *Much Ado*, 1.i.66.
 SQUASH, unripe peascod, *Mid. N. Dr.*, 3.i.172. [5.ii.474.
 SQUIER, carpenter's rule, *L. Lab. Lost*.
 STAGGERS, dislase in animals accompanied by giddiness, *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.51.
 STALE, bait, *Tem.*, 4.i.187; dupe, *Com. Err.*, 2.i.101.
 STAMP, coin, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.iv.16.
 STANDING-BED, standing in sense that it could not be pushed under another like a trundle-bed, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 4.v.6. [2.v.105.
 STANIER, name of hawk *Tw. Night*.
 STODMAN, hunter (so on women), *M. Meas.*, 4.iii.158.
 WOOLLEN, lie in the woollen, in blankets and no sheets, or in the grave (the shroud being by law of wool), *Much Ado*, 2.i.26.
 WOOLWARD, with woollen inner garment, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.698.
 WORLD, go to the world, marry, *Much Ado*, 2.i.287; woman of the world, married woman, *As You Like*, 5.iii.4.
 WORT, (i) vegetable, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.i.110; (ii) unfermented beer, *L. Lab. Lost*, 5.ii.233.
 WORTHY, deserved, of praise or blame, *All's Well*, 4.iii.5.
 WREST, misinterpret, *Much Ado*, 3.iv.30.
 WROTH, misfortune, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.iz.78.
 WRY-NECK'D, fife, played with head turned to side, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.v.29.
 YARE, quick and efficient, *Tw. Night*, 3.iv.214; (of a ship), *Tem.*, 5.i.224.
 YCLEPED, called, *L. Lab. Lost*, 1.i.231.
 YEARN, grieve, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 3.v.38.
 YELLOWNESS, jealousy, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 1.iii.97.
 YELLOWS, jaundice (of horses), *Tam. Shrew*, 3.ii.50.
 YEAT, YEAST, froth, *Win. Tale*, 3.iii.91.
 YOKE, pair, *Mer. Wives Win.*, 2.i.156.
 YOUNKER, younger son, novice, *Mer. Ven.*, 2.vi.14.
 ZANY, a fool's 'stooge', *Tw. Night*, 1.v.84.
 ZENITH, the culmination of his life, *Tem.*, 1.ii.181.
 ZODIAC, year (in which sun completes its course through the Zodiac), *M. Meas.*, 1.ii.161.

GLOSSAR

- Mer. Verr.*, 2.ii.145; backgammon,
L. Lab. Lost, 5.ii.326.
- TABOR, drum, *Tw. Night*, 3.i.9.
- TAFFETA, *changeable taffeta*, shot silk,
Tw. Night, 2.iv.73.
- TAINT, to infect, to corrupt, *Mer.*
Wives Win., 5.v.88.
- TALL, of a fine specimen of its kind
(often ironical), *Tw. Night*, 1.iii.18.
- TARTAR, TARTARUS, hell, *Tw. Night*,
 2.v.184. [2.i.20.]
- TASK, impose a task, *L. Lab. Lost*.
- TAWDRY-LACE, necklace (originally from
 St. Audrey's fair), *Win. Tale*, 4.iv.244.
- TAX, TAXATION, censure, *All's Well*,
 2.i.169; *As You Like*, 1.ii.76.
- TFFN, grief, *Tem.*, 1.ii.64.
- it crosswise on the opponent, *As You*
Like, 3.iv.38.
- TRAY-TRIP, game with dice in which
 three (trey) was the important throw,
Tw. Night, 2.v.170.
- TREY, throw of three with dice, *L. Lab.*
Lost, 5.ii.232.
- TRICK, fashion, *M. Meas.*, 5.i.503.
- TRICKING, furnishings, *Mer. Wives*
Win., 4.4.78.
- TRIPLE, third, *All's Well*, 2.i.107.
- TROPHY, memorial, *All's Well*, 2.iii.137.
- TRUCKLE-BED, low bed that could be
 pushed under standing-bed, *Mer.*
Wives Win., 4.v.6.
- TRUNK SLEEVE, wide sleeve, *Tem.*
Shrew, 4.iii.138. [Tem., 1.i.33.]
- TRY, *bring her to try*, into the wind,
 PROTECTION, protection, *Much Ado*, 1.1.244.
 φυνηλ, *M. Meas.*, 3.ii.161.

As You